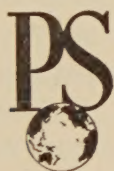


THE
PACIFIC
SPECTATOR

A Journal of Interpretation



VOLUME NINE

WITHDRAWN

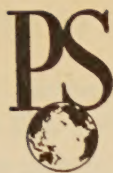
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MY FAMILY and I have returned recently from thirteen months in Asia, largely India. As persons we were warmly received, but it was clear that our country is widely misunderstood, distrusted, sometimes feared.

American prestige is at an all-time low in Asia. We are losing the battle of ideas in one defeat after another. Certain of our well-intentioned policies—such as military aid to Pakistan—have opened ancient wounds, thereby endowing Asian Communists with more strength than they, through their own efforts, could normally muster. In Asia, all too often, it is our own efforts which most impede us.

This is a serious matter. If we cannot win the confidence of peoples on this side of the Iron Curtain, how can we hope to inspire those enslaved on the other side?

Clearly the United States must maintain its military strength and, where advisable, build the military potential of its friends. But military might is scarcely sufficient in Asia where the cold war shapes itself as a gigantic struggle for the allegiance of hundreds of millions of men and women who, by and large, have not yet made up their minds. We can win one military victory after another and still lose in the fundamental conflict.

Against this background we are encouraged by President Eisenhower's recent designation of Mr. Joseph M. Dodge to the Council of Foreign Economic Policy in a program which has been tentatively described as a vast "Marshall Plan for Asia."

But even economic aid—on however vast a scale—is not enough. We cannot "buy" the co-operation and friendship of neighbors anywhere. Human confidence is never paid for; it must be won. In recent years we have tended to throw our economic weight around. We have let paying take the place of winning.

What Asians and Africans demand first and foremost—before the lifting, even, of their own standards of living—is the emanci-

pation of remaining colonial peoples. India is now an independent nation, but the individual Indian will not feel free until his brother human beings in Indochina, Africa, and every other colonial area are also free and have been accepted for full membership in the family of nations. It is this passion for universal self-determination of peoples that the Communists—by functioning as Bolshevik wolves in nationalist clothing—most successfully subvert.

It is here, more than in any other area, that the United States could most readily confuse and confound the enemy. For the championship of colonial peoples has been a part of American tradition since our own Revolutionary War and should therefore come easily to us. By championing the self-determination of Asian and African peoples we could expose the duplicity of the Communists and at the same time inspire subject men and women everywhere—on both sides of the Iron Curtain—with new confidence in us.

In view of this conviction The Pacific Spectator has been heartened even further by the appointment of Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller as special presidential assistant heading up efforts to win the minds of men and women around the world for the cause of freedom and democracy. We believe that this appointment—in conjunction with that of Mr. Dodge—could mark a turning point in United States relations with Asia.

At the same time we feel compelled to offer a respectful word of caution: words are not sufficient.

If good will and confidence cannot be bought with money, neither can they be won with words. To have meaning, the words must be accompanied by action—meaningful action.

What the world badly needs, in our opinion, is not an essentially American solution to the Asian and African revolutions, but a co-operative undertaking, preferably initiated by the free nations of Asia itself. From Southeast Asia to Africa the peoples of the so-called underdeveloped areas are consulting with one another as never before. The United States should take the lead in enlisting Western resources and Western know-how for a vast co-operative program involving those nations that were colonies first of all—

and those that have colonies—for the emancipation of those that still are colonies.

Working together, the peoples of Asia and the West (as The Pacific Spectator has suggested before) should not find it impossible to contrive a series of transitional programs for the step-by-step but relatively rapid transition of remaining colonial areas into independent republics. Each program would require its own specifications according to the material resources of the colony and the political sophistication of its people, and each, of course, would require its own timetable. Some, like the already accomplished British plan for India and United Nations action in Libya, would move speedily; others would proceed more slowly. But in either case there would be three important elements: (1) the achievement of independence by a fixed date would be guaranteed through multi-lateral agreement; (2) the integrity of the area, both during the transitional period and after the granting of independence, would be protected by international military force; and (3) the world community would facilitate the full participation of these peoples in the council of nations.

In the struggle for a free and well-bodied world, some such program as this would be more meaningful and effective than thousands of troops or a million words of propaganda or billions of dollars spent under less dynamically inspired auspices.

Robert C. North

THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

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THE NECESSITY OF LIBERALISM

by Joseph B. Harrison

THOUGH from time to time in the rough and tumble of usage certain old terms become so contaminated that they have to be thrown away, others are of such permanent worth that they need only be periodically scrubbed. One such word, surely, is "appeasement," which in its proper sense means to calm, soothe, or allay excitement, anger, or hatred, and connotes neither thirty dirty pieces of silver nor umbrellas. Another is "liberalism," which in essence is the spirit and theory of that which is appropriate and fitting for a broad and enlightened mind, or that which is free from narrowness and bigotry in ideas and doctrines, and which has only by much subversion come to mean that which is tired, or soft, or the product of minds incapable of thinking sharply about politics or poetry or original sin.

Until fairly recently few persons felt themselves seriously damaged by being called liberals; but nowadays many reject the label because they do not want to be suspected of being populist, or Marxian, or global-thinking, or New-Dealish, or furtively fonder of the poetry of Carl Sandburg than that of Ezra Pound.

I was not myself born a liberal. My father was a gold-standard Republican, and my own public passions were first stirred at an early age by a torchlight procession for William McKinley. I cannot trace step by step the stages of my corruption. Perhaps the first came in 1912 when, if I had been in the United States, I would have voted for Teddy Roosevelt on the Bull Moose ticket, an action which at that time and against my personal background would have been headstrong. I did vote for Woodrow Wilson in 1916. Thereafter I took to reading certain journals of opinion, and the jig was up. I still look into such journals, off and on. Now I find them sometimes dull, but I am still a liberal.

In fact, I am unable to understand how any man who wishes to be "free from narrowness and bigotry in ideas and doctrines" can escape the classification. The liberal is a person whose recognition of the facts of life includes a recognition of the fundamental fact that nothing is certain in this most mystifying of all possible worlds. Granted for the sake of argument that this be so, then the credence of any absolute is for the liberal the Unpardonable Sin. A liberal must, of course, like anyone else, grant the working validity of any number of relative-absolutes—such, for instance, as that the world is round or that atoms exist. But these can be working validities only. The sphere is something that could not exist for the dwellers in flatland, that presumably did not exist for those painters who called themselves cubists, that perhaps does not exist except for fun or as an acknowledged fiat in the mind of God.

I am of course prepared for the objection that what I am talking about is not liberalism at all—relativism being something quite different from liberalism, that depository of a thousand sentimental beliefs. The liberal, we hear, is an incorrigible believer. He believes in human nature, in progress, in the persuasiveness of reason, in the efficacy of good will, in general education, in the next general election. The liberal believes, if he is a cosmic optimist, that he is a vicar of the Almighty, of an Almighty who is waiting confidently for His agent to bring His laws at last into triumphant operation; the liberal believes, even if he is a cosmic pessimist, that (to adopt Mencken's phrase) "an act of parliament can cure the blundering and practical joking of God." And he is so bemused by all these beliefs that he sends five dollars a year to the American Civil Liberties Union, or joins the A.D.A., or refers to *Grapes of Wrath* as a significant book and thus betrays the fact that he is totally unable to appreciate art because he is looking for its social relevances rather than its significant form. He is eminently a person whom the hard-headed refrain from setting straight only because the hard-headed are, as one of them was recently overheard putting it, "too weary and too kind."

All this, however, is based upon the thesis that the liberal is by definition naïve, that he is in a continual state of hurt surprise over

the nonfulfillment of his quaint hopes and fond expectations. The thesis is gratuitous; for though the liberal, being human, is as capable as anyone of sentimentalizing his credo, he is in his uncorrupted state necessarily an ironist. He is an ironist because he believes that, since no adjustment in human affairs is good enough to last, such affairs must continually be readjusted; because he believes that truth, which always flits around a corner just as one reaches out to shake the proverbial salt on its tail, can never be caught up with and must therefore be eternally chased; because he believes that nothing is more precious than the freedom which he will never get except imperfectly and in the privacy of his spirit but which he will not attain even there if he submits to the encroachments upon the independence of his actions or his relationships or his expression that threaten him at every moment. He believes also that his own freedom diminishes where the other man's begins, that freedom can exist only within the law; but such belief sharpens his vigilance as to the law, which must always be modified or repealed when it becomes presumptuous. He believes, with Emerson, that "the law is only a memorandum."

All of these beliefs deprive him of any illusion that he can retreat, weary and kind, into any tower of form or dogma. His strategy calls for continual mobile action across the entire front. Totalitarianism of any sort—that the state is all, that America is all, that the church is all, that a philosophy is all, that art is all—is for him evil because of its false assumption that anything but all is all. A theory of art, for example, which seeks integrity for art by absolving it from "references" to other categories of action or being violates a fundamental principle of art, the principle of wholeness. Politics, economics, art, and philosophy are essential elements in culture, and each should be as self-coherent as possible; but none will be very good in its kind if it isolates itself from the others. It is the liberal's belief in all this that makes him a liberal.

The antiliberalism which has laterally infected both public affairs and cultural attitudes is the consequence of a misinterpretation of the current human predicament which has afflicted antiliberals and liberals alike. Antiliberals have capitalized on the frag-

mentations effected by two world wars, and liberals have capitulated by compromising alternately with the radical left and the radical right. But the spirit of radicalism, whether of the left or the right, is poisonous to the spirit of liberalism: radicalism always knows too much and too little, too much about its specific programs and too little about everything else. Because radicalism is dogmatic while liberalism is inquisitive and experimental, the former always has the advantage in moments of crisis that demand immediate action. During a great war radicalism is enough to build the armies and fleets, to organize the hates; while liberalism, necessarily enlisted in the common effort, seems otherwise superfluous. And when the war is over, the liberal emerges without fanfare: "What conquests brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome to grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?" If, during the war, the liberal has presumed to raise his characteristic questions, his case is even the worse at the end of it. And should he then recall with Walt Whitman that "my enemy is dead, a man as divine as myself is dead," his murmur will be lost in what seems the adequate clamor for revenges and reparations.

Thereafter, the liberal enters the cold war with his banners trailing. The settlement of a world well conquered should surely follow the rules of its conquering. If an A-bomb turned the final trick, the threat of more A-bombs ought to be enough. If our friends turn into our enemies, our enemies into our friends, a discriminating distribution of dollars should handle that. When the liberal, who by now has sought refuge under the bed, is heard muttering who-knows-what, he is dragged out and easily identified as subversive.

Indeed, by such behavior he will almost have earned the epithet, for he will have surrendered his people's best weapon to the enemy, the weapon of liberal ideals. The enemy in this instance will be the fifth columnists, the enemies in the midst who have made themselves indistinguishable from the old hot-war enemies by adopting the latter's techniques and values. Whoever attacks intolerance with intolerance or defends liberty by destroying it is a fifth columnist in a free society. Perhaps hate, though dubious in any human situation, is the inescapable accompaniment of hot war; neither hate

nor intolerance is an effective weapon in a cold one. The liberal, who alone in a democracy is in possession of the effectives for a cold war, has a duty to bring them into action which is as great as that of any commander in a battle. Whenever he attacks exploitation, segregation, isolationism, cultural Brahminism—especially at home—he fires a shot heard round the world. Whenever he is silent or otherwise inactive he is more guilty than those whose noisiness betrays no faith.

I have a friend who describes himself, privately, as a liberal. But liberalism, he says, is an attitude, not a program. Liberals, he says, are always duffers in action. They can never get themselves together for united effort; they are never certain they have the answers; they are easy marks for any gangster looking for a target. Right now, anyone who makes a noise like a liberal is simply foolish. Martyrdom is stupid—and exhibitionistic. This is not the time. In due course the tide will turn—it always does. In the meantime *he* is going about his business. Wise men will keep their powder dry and await the moment.

No such parentless moment will ever be born.

But new moments are constantly being born, of the stoutest available parentage. And since reaction, always available, is at this moment virulent, liberals will have to be aggressive if they are to maintain their species.

Because I am a faculty member, I find my instances chiefly on the campus, where if anywhere liberalism should survive, for an innate condition of the quest for knowledge is freedom of the mind. There is still hope for freedom of the mind on the campus, but the taxpayer who foots the bills should know that it is threatened. This taxpayer, who is regularly informed that he is paying for subversion, should tune his other ear from time to time. He is in the market for education, and though he properly does not wish to be paying for subversion neither does he wish to maintain educational institutions in which education is itself subverted. Just as he would not knowingly buy stock in a factory that was prohibited from turning out goods, he should not carelessly buy stock in a university that is prohibited from turning out ideas.

But it is difficult to persuade the taxpayer that the chief concern of a university is the turning out of ideas or that his institutions of higher learning are in danger of losing their primary function. Academic research goes on and continues to render important services. Chemists tailor the atom, and wool and metal move over to make room for synthetics; a bridge falls down, engineers experiment with models in a university laboratory, and a new bridge is built which does not fall; schools of medicine are closer on the heels of polio and cancer month by month. The suspicion thickens that cries for academic freedom are only the wailings of those who are being routed out of their coigns of subversion. "Academic freedom" is merely the Fifth Amendment on the campus. Let the teacher-scholar attend to his concrete and important business, of which there is plenty, and freedom will take care of itself or be amply protected by those who have been elected by society to make a professional job of it.

The joker is that synthetics and bridges and vaccines are not the primary business of education. They may well derive, and frequently have derived from the search for pure knowledge, which is one of education's major processes; and these derivations from pure knowledge are often best fostered in the academic atmosphere. But to reverse the emphasis from the source to the product is to slay the famous goose. That the great leaps in technology have been the by-products of discoveries in pure science is too well recognized to require argument; but it is evident on every hand that the necessity of extending this magic across the entire educational front is not so recognized.

It is somehow conceived, in certain quarters, that we can have general education by eschewing controversy, by begging rather than by asking questions. This conception is, of course, no modern error, as the histories of Socrates and Jesus and Galileo show. Its antiquity, however, does not make it the less destructive. In a democratic society, especially one engaged in a death struggle with totalitarianism, its avoidance is imperative; for in a democracy, which by definition determines its own directives, free questioning must be sacred. The teacher or scholar who is persuaded to dogmatize rather

than examine the validities of any proposition, or to be respectful to charlatans, or to be silent about well-considered judgments because they challenge popular prejudices ceases to be an instrument of democracy, and no democratic society in possession of its wits would continue to pay him his salary. The only education that a democratic society can afford to buy is one that can and will teach it what it does not already know. If it does not know what anthropology can tell about the equivalence of races, the educator must tell it that; if it does not know what history can tell it about the retributions of chauvinism, he must tell it that; if it does not know what law and logic can tell about the difference between accusation and guilt, then that too. These are sometimes bitter lessons, but no society can buy education on easier terms; and they are the very price of democratic survival.

America, born to this conviction, is loudly admonished to forget it today. Scores of organizations make it their chief business to scan for orthodoxy every public utterance; the techniques of accusation have never been more blatant: teachers of every sort, whether in classroom or pulpit or press, are continually reminded of the profits of conformity. "Welfare" becomes a plot; "freedom" becomes a cloak for disloyalty; even "democracy," lest it be taken to mean what it does mean, must be retouched into "representative government." And any educator caught looking into a dictionary for his definitions of these terms may find his indiscretion turning up as contributory evidence against him if he is later tried in a court which is not a court for a crime which is not a crime.

Ever since Socrates established the idea of a university by "following after false gods, misleading the youth, and making the worse appear the better cause," educators have been under the obligation to live dangerously. Too often, like other mortal men, they fail of their duty. The duty remains and is at this moment exigent.

It is not that educators are often deliberately coerced into saying what they do not believe, or into not saying what they do believe. They have the advantage over Galileo in that respect. It is rather that they work in an atmosphere in which whatever they say, if it have in it any element of adventure, is examined suspiciously, and

no less for content than for motivations presumed to be bad until they are proved to be good.

Furthermore, what happens on the campus happens also in the street. Though the man in the street is often told that education is like measles, a disease of the young that must be endured but will be outgrown when youth, maturing into manhood, is toughened by the impact of reality, the fact is that the educational symptom is a valid diagnostic of the state of a society's health. What a society wants from its education is what it wants from its future, and when it wants only what it already has it is on its way to lose precisely that.

At the present moment the Western world is passionately concerned with preserving its democracy. The most certain way of losing that democracy is to use it as a fixed form rather than a dynamic process. Democracy is less like something that can be measured out by the bushel than like something that must be transmitted over a wire. It is only as powerful as it is dangerous. At the other end of the line it may be transmuted into something quite unintended. "Equality of opportunity," for example, may at the other end of a local line blaze into "nonsegregation"; at the end of a transoceanic line into "Asia for the Asians." Democracy like electricity is useless until it is transmitted. It is dead at the point of origin unless it is alive at the point of reception. Democracy in the United States can remain a reality in the United States only by welcoming its own indefinite extension, not only by example but by the free play of dynamic forces. If we seek, by control of the transmission lines, to meter out democracy in prescribed quantities for prescribed uses, we shall find ourselves presently without takers, stewing in our own juice.

Without being an expert in Asian politics, one may adduce the current Asian situation as example. Ever since the West got off to a big start by its technological revolution Asians have been, by Western standards, a "backward people." While contributing enormously to the wealth of the Western world Asians have not on the whole shared it. Having in due time become aware of this fact they are now seeking restitution. The Western world, long complacent in the illusion that democracy can stay at home, is naturally

alarmed at the size of the bill. We would like to pay off in small installments—a little democracy, a little economic aid, but neither in sufficient quantity to upset the existing balance of power. The acceptance of this principle by the Asians would, we think, be more comfortable for us and beneficial to them. Rome was not built in a day, nor can democracy be built in a day in Asia's green and pleasant land. But in the meantime a rival emerges and proposes, however speciously, to correct the imbalance at a stroke. We warn our Asian friends but they do not listen too attentively. The West disregarded them for so long, and after that fed them promises for so long, that now our warnings seem to many Asians to have a hollow sound. While deprecating colonialism we advertise a bomb, though our bomb is no more suitable to the political situation than to the terrain. He whom Mark Twain called The Person Sitting in the Darkness wants none of it, and we too are dubious at heart. Alas, again, too little and too late.

The bomb that fell on Hiroshima was far too little and too late. But, worse than that, it was the wrong weapon. As Hermann Hagedorn wrote in 1946, in a neglected poem:

The bomb that fell on Hiroshima fell on America too.

It fell on people.

Not on five hundred thousand only, but one hundred
and thirty-five million.

It did not set them afloat over New York, Kansas City
or Los Angeles.

But it set them afloat on currents of chance which no man
may navigate or know the direction of.

Those currents of chance are perhaps less chancy than they seem. Tolstoy may have been right. The bomb that fell on Hiroshima, he would surely have said, fell of its own weight rather than because it was dropped. Just as it could not have avoided being made, it could not have avoided falling. And we should be in a serious situation indeed if this were the only dynamic we could offer to our time. But though the bomb is one of the concentrations of the forces of history, it is only one.

Let us look for a moment at an illustration of Tolstoy's argu-

ment. The Battle of Borodino, Tolstoy assures us, was not won because Napoleon made certain decisions and gave certain commands, nor was it lost—as some historians have asserted—because Napoleon had a cold in the head. It is impossible, it is meaningless to say that it was either won or lost, thus taking it as an isolated event. A battle is part of a campaign and a campaign is a part of history. Borodino was won by the French in that the Russians withdrew and the French marched into Moscow; it was won by the Russians in that the French went into Moscow a hungry and exhausted lot and immediately became a mob of pillagers rather than an army. The battle was won or lost not because Napoleon or Kutuzov made decisions or gave orders, but because the French were what they were and the Russians what they were, because the entire complex of antecedent events flowed into this event and a vast complex of subsequent events flowed out of it. The present does not exist except as an instant between the past and the future from both of which the so-called present must take its meaning.

Applying this Tolstoyan logic to an incident of the late world war, we could deduce that Singapore was not lost to the Japanese because the British commandant failed to give the right orders or was too busy at a party at the Raffles Hotel to be tending to business at the climactic moment. Singapore fell because the command and tradition of the British colonial armies were what they were, and they were what they were because of nineteenth-century British imperialism; and nineteenth-century British imperialism was in turn the product of modern international capitalism, which thrived on the exploitation of dark-skinned “backward” peoples; and that system was made possible by the developments of science in the seventeenth century with its industrial application in the eighteenth century. It would be a bit nonsensical to say that Singapore fell because Galileo discovered the law of falling bodies, but no more nonsensical than to say that it fell because Sir So-and-So failed to ingratiate the British with the Siamese or failed to get the big guns turned around in time.

And besides, it might well turn out—it may still turn out—in the sequel that the fall of Singapore among similar incidents will

finally lead to a readjustment of relationships between light- and dark-skinned peoples everywhere, to a recognition that the high standard of living of the West will go down unless the standard of living of the East comes up, or more importantly to a recognition that freedom and justice and civilization are indivisible. The good qualifies the bad, the bad the good, and a lynching in Georgia or an act of justice to a coolie are part of the moral fabric that will clothe or expose you and me.

Though the bomb that fell on Hiroshima fell of its own weight, it is fortunately not the only ponderable ammunition in our hands. The liberal tradition which is the nucleus of democracy is capable of giving off some of its energies as well. In the moment of atomic fission a tiny yield of mass, multiplied in terms of the Einstein formula, releases enormous energies. The nucleus of democracy has the advantage of not needing to be split in uninhabited islands of the Pacific. It is not poisonous to organic life.

Dr. Vannevar Bush is on record as having recently said with reference to the H-bomb test of November 1952 that it "marked our entry into a very disagreeable type of world." He was doubtless thinking not only of the bomb's physical potential but also of the dreadful attrition of the human spirit which its mere possession threatens. Yet the very fact that this is dreadful to us all may save us. No man on earth, not even any man in the Kremlin, can desire atomic warfare; yet this giant strides upon us, and the only David we have to pit against Goliath is the liberal imagination.

David did win. Liberalism can win too—but not with its tail between its legs. From all quarters liberalism is today under fire. Liberalism is a "creeping" something, and we have been well told what "creeping" leads to. Liberalism, questioning tradition, throws overboard the best that has been thought and said in the world; questioning untrammelled enterprise, it undermines enterprise itself; questioning nationalism, it scuttles the ship of state; questioning authority, it ends by rejecting God. But tradition and nationalism and enterprise and authority must always be questioned, as the cat must always be privileged to look at the king; nor is it the question but rather its absence that destroys.

The attack on liberalism, so characteristic of our moment, is of course no isolated phenomenon. It is but one expression of man's current uneasiness about the beneficence of his universe, the progressiveness of his society, the dignity of his self. Between split atoms on the one hand and split personalities on the other there is scant room for cheerfulness. Small wonder that many men come to question whether an act of parliament, or any other gesture of the human will, can "cure the blundering and practical joking of God." The Gadarene swine, in their mad rush down to the sea, did not stop anywhere to vote for freedom.

Well, as Thoreau once said, one is permitted to slander one's own generation. There have doubtless been other periods in which men have been discouraged about their prospects; every age must stir in a leaven of doubt to ferment its hopes. Just as possible personal death at the next moment is among the prospects of everyman, so is the possible demise of his culture or extermination of his race in the near future. Though he must permanently accept these hazards, he must temporarily forget them. Man has always done so in order to act. One of his best ways of doing so is to slander his own generation in the name of a better. His indictments may often be ignorant, his programs specious, his animosities frivolous, his enthusiasms momentary. But his spirit does not perish.

Man's struggle against "the Dark Powers, always on the verge of triumph," has been long and hazardous, but the odds against him, when the fight began, could scarcely have been smaller than they are today. They were not great enough to quell the first liberal who, instead of waiting on unaided nature, planted the first seed. Not until, blighted by sophistication, we plant no more seeds will liberalism be dead. I hope that the atomic bomb will come in the spring and find me on my knees sowing my radishes.

VISITORS IN FORMOSA

by Hubert G. Schenck

FROM the autumn of 1951 to the summer of 1953 I served as director of the Foreign Operations Administration Mission* on the island of Formosa. As director, one of my duties was the receiving of American visitors and reporting to them on the implementation of United States policy in Free China.

Visitors were plenty and plenty of them were of importance—the VIPs known to every government official. There were senators, congressmen, ambassadors, a cardinal, an ex-governor, admirals, generals, State Department and Bureau of the Budget officials, newspaper and magazine publishers, a Supreme Court justice, and many, many others. They came to learn on the ground something about the problems and accomplishments of the Chinese and Americans concerned with mutual security. It was my responsibility to see that they had a chance to learn. The more they learned, the more likely they were to forward our programs after they returned home.

Some guiding star must have directed the steps of many of these VIPs, for the majority of them arrived on Saturday and left on Monday. Week ends or not, however, our greeting team was at the airfield to meet each distinguished traveler. The team was captained by Ambassador Karl T. Rankin for the American side, and a top-flight Chinese official for the Chinese side. If the newcomer was a military notable, Major General William C. Chase, chief of the Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG), saw to it that his senior officers were present, and the Chinese were represented by generals, admirals, a military band, and guard of honor. A senator or congressman brought out members of the Legislative Yuan and others of the Nationalist government. A ranking officer of the FOA headquarters in Washington was met by the usual reception team

* The Foreign Operations Administration (FOA) is the new name of the Mutual Security Agency (MSA), which in turn was earlier called the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA).

supplemented by selected members of my staff, of the Council for United States Aid (CUSA), and the Chinese-American commissioners of the Joint Commission for Rural Reconstruction (JCRR).

As soon as the notable's airplane taxied up to the terminal building, we moved forward to meet our guest. The door opened and the VIP stepped out; words of welcome and appropriate introductions followed. Reporters and photographers surrounded us. Governor Adlai Stevenson, surprised on his arrival to see a large greeting crowd, smilingly quipped, "I'm not running for office on this island." Most of the arrivals were whisked off to the Government Guest House, then escorted to the American Embassy for a briefing by Ambassador Rankin, General Chase, and me. This was an informal affair. The visitor was given an opportunity to ask questions about Formosa and to hear what we had to say about the country, the people, and the programs.

Each guest had, of course, his own special interest. Certain general interests, however, were common to all of them—interest in the island's recent history; in its productivity, actual and potential; in its chance of becoming self-sustaining; and, of course, in the direction and effect of American aid. Answers to questions on these subjects—answers given so often that presently I could almost have repeated them in my sleep—make up the substance of this article. None of the material is new, but it is at least possible that what a senator, a governor, a newspaperman did not know last year may this year be unknown still to *Spectator* readers.

The basic economic problem can be stated simply. Formosa has an area of about 14,000 square miles. Approximately one-fourth of this is tillable. In 1952 its population was between nine and ten million. This number is augmented yearly by about 250,000 births. It is augmented too by a stream of arrivals from the mainland, some coming on their own initiative, others lately—and especially in the professional groups—encouraged by the government. The problem, then, is this: How is such an island as Formosa to feed and house and clothe its constantly increasing population and also to support, as it now does, a large military force?

During the briefing sessions, all of the VIPs asked about the economic support of the Chinese armed forces. The answer is this: Consideration of military requirements is given first priority in all Chinese government decisions; economic factors frequently are overlooked. Military expenditures in the Republic of China, as in the United States, continuously contribute to the budgetary deficit. Thanks to Chinese efforts—especially their vigorous tax collection efforts—and American aid, the deficit has been reduced since 1949. The Republic of China, however, has not yet taken a realistic stand on how large a military establishment it can finance out of its own revenues. American assistance is counted on both for the military and for essential economic aid.

The general nature of the economic assistance program may be illustrated by the distribution of funds for the 1953 fiscal year. The total was \$105,500,000, including \$30,123,000 for direct military support. The import of essential commodities and industrial raw materials for civil use accounted for 57 percent of this amount, the sales proceeds from the imports being deposited by the Chinese government in the Counterpart Fund to help the government meet its currency requirements. Industrial development utilized 13 percent of the total. The budget called for 28 percent to be spent for direct and indirect support of the Chinese military effort; expenditures were for cotton cloth for uniforms, protein diet supplements, and similar needs. End-use checks by our controller confirmed the arrival of all United States-financed imports and their proper use; dollars are not “going down the drain.” Military matériel was, of course, not financed by FOA, but reports indicate it was likewise put to good use. The technical assistance program amounted to 2 percent of the total. The spread of funds for the 1954 fiscal year is similar, but the sum is about \$116,800,000. From such data one may correctly infer that the Mutual Security Mission to China had three principal objectives during my tenure of office: support of the military effort, economic stability, and the increasing of the capacity for self-support.

The briefings for visitors covered a wider field than finances. We talked about agriculture and industry, too. The economy of the

island is essentially agricultural. It is a "rice-sugar" economy. Sugar, sold abroad for \$69,684,000, earned more than half of the foreign exchange in 1952. Rice earned \$23,240,000 in the same year. Other exports included tea, bananas, oranges, bamboo shoots, citronella oil, canned pineapples, and feathers. Chemical fertilizer, the largest import in 1952, absorbed 11 percent of the total import exchange outlays. Farm workers account for two-thirds of the gainfully employed population. Approximately 2,800 persons live on each square mile of arable land, and the average size of a farm is said to be slightly more than three acres. Formosa is thus one of the most heavily populated farming areas in the world.

In the development of agriculture and forestry, the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction has an excellent record. Each rural project originates with the local people. If approved by the Commission, technical or financial aid, or both, may be granted to meet the "felt need." This is the "grass roots approach" about which so much has been written during the past few years, and partly as a result of it, coupled with good weather, improved seeds and fertilizers, rice production in 1953 reached an all-time high (1,641,557 metric tons). Other crops consumed on the island are above prewar levels. Rural conditions in general are better than in 1945. In accounting for this improvement, however, it is to be remembered that the Japanese had a "Point IV" technical assistance program on Formosa for fifty years and the local farmers are conscious of agricultural innovations and accustomed to working with advisers from outside the island.

Formosa's industries, though they support less of its population than does agriculture, are certainly worth mentioning. Before World War II the area was fitted into the scheme of the Japanese Empire; since 1945, the shift is toward self-sufficiency, with considerable emphasis on finished goods. Compared with peak production under the Japanese, textiles have increased by about ten times with about 150,000 spindles operating; fertilizer by six to a total of 154,000 tons manufactured in 1952. Production of cement and other commodities is up, and the electric power output in 1951 is 260 percent above that in 1945. Attention is being given to de-

veloping the area's natural resources. Coal production in 1952 was 2,286,000 tons. This is less than the Japanese peak, but output is increasing and the techniques of exploration and development are improving. The Chinese Petroleum Corporation recently completed a new oil well which has been yielding 60 barrels of light-gravity oil daily. The fish catch in 1952 was 122,000 tons, better than the prewar peak. Timber production is important and attention is being given to reforestation and sustained-yield operations. Over-all industrial production is above that of the Japanese best year (1941), but the per capita production index is less because of the marked population increase.

In the industrial and commercial sector, public enterprises are predominant—enterprises, that is, which are both government-owned and government-operated. There are fifty-two of these. Thirty-eight were formed from Japanese private and public assets, six were moved from the mainland, and eight are new. Not only are more funds invested in government-owned companies than in private ones, but also the products of the public concerns are of greater importance to the economy. Government corporations produce all of the electric power, aluminum, cement, salt, fertilizers, and tobacco products. They process almost all of the sugar, transport everything that moves on rails, carry about six out of every ten persons traveling by bus, and load and unload all but military sea cargoes. Public organizations carry on most of the banking operations, buy and sell food, fertilizer, and coal, and engage in marine, fire, and life insurance operations. Telephone calls and telegrams must travel over wires and equipment wholly owned by the government. No one can deny that the proper and efficient functioning of the public organizations is absolutely essential to a healthy and expanding economy in Formosa.

Private enterprise, on the other hand, needs much encouragement, some of which it is receiving. An investment guarantee agreement was signed on June 25, 1952, by representatives of the Chinese and United States governments. Short-term loans are now available to certain private industries. The Chinese authorities are making

adjustments in laws, regulations, and controls, but here as elsewhere these proceed only slowly.

Contributing to social stability are activities in the fields of public health, education, and labor. The fight against malaria, dysentery, trachoma, and other diseases has been assisted by FOA and the JCRR. The Mission to China has financed X-ray equipment to help fight the island's most prevalent disease, tuberculosis. During 1951 and 1952 the Chinese government and FOA financed the import of antibiotics and sulfa drugs. For the 1953 fiscal year, doctors, nurses, and public health administrators were sent to the United States for training and study. Action has been taken to strengthen teaching in the National Taiwan University Medical School and to help the hospitals throughout the island. In education, emphasis has been placed on vocational education and the training of teachers to instruct industrial technicians. Contracts have been signed with Pennsylvania State University and Purdue University to help implement this aspect of the industrial development of Formosa. The labor officer of the Mission has given advice on trade union organization, on the promotion of effective labor-management relations, on housing for workers, and on trainee programs, and he has made a collection of pertinent statistics. Adequate statistics on the labor force, as on the population as a whole, are, however, lacking; the Japanese census organization has not been reactivated since World War II, and the Chinese have shown little desire for accurate vital statistics.

A final topic in the briefing conferences held with visitors dealt with the question of when the American taxpayer might be relieved of the financial burden of helping the Chinese. The answer to that question is anybody's guess, but the Chinese government is aware that economic assistance may be terminated in the not-too-distant future. Consequently it has been at work on a "Four-Year Plan" designed to place the economy of Taiwan on a self-sustaining basis. The difficult task of designing this plan has been assumed by the Economic Stabilization Board of the Executive Yuan.

One of the mountainous difficulties in the way of successful planning is, of course, that not Formosa alone but all its neighbors are deep in economic trouble. Japan, comparable in size to California but with a population approaching 90,000,000, is in dire straits. The Republic of Korea, containing some 19,000,000, has about the extent of Indiana and is still further handicapped by the artificial division of the peninsula. The Ryukyu Islands, less than a thousand square miles in area and populated by nearly a million native people, can never attain economic sufficiency, especially while American military forces have possession of much of the arable land; the United States keeps these small islands afloat economically. The Republic of China sails rough economic seas, overloaded as it is with a large military establishment and a growing population. The Republic of the Philippines, with a population of 21,000,000 confined in an area little larger than Arizona, can still develop further its natural resources but will have financial problems for years to come. Indonesia, Thailand, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos, Burma are all struggling with economic difficulties. There is obvious need for integration of the economies of the non-Communist countries in the region, yet Americans could, at present, create only jealousies and rivalries if they attempted much integration by coercion.

The one encouraging fact accompanying our efforts in Formosa is that in none of the other nations around the heartland of Asia do the conditions resemble a socioeconomic laboratory as closely as here. The population is predominantly Chinese, the economy is largely agricultural, and every citizen feels the impact of the large military and police forces.

The American program is adjusted to such an environment. During my stay in Formosa, responsibilities were as follows: Activity in the political field and general leadership of all American endeavors lay in the hands of Ambassador Rankin. Military assistance was the charge of General Chase. The information program, except those phases in support of FOA and JCRR projects, was directed by the United States Information Service. The economic programs were directed by me, ably assisted by about ninety-six

Americans and more than five hundred Chinese, including the JCRR. We Americans worked hand and glove with the Chinese government officials. And largely for this reason I believe that, among the Asian nations receiving FOA assistance, our techniques and accomplishments were outstanding.

Whenever a VIP had time, he was taken on a field trip. The trips, quite as much as the briefing sessions, showed him what was being done on the island and what was its effect.

Once I had a senator in my car on the way to see a military exercise. He spied a school crowded with Chinese soldiers and, in answer to his question, I explained that the school was their barracks.

"But doesn't that cause friction between Mainlanders and Formosans?" he asked.

"Yes, it does," I had to answer, "but consider the problem of billeting a military force of 600,000 men on an island the size of Formosa. Until more local currency is available in the Counterpart Fund, soldiers must be quartered in schools, shrines, and other types of housing. New barracks have been put up, and the soldiers are better off than they were two years ago."

The question and answer gave me the lead I needed to tell about the long-overdue housing project for dockworkers in the rain-drenched northern port city of Keelung, and the need for better living quarters at the coal mines, salt fields, fishing villages, and at the port of Kaohsiung in southern Formosa. I stressed the bearing that low-cost housing for laborers had on social stability, especially on hindering the spread of communism.

Another time a State Department official was driving with me on the main highway south of Taipei. Looking at the red brick farmhouses with tile roofs, he suggested, "Why don't we talk with a farmer?"

We stopped at the next farmhouse and with my driver acting as interpreter we talked with the family elder about crops and all manner of things, as anyone would talk with any farmer in any part of the world.

He was a landlord and had just harvested his second rice crop

of the year. Fertilizer was received regularly and in time for application, but although the farmer gets more for his rice than in 1949, he also has to pay more for his fertilizers. His sweet potato crop was excellent. The quality of seed rice had improved. A new compost house had been built, and a recently completed irrigation project helped to increase crop yields. The near-by hills were reforested two years ago. The taxes were high but efficiently collected. One of his eleven children belonged to the local Four-H club. The United Nations Health Organization malaria team had visited his farm. His whole family used the JCRR-aided health station in the village. He subscribed to the farm magazine *Harvest*, which is financed by the JCRR.

We stopped also at an adjoining farm. The householder here was a tenant. Like one-third of all farm families, his family lived in a mud-brick house with a dirt floor, not a kiln-brick one such as his neighbor owned. For three generations this household had lived at the same site, a condition which is true for two-thirds of the rural families. This tenant farmer had benefited from the rent-reduction program and looked forward to owning his own farm.

I summarized for the visitor the land reform program as we rode back to Taipei. Essentially it is in three phases: rent limitation, sale of public lands, and reduction of size of private land holdings. The program began in 1949 when rents were limited to a maximum of 37.5 percent of the annual main crop. The sale of public lands to 122,000 tenant farmers was at a price set at 2.5 times the value of the annual main crop. The third phase (the "Land to the Tiller" program) began in 1953. It authorized the Provincial government to buy excessive private holdings from landlords for resale to their tenants or farm hands at a price 2.5 times the value of the annual crop. Landlords were allowed to retain an average of 7.25 acres of medium-grade paddy land or the equivalent, the excess to be purchased by the government and 70 percent paid for in bonds in kind and 30 percent in stocks of government enterprises. The tenant purchaser paid, and still pays, the purchase price to the government in rice and sweet potatoes in twenty semiannual installments, with an interest of 4 percent in kind a year.

To pay for the 70 percent of land purchase, bonds totaling the equivalent of 892,481 tons of rice and 317,476 tons of sweet potatoes were to be issued to the landlords. To pay the 30 percent in stocks, the government offered four government enterprises for sale to the landlords: the Agricultural and Forestry Development Corporation, the Industrial and Mining Corporation, the Paper and Pulp Manufacturing Corporation, and the Cement Manufacturing Corporation.

Another official visitor—he was from the Bureau of the Budget, as I recall—discussed with me on a field trip the technical assistance program. In Formosa the United States spent about \$3,000,000 during the 1953 fiscal year chiefly for three types of technical assistance: (1) financing an American firm to advise the Chinese government on engineering matters, (2) providing experts to work in Formosa, and (3) sending Chinese citizens abroad for study, training, and observation. The fields of activities were public health, education, military projects, public administration, agriculture, forestry, fisheries, industry, and engineering. Results seem to prove that this money was well spent.

This American investigator, however, was concerned primarily with the philosophy, shall we call it, of technical assistance and its acceptance by the Chinese. I pointed out that for several hundred years China has had experience with foreign experts. In addition, thousands of Chinese have studied abroad and in foreign schools in China. A technical assistance program, then, is not new either to China or to any of the other Asian nations. But that a technical assistance program alone is a panacea for the ills of the Far East, as one might judge from recent enthusiastic writers, is simply wishful thinking. Old-fashioned "county agents" would undoubtedly contribute to the welfare of any Asian nation, but without geologists, engineers, foresters, and scores of other specialists, their achievements in terms of the general national economy would be piddling. Technical assistance is a centuries-old need felt in all fields of human endeavor in all nations, including our own. Time-tested as it is, yielding fruitful results as it does, the technical assistance program in Formosa deserves continued American support.

All of our visitors, and especially those who had been more than once on the island, were aware of American accomplishments on Formosa, were aware too that had it not been for United States assistance, the island would have become Communist territory. The United States had, therefore, in the eyes of all of them, succeeded in its main objective. Through its efforts, plus splendid Chinese co-operation, the strategic island of Formosa remains in friendly hands.

Preview

S. WILMOT SCHNEIDER

as hand in hand through the world
we flee, to the uttermost rim
of eternity

far far as the eye
can see, there is no harbor
for you and me

the dust that smothers
the land and sea
envelops the two of us
utterly

then why do I think
of you and me
as if we still in the world
would be

of hands that feel
of eyes that see
there is nothing nothing
endlessly

WALT WHITMAN: THE PROPHET OF DEMOCRACY*

by J. Middleton Murry

IT IS now nearly fifty years since my classical tutor at Oxford, H. F. Fox—whom I name, though his name will be meaningless to others, for the private satisfaction of commemorating him—pressed upon me Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*. Fox belonged to the old generation of English Liberals, who flourished in the latter decades of the nineteenth century. As a political force, they reached their apogee in the famous general election of 1906, when the Liberal party swept into power on a wave of universal reaction against the imperialist fervours of the South African war; and they were broken, permanently, by the first World War, which was undreamt of by their philosophy. But their fortunes as politicians are irrelevant. The best of the Liberals—such a one survives still in Gilbert Murray—were not politicians; they were idealists. And for one of them *Democratic Vistas* was a sort of modern bible. I imagine that this was true of many others.

They were not mistaken in saluting Whitman as their prophet. *Democratic Vistas* is surely a permanent statement, not only of the ideal of liberal democracy, but of its fundamental principles, which if it violates, it ceases to be. Democracy is a debased and ambiguous word today, when the spokesmen of totalitarian Russia make their monstrous claim that their society is a democracy, and have it granted even by some millions of Western Europeans. Therefore, I prefer to call the society which Whitman envisaged and cham-

* This essay is presented in celebration of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* on the first centenary of its survival, and is reprinted with the permission of the publishers from *Leaves of Grass One Hundred Years After*, edited by Milton Hindus and published January 3, 1955, by Stanford University Press, Stanford, California. Copyright 1955 by the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

pioned the free society. But it is immaterial. There is no mistake possible about the kind of society of which Whitman was the prophet and champion.

"That which really balances and conserves the social and political world is not so much legislation, police, treaties, and dread of punishment, as the latent eternal intuitional sense in humanity, of fairness, manliness, decorum etc. Indeed this perennial regulation, control, and oversight, by self-suppliance, is *sine qua non* to democracy; and a highest, widest aim of democratic literature may well be to bring forth, cultivate, brace and strengthen this sense, in individuals and society. A strong mastership of the general inferior self by the superior self, is to be aided, secured, indirectly but surely, by the literatus, in his works, shaping for individual or aggregate democracy, a great passionate body, in and along with which goes a great masterful spirit."

That is, at once, a proclamation of Whitman's ideal of democracy, and of the part he felt that he was called to play in its realization. It is noble and compelling. And of *Democratic Vistas* in general it may be said that, apart from its own intrinsic merits, which are very great, it is necessary to an understanding of the real purpose of *Leaves of Grass*.

Yet this was the book of which Whitman wrote to Dowden in 1872 that "it remains quite unread, uncalled for, here in America." Though there is the best precedent for a prophet being without honour in his own country, in the case of Whitman it needs some explanation. The one which occurs most readily to an Englishman is that the Americans of Whitman's time were too engrossed in the material mastering of a continent to have time to pause and take their spiritual bearings, whereas the little body of contemporary and influential Englishmen, who received his work with enthusiasm, had, whether consciously or not, the premonition that the epoch of their country's expansion was over, and that if Britain was to retain significance as a power for civilization, it must be as a paradigm of the free society. Whitman made his impact upon Britain at a moment when its best minds were engaged in taking spiritual stock of their country. Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, and Morris were the in-

fluences which had worked on the younger men who were receptive to Whitman, and Whitman seemed to corroborate and combine those influences in a radically new way. He shifted the balance from the critical to the creative, from dubiety to faith; and he added a comprehensive assertion—a poetic demonstration—of the validity of the individual which came to his English disciples as a great liberation.

What Whitman was attempting in *Leaves of Grass* cannot be better described than he described it in *Democratic Vistas*:

“The literature, songs, esthetics etc. of a country are of importance principally because they furnish the materials and suggestions of personality for the men and women of that country, and enforce them in a thousand effective ways.”

Very likely, this purpose was not fully conscious in him when he began writing *Leaves of Grass*; indeed, he admitted it. But this is what he subsequently believed he had done, or tried to do. His belief was well founded, and his claim just. This we must admit, whether or not we share his belief that a national literature is principally of importance because it offers suggestions and materials for what he elsewhere calls “a basic model or portrait of personality for general use.” Even those who hold that literature has other purposes to serve, which seem to them more important, must allow that much of the world’s great literature has been valued by the people for whom it was written for the concrete ideal of personal conduct it set before them. This was the merit of Homer in the eyes of a Greek, and of Virgil in the eyes of a Roman.

Such was the sense in which Whitman claimed to be the poet-prophet of America. There was nothing narrowly national in his conception of “these States.” If at first sight it sometimes appears to be so, only a little patience and receptiveness are needed to make us realize that his insistence on the places, the persons, and the society with which he was familiar is only an example of the working of Goethe’s poetical axiom that the universal is the particular. The universal of which “these States” were the particular in Whitman’s poetry is Democracy; and all over the world democrats, in Whit-

man's peculiar and profound sense of the word—that is, those who believe that a self-governing society of free and responsible individuals offers the only way of progress towards the Good—have had no difficulty in regarding Whitman's America as the city of their own soul. It is for them a symbol of the ideal, of the same order as Blake's Albion and Jerusalem; and Whitman, in rhapsodizing over the rivers and prairies and people of America, is behaving as Shakespeare's poet, "who gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name"—except that the ideal Democracy is much more than "an airy nothing." It is at least a compelling vision of the society toward which humanity must stumble on, if it is not to cease to be human.

At the present moment many Western Europeans, who have an emotional and intellectual loyalty to the ideal of the free society, are tempted to be a little dubious towards America's claim to be its prototype. To them the activities of Senator McCarthy loom large and ominous. They should remember that Whitman himself passed through many moments of despondence in the days of the carpet-baggers and afterwards. He too cried: "These savage, wolfish parties alarm me—owning no law but their own will, more and more combative, less and less tolerant of the idea of ensemble and of equal brotherhood, the perfect equality of the States, the ever overarching American ideas." Nevertheless, Whitman held to his faith that these ugly and depressing manifestations were like the grim, growing pains of the ideal, inseparable from the process of the working out of a high destiny in a mass of common humanity. Whether his faith will be justified by the event, who can say? But there is scope for tempered optimism, when we remember that, in the years immediately following Whitman's death, another idealist, of a different kidney indeed, but equally combining with his idealism a robust realism, wrote of the condition of the United States.

"Turn to Republican America. America has no Star Chamber, and no feudal barons. But it has Trusts; and it has millionaires whose factories, fenced in by live electric wires and defended by Pinkerton retainers with magazine rifles, would have made a Radical of Reginald Front de Bœuf. Would Washington or Franklin have

lifted a finger in the cause of American independence if they had foreseen its reality?"

So wrote Bernard Shaw at the turn of the nineteenth century. After fifty years those conditions seem to belong to a prehistoric past, as do the conditions which produced the two epoch-making strikes—of the dockers and of the match-factory girls—in England. Democracy is at least free to mend its ways.

It is notable that Shaw, who no doubt imbibed much of his doctrine from Whitman, or rather found in Whitman a corroboration of his own native intuitions, agreed with him wholeheartedly in his insistence on the importance of sexual selection. The whole of *Man and Superman* might fairly be regarded as Shaw's effort to put a sharper and more paradoxical edge on one of Whitman's central doctrines: the necessity for Democracy of true and generous mating between mentally, morally, and physically developed men and women. Indeed, Whitman not only anticipated Shaw's doctrine of the necessity of the Superman for viable Democracy when he inveighed against "the appalling depletion of women in their powers of sane athletic maternity" and proclaimed that the radical weakness of factual society in America was that "the men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men"; but in *Children of Adam* he was the palpable forerunner of D. H. Lawrence's even more revolutionary teaching on sex. Lawrence was directly indebted to Whitman even for much of his distinctive phraseology.

This fructification in the soil of such different natures of seeds scattered from Whitman's luxuriant flowering is a simple and pertinent example of his immense seminal influence, as the poet-prophet of Democracy. That was what he justly claimed to be, and as such he is best comprehended. Or, at least, that is the best line of approach towards a complete understanding of his work: on one condition, that it is realized that Democracy can be justified and believed in only on the basis of a prior conviction of the infinite worth of the individual. Without this, Democracy is, what Plato held it to be, merely a short road to the tyranny of the baser elements in man. That can be repelled only by stubborn adherence to the sacrosanct principle of the divine right of the minority—of all minorities

save one perhaps—to freedom of thought and speech. I call this right divine, because it cannot be rationally demonstrated. If it is self-evident, as I believe, it is self-evident only as a religious truth: ultimately, therefore, a matter of revelation. And since, even in the contemporary world, the truth has been categorically denied by the vast social organization of Russia, and since, in the ancient and mediaeval worlds, it was not admitted at all, it is evident that the apprehension of this religious truth is in constant need of renewal.

This was Whitman's great achievement. He vitally renewed the religious revelation on which the justification and continued existence of Democracy depends. That is to say, he experienced the revelation anew. From this derives the uniqueness of his work: the confidence with which he propounds the totality of himself—the whole experiencing nature which was Walt Whitman—as the citizen of the ideal Democracy. To the congenitally unsympathetic this has appeared as overweening arrogance, an awful example of the extravagance of romantic egotism. But no one responsive to Whitman has ever been repelled by this idiosyncrasy. It shocks only those to whom everything about Whitman is shocking. For in fact, his apparent egotism is entirely justified. It follows necessarily from his vision of the ideal society: for it is implicit in the ethos of that society that the individual shall be accepted with all his imperfections—warts and all. It is a society in which the individual person is valid, because it is a society whose law is love—the same society, in fact, of which the vision came to Tchekov when he listened to music: “where everything is forgiven and it would be strange not to forgive.” In Christian idiom, it is the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. That may seem very remote from any practical democracy we know or can foresee, either in America or Europe: but the imaginative vitality of the ideal is absolutely necessary to the continuing existence of any democracy at all.

That is to say, behind and beneath Whitman's promulgation of his total self as a type of the citizen of the ideal Democracy is a deeply religious humility. Unless his “egotism” is apprehended against this background of religion it is bound to be misunderstood. Not that there is any excuse for ignoring the background. Nothing

could be more explicit than, for example, *Starting from Paumanok*.

Each is not for its own sake,
I say the whole earth and the stars in the sky are for religion's
sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how
certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these States
must be their religion,
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur;
(Nor character nor life worthy the name without religion,
Nor land nor man nor woman without religion.)

It may fairly be said that Whitman's great struggle as poet-prophet was to communicate his religious sense—of the divinity of the created world, of the democratic idea; of himself as part of the one and prophet of the other—without emasculating it by using the conventional language of religion. And that, in turn, is no small part of the problem for critical appreciation of him. What we are constrained to call Whitman's humility is not very like what is ordinarily understood by the word. It is the attitude of one who has been, once for all, possessed by the conviction that he is merely the vehicle and instrument of the One, "the fang'd and glittering One whose head is over all"; who, at the same time and as part of the same experience, is convinced of the uniqueness of every created person, animal and thing; who in the words of Meister Eckhart, is as one "who having looked upon the sun, henceforward sees the sun in all things."

To be possessed by this conviction is, inevitably, felt as an immense privilege, for with it descends, also inevitably, a sense of one's total validity—no greater, indeed, than that of any blade of grass or lily of the field, but since it happens to a human being with the

burden of consciousness and self-consciousness, bringing with it an incomparable awareness of integration, of liberation, and of ordinariness. To a man who has passed through this experience, egotism and humility are indistinguishable. The completest self-utterance is not an assertion but an annihilation of the self. The ego which, according to Pascal, is "always hateful," is by this experience transcended or abolished.

The proof of this, in Whitman's case, is easily available. No one who has responded to the personality exposed in *Leaves of Grass* has ever felt him to be other than lovable. One may be, indeed many are, completely allergic to him: but once he has found an entry, he takes possession, and that by a quite different process from that of conquering our aesthetic sensibilities. Not many of Whitman's poems overcome us by the perfection of their beauty; and in face of his achievement as a whole, we remain entirely aware of the crudeness, the imperfection, the failure in transmutation, of much of it. Nevertheless, we would not have it otherwise. The roughnesses, the blemishes belong. They are necessary to the kind of communication at which he aimed, and in which he believed. He well knew what he was doing when he insisted on the interdependent wholeness of the Leaves he had strung together. When he said "the words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything," or more arrestingly, but not more profoundly, that "he who touches this book, touches a man," he was saying the same thing: that he, as a whole, had been validated.

To get to the root of this conviction, in Whitman himself and those who respond to him, we should need to inquire into the nature of the mystical experience, when it happens to a man who has worked himself free of adherence to any particular system of religion. Such an inquiry would probably not be very rewarding. It is better to accept and ponder what Whitman himself has to say of it, in the *Song of Myself*.

I believe in you my soul, the other I am must not abase itself
to you,
And you must not be abased to the other.

Loafe with me on the grass, loose the stop from your throat,
Not words, not music or rhyme I want, not custom or lecture,
not even the best,
Only the lull I like, the hum of your valvèd voice.

I mind how once we lay such a transparent summer morning,
How you settled your head athwart my hips and gently
turn'd over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your
tongue to my bare-stript heart,
And reach'd till you felt my beard, and reach'd till you held
my feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowl-
edge that pass all the argument of the earth,
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and
the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap'd stones, elder,
mullein and poke-weed.

That seems to be a description of an actual moment of illumination, perhaps *the* moment. By its curious and impressive particularity it recalls nothing so much as some equally particular and impressive passages in Blake's prophetic books. What is peculiar to Whitman is the intensity of his physical memory of the process (which other mystics have described) by which his corporal body was, as it were, consumed and spiritualized. He describes it, vividly and memorably, as a physical caress of his body by his soul; and this swift and sudden transcending of the distinction and opposition between body and soul is accompanied by a vision of the infinite significance of the details of the created world—what Blake called

the Minute Particulars—and a simultaneous assurance that “a kelson of the creation is love.”

One may guess that this experience is the creative kernel of the whole of the *Song of Myself*: the seed of which that great poem is an exfoliation, though of course there is no way of proving it. Anyhow, it is certain that only in the perspective established by an experience such as he describes can the apparent contradictions of the poem be naturally resolved and seen as necessary. If the experience is not the originating germ of the poem, it is the key to it. And at no point in the amazingly rich variety of its validations does Whitman go beyond what is warranted by his mystical assurance that everything everywhere is good and divinely appointed: himself, in all his thoughts, emotions and acts, no more and no less than any other particle of the universe. The self that he “promulges” is the self that he has discovered at the point of its unity with the All; it is beneath anything that we are accustomed to regard as personality. He has been carried back to the ground of the personal (in the metaphysical sense of the word “ground”) and has found it to be of one eternal substance with everything that is, or has been, or will be. This is the firm and timeless foundation from which he vaticinates.

Quite obviously, the *Song of Myself* is just as much, if not more preponderantly, the song of Whitman's not-Self, of all the richness of the objective world. Its “egotism” is transparent and crystalline: it is completely acknowledged, and in no way apologized for—

I know perfectly well my own egotism,
Know my omnivorous lines and must not write any less,
And would fetch you whoever you are flush with myself.

“Flush with myself” is one of those simple and superb phrases which Whitman always had at his command. It means not merely bringing his comrade-reader to the point where he shares Whitman's perception, but bringing them both together to coalesce in a common spiritual ether. He expresses this in a splendid and homely metaphor (which may not be recognized as a metaphor) at the beginning of his *Song*.

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are
crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not
let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the dis-
tillation, it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised
and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

That is not, what it seems, a paean to the open air; it celebrates what Blake called "the cleansing of the doors of perception," and the entry into the new and ever-present world of things as they are. Whitman calls "the atmosphere" what Spinoza calls the *species aeternitatis*, and more traditionally Christian mystics the all-sustaining love of God. And so Whitman ends what is in deceptive appearance an invocation of the open air with a plain declaration of his real meaning.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much?
Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?
Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the
origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are
millions of suns left,)
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor
look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spec-
tres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things
from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.

To be intoxicated by the perfume and the distillation which he loves, but puts aside for the pure serene of "the atmosphere," is

the same as looking through the eyes of the dead. It is not enough to call the condition at which he aims for himself, and which he seeks to induce in us, freshness of vision, though no doubt where that occurs a momentary transparence has taken place. He is urging us towards not a mere "moment of vision" but to an understanding of all that it involves: towards making the religion that underlies all such moments a permanent possession. The *Song of Myself* is crowded to overflowing not only with moments of vision but also with a rich multiplicity of statements and explorations of the background from which it arises. His focus changes incessantly. At one moment, impersonal as "the atmosphere," his "omnivorous lines" roam over all America; at another they pass up and down the vistas of "the Me myself," who no less belongs to all men.

The range of this great poem is wonderful: from the picture of the negro dray driver—

The negro holds firmly the reins of his four horses, the block
swags underneath on its tied-over chain,
The negro that drives the long dray of the stone-yard, steady
and tall he stands pois'd on one leg on the string-piece,
His blue shirt exposes his ample neck and breast and loosens
over his hip-band,
His glance is calm and commanding, he tosses the slouch of
his hat away from his forehead,
The sun falls on his crispy hair and mustache, falls on the
black of his polish'd and perfect limbs.

to "the mechanic's wife with her babe at her nipple interceding for every person born." That sudden identification of the mechanic's wife with the Blessed Virgin is of the essence of Whitman's thought.

Thus, the *Song of Myself*, rightly considered, is the explication of an eternal moment. If one is required to choose, this must be pronounced Whitman's greatest poem, and certainly the one around which all the other leaves of grass—the obviously beautiful and the apparently ungainly—naturally cluster themselves. It is the heart and core of the total pattern. The only poem I know with which it can be compared is Blake's *Milton*, which is also the explication of an eternal moment. There is one salient difference between them.

Blake's wonderful poem is an exploration, or re-creation of the timeless instant itself, whereas Whitman's equally wonderful one is a declaration of its consequences. But *Milton* is barred from the common understanding by Blake's use of his esoteric symbols, where Whitman intently addressed himself, as far as he could, to the comprehension of the common man. But, for all that, the affinities between the two poems are astonishing. How perfectly, one feels, would such a passage as this from *Milton* fall into place in the *Song of Myself*!

Thou seest the Constellations in the deep and wondrous
Night:

They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains and in vales with harp and heavenly
song,

With flute and clarion, with cups and measures fill'd with
foaming wine.

Glitt'ring the streams reflect the Vision of beautitude,
And the calm Ocean joys beneath and smooths his awful
waves:

These are the Sons of Los, and these the Labourers of the
Vintage.

Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance and sport
in summer

Upon the sunny brooks and meadows: every one the dance
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:

Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other and recede, to cross and change and
return:

These are the Children of Los; thou seest the Trees on moun-
tains,

The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksom
sky,

Uttering prophecies and speaking instructive words to the
sons

Of men: These are the Sons of Los: These the Visions of
 Eternity,
 But we see only as it were the hem of their garments
 When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous
 Visions.

Save for the repeated phrase which belongs to Blake's particular drama of the spirit, it might well be one of Whitman's canticles. And Blake is saying precisely the same as Whitman when he declares that he knows that

. . . limitless are leaves stiff and drooping in the fields
 And brown ants in the little wells beneath them . . .

"Limitless" because they are visions of eternity, in Blake's language, and we see only the hem of their garments.

It is in accord with the deeper harmony of things that Anne Gilchrist—who devoted the first years of her widowhood to completing her husband's *Life of William Blake*, the first book in which his extraordinary genius was vindicated—should have been the first woman publicly to salute the kindred genius of Whitman; by endorsing his radical utterances on sex (essentially the same as Blake's), she gave him perhaps the most precious support he ever received—"the proudest word that ever came to me from a woman—if not the proudest word of all from any source," as he told Traubel.

Perhaps paradoxically, but rightly, Whitman believed that the immediate apprehension of an infinite significance in all existences was within the natural capacity of the common man. The truths he enunciated were self-evident to the natural vision, though he was constrained in honesty to admit that natural vision was not very common, since it required the removal of the scales of custom and prejudice—indeed of most of what was reckoned respectable.

Long enough have you dream'd contemptible dreams,
 Now I wash the gum from your eyes . . .

Still, he insisted on the ordinariness of his own vision.

(Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so,
 Only what nobody denies is so.)

Behind this simple asseveration is the justified assumption that, if Democracy is not a sham, a merely temporary form of social organization, produced by a favourable conjunction of circumstances but doomed to collapse under the pressure of any positive demands on its assumed morality, then there must be latent in its citizens a real fund of common and unshakable religious conviction. Every member, or at least the majority of its members, must be deeply persuaded of the infinite worth of others as well as himself. This axiomatic moral and religious truth may be overlaid, obscured, and forgotten, but it must be there, or Democracy is an illusion. Whitman could not admit that it was, any more than I can. The most he could do was to admit the possibility that men might make the great refusal.

Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved,
Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city of this earth, ever
afterward resumes its liberty.

But he had to make the act of faith in his fellows. The revelation that had come to him was latent in them. He was merely their spokesman, the interpreter of themselves to themselves.

I do not say these things for a dollar or to fill up the time
while I wait for a boat,
(It is you talking just as much as myself, I act as the tongue
of you,
Tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosen'd.)

And this is true, not merely of the great democratic commonplaces to which they might be expected to respond, but of the comprehensive religious realization on which alone they can be grounded.

(The moth and the fish-eggs are in their place,
The bright suns I see and the dark suns I cannot see are in
their place,

The palpable is in its place and the impalpable is in its
place.)

These are really the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands,
they are not original with me,

If they are not yours as much as mine they are nothing, or
next to nothing . . .

It is indeed the *philosophia perennis* which he proclaims, but with the radical variation that he proclaims it to a society which is, or claims to be, based on the belief that all its members are at least capable of it. To them he says: Have the courage of yourselves, first by discovering what your self really is. Get down to the bed-rock, the point at which you know your own infinitude, stretching forward and backward in time, and upwards to eternity. From that security go your way, fulfill your own unique destiny.

I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, exchange,
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you around the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents and the
public road.

Not I, not anyone else can travel that road for you,
You must travel it for yourself.

It is not far, it is within reach,
Perhaps you have been on it since you were born and did
not know,
Perhaps it is everywhere on water and on land.

Whitman's hope that ordinary men and women would straight-way receive his utterances as the expression of their own deepest, but inarticulate, thoughts and feelings, was not realized in fact. He may have found a few such readers, but for the most part he had to depend on a few doughty defenders in his own country—Emerson supreme among them—and the enthusiastic support of a band of young English disciples. Indeed, writing as late as 1904, Henry Bryan Binns, his English biographer, speaking of Whitman's dismissal in 1865 from his clerkship in the Indian Bureau in Wash-

ington, as the result of the reading of *Leaves of Grass* by his Methodist chief, says: "Average American opinion was then undisguisedly hostile, as, of course, it still remains." If that was really the situation in America in 1904, it was distinctly different from that in England, where by that time his book had been accepted as a classic by the Liberal intellectuals, and as a sort of bible by the native British Socialist movement, which, though it had a fair sprinkling of intellectuals, had a solid working-class core. Perhaps the explanation of this discrepancy is that quite early in the nineteenth century the British working class had become more or less completely urbanized, and Whitman's poetry had, for that part of it which was sufficiently alert to become Socialist, a powerful nostalgic attraction as a poetry of the open country and the open air. And it is very probable that the curious, but very marked association of the early Socialist movement in England with camping and hiking, on foot or cycle, in the countryside is almost entirely due to the influence of Whitman.

But that topic, though interesting, belongs to British local history. It would appear, from what I have read, that it was as a person rather than as a poet that Whitman came closest to the common man in America—pre-eminently during his hospital experiences in Washington in the Civil War, which made so profound an impression upon him. It has been said that Whitman attributed to his war experiences a significance for his literary development which they did not really possess. This is true, in the sense that the greater part of his most characteristic work was written before the war. Nevertheless, Whitman was not mistaken about himself. The war experience did deepen his understanding of his own poetic purposes; it intensely sharpened his sense of the appalling cost even of the partial realization of the democratic ideal; it summoned him to make his own faith stronger in that which endures beyond death. That involved no break in his development, no such catastrophic change as, for example, was enforced upon the consciousness of many Englishmen by their experiences of the first World War. Whitman's faith was as deeply grounded as any could be. There is at least one passage in the *Song of Myself* in which he deliberately compares himself

with the crucified and resurrected Christ. It was a brave thing to do, but in its splendid context it provokes no resistance.

Enough! enough! enough!

Somehow I have been stunn'd. Stand back!

Give me a little time beyond my cuff'd head, slumbers,
dreams, gaping,

I discover myself on the verge of a usual mistake.

That I could forget the mockers and insults!

That I could forget the trickling tears and the blows of the
bludgeons and hammers!

That I could look with a separate look on my own crucifixion
and bloody crowning.

I remember now,

I resume the overstaid fraction,

The grave of rock multiplies what has been confided to it, or
to any graves,

Corpses rise, gashes heal, fastenings roll from me.

I troop forth replenish'd with supreme power, one of an
average unending procession,

Inland and sea-coast we go, and pass all boundary lines,

Our swift ordinances on their way over the whole earth,

The blossoms we wear in our hats the growth of thousands
of years.

This, again, can be paralleled in the writings of Blake, for whom the unity of all humanity is typified in "the Divine Humanity, the One Man, even Jesus," whose sufferings must be renewed in the ascent of any single soul towards Eternity. I recall Whitman's words here only to show that there was already that in him which could endure his Civil War experiences without dismay, though receiving them with the full sensitivity of the sympathetic and compassionate imagination. He saw many Christs in the agonizing soldiers he tended.

It was wholly natural, therefore, that his participation in their

heroic sacrifice should deepen his conception of the Democracy for which they died, and that he should declare that "Only the occurrence of the Secession War, and what it show'd me as by flashes of light with the emotional depths it sounded and arous'd . . . that only from the strong flare and provocations of that war's sights and scenes the final reasons-for-being of an autochthonic and passionate song finally came forth." At any rate it seems to me that from this point onward, Whitman understood his purpose more clearly as that of the poet-prophet of a society to be actually realized, as it had actually been paid for in limitless human suffering. He had the satisfaction of knowing that he too had paid the price. The immense demands of the hospital years in Washington on his vital energy were the cause of his paralysis, and of the relative poverty of his subsequent poetic output.

To compensate, there is the admirable vaticination of *Democratic Vistas*. The vision and argument of this book, more directly than any of the poetry in *Leaves of Grass*, arise from his war experience. This, he seems to say, is the society of which that manifest heroism of the common man offers the earnest.

"The movements of the late secession war, and their results, to any sense that studies well and comprehends them, show that popular democracy, whatever its faults and dangers, practically justifies itself beyond the proudest claims and wildest hopes of its enthusiasts."

We who have lived to see much the same common men fight with no less heroism and endure no less suffering in defence of a system as remote from democracy as the communism of Stalin's Russia or the National Socialism of Hitler's Germany, may be a little more dubious of the validity of this demonstration. But it seemed cogent to Whitman, and perhaps he was right. And there is no doubt at all that he was right in his vindication of the Democracy he envisioned as the only form of society which can claim the moral allegiance of the free man.

"The purpose of democracy . . . is, through many transmigrations and amid endless ridicules, arguments, and ostensible failures, to illustrate, at all hazards, this doctrine or theory that man, properly

trained in highest, sanest freedom, may and must become a law, and series of laws, unto himself, surrounding and providing for, not only his own personal control, but his relations to all other individuals and to the State; and that while other theories, as in the past histories of nations, have proved wise enough, and indispensable perhaps for their conditions, *this*, as matters now stand in our civilised world is the only scheme worth working from, as warranting results like Nature's laws, reliable, when once established, to carry on of themselves."

So much, nowadays, we would all claim to see and admit; but, it is to be feared, for the most part with a kind of lip service and formal adhesion. It was Whitman's greatness that he explored and promulgated all the tremendous assumptions or obligations involved in that comforting creed. During the eighty years that have followed the writing of *Democratic Vistas*, in spite of the fact that we have endured two wars, even more atrocious than the Civil War which served to open yet wider Whitman's wide-open eyes, and that these wars were fought, not only ostensibly but really, to maintain Democracy, we seem to have got no further in the way of understanding and conceiving and imagining Democracy, than to suppose it is achieved and realized in the establishment of adult suffrage for men and women. That is concrete, we seem to say, and comprehensible; that is the universal yardstick, by applying which we know whether or not Democracy exists. But beyond that, everything is vague and shadowy, uncertain and insecure. Do we recognize as essential to Democracy the divine right of a minority to freedom of thought and expression and association? We hardly know. Do we declare, as essential to Democracy, that this right must be denied to a minority which seeks to undermine and overthrow and abolish even that divine right of a minority in which we vaguely believe? We hardly know. The truth is, that once the obvious, elementary, and mechanical condition of Democracy has been satisfied in universal suffrage, perplexity involves the urgent question: what are the further fundamental moral postulates of Democracy, even on the overtly political plane? It is as though the wind of inspiration had dropped, and the proud ship drifted becalmed. She has not even steerageway.

Granted that some of the problems with which Democracy is now confronted belong to a dimension of which Whitman had no inkling, it remains true that he alone faithfully and passionately explored the hidden moral and religious bases of Democracy from which alone an answer to all its new problems can hopefully be sought. And the main substance of his discovery is that Democracy can be secured only on the foundation of its own appropriate and necessary religion. The notion of a new religion tends, perhaps justly, to be suspect. But Whitman meant no more, but no less, than that: just as Democracy can only be understood as a growth out of former organizations of society, yet must be recognized as something entirely new, so its necessary religion will incorporate and transmute all that is valid in the religions of the societies which preceded it.

My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between
ancient and modern.

Thus, in *Democratic Vistas*, he begins by explicitly declaring that Democracy is the development in the further field of social organization and material opportunity of the message of Christ that the nature of the individual soul is so transcendent that it sets all men on a common level. Democracy is the implementation of the equality of souls proclaimed by the founder of Christianity. But what is the soul? Whitman has no doubt at all that a soul distinct from the body is an illusion. Body and soul are one, not two. And whether we like it or not, it seems plain that this is the fundamental religious postulate of Democracy, however unsuspected it may be.

That, says Whitman anyhow, is what we discover when as free individuals we explore the reality of what we are. We find an ultimate and indefeasible unity in ourselves of soul and body: an individual One, which at the moment of its awareness of itself, is known to be part of the universal One. Thus that infinite worth and uniqueness of the individual, on which Democracy purports to be grounded, is a reality only when it is pursued to its religious recesses in an ultimate and immediate self-knowledge of what he calls "the identified

soul." It is notable how close Whitman quite independently comes at this point to the language and ideas of Keats in his famous letter on the world as "The Vale of Soul-making." The following crucial declaration of Whitman's might be incorporated bodily into Keats's letter, without alteration and without perceptible discrepancy.

"Religion, although casually arrested, and, after a fashion preserved in the churches and creeds, does not depend at all on them, but is a part of the identified soul, which, when greatest, knows not bibles in the old way, but in new ways—the identified soul, which can really confront Religion when it extricates itself entirely from the churches, and not before."

So close is the resemblance between Whitman's and Keats's thought here that Keats supplies a better gloss than does Whitman himself on his key phrase, "the identified soul." For this is exactly what Keats meant when he distinguished a Soul from an Intelligence. "There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself."

This religious-ethical realization, says Whitman, is the true basis of Democracy; for it is at this point, and at this point only, that the individual becomes a reality. Short of this point, he is an illusion, on which nothing solid or durable can be built. Hence the transcendent importance for enduring Democracy of the emergence of prophets of true "personalism," as he calls it. This promulgation of "the religious element which is, finally, at the core of Democracy" is the work of the poet-prophet, the distinctive literatus of Democracy. He will work, just as the poet-prophets of former ages and former modes of society, by creating a compulsive image of the concrete, unified personality which is now required, with all its particular and essentially new emotional aptitudes and ethical and religious axioms. Of such poet-prophets of Democracy Whitman claims to be a forerunner, but no more. He is, as it were, the warning and encouraging voice of the interregnum, while Democracy is still unaware of the need of imaginative patterns adequate to its own unconscious assumptions and potentialities—and dangers. The dangers he sees clearly—most apprehensively in "the long series of tenden-

cies, shapings, which few are strong enough to resist, and which now seem, with steam-engine speed, to be everywhere turning out the generations of humanity like uniform iron castings."

"All of which, as compared with the feudal ages, we can yet do nothing better than accept, make the best of, and even welcome, upon the whole for their oceanic practical grandeur, and their restless wholesale kneading of the masses—I say of all this tremendous and dominant play of solely materialistic bearings upon current life in the United States, with the results as already seen, accumulating, and reaching far into the future, that they must either be confronted and met by at least an equally subtle and tremendous force-infusion for purposes of spiritualisation, for the pure conscience, for genuine aesthetics, and for absolute and primal manliness or womanliness—or else our modern civilisation, with all its improvements, is in vain, and we are on the road to a destiny, a status, equivalent in its real world, to that of the fabled damned."

The process of spiritualization which alone can save Democracy from moral disaster Whitman here defines as consisting in three things. First, the awakening of the pure conscience, which is, of course, not pure in the puritan sense, because it includes a candid and delighted recognition of all the mysteries of sex—a recognition inseparable from the knowledge of our participation in and dependence upon the infinite. This knowledge is the immediate source of the pure conscience, because it binds us, with a new sense of obligation, both to the One and to our fellow men. It is in the discovery of a new and deeper meaning in the Christian summons that we shall become, by knowing ourselves to be, "sons of God." Second, the establishment of absolute and primal womanliness and manliness: the condition in which "the men believe in the women and the women in the men." By which he means the creation of a bond of true love between them, whereby they entirely trust each other: which involves, above all, for Whitman, as for Blake before him, the abolition of sexual secrecy. Man and woman recognize, revere, and delight in each other as palpable manifestations of the divine. They acknowledge their several and mutual dependence upon the infinite, each with his own sense of responsibility. Third, there is genuine aesthetics—the

establishment of an ideal and image of attainable beauty, moral and physical, in the common consciousness which will attract the aspirations of men and women, and serve them as a criterion to judge themselves and others: an image and ideal corresponding to the *καλὸς κἀγαθός* of the Greeks, the *vir pietate gravis* of the Romans, the *honnête homme* of seventeenth-century France, or the Christian gentleman of English-speaking peoples. But these were ideals evolved in and appropriate to aristocratic societies, and almost exclusively masculine. The new ideal image must be consubstantial with the new society, in which men and women are equals and lovers, and men and men comrades; it must arise from and be prophetic of Democracy "which alone," Whitman says magnificently, "on anything like Nature's scale, breaks up the limitless fallows of human-kind and plants the seeds of personalism."

In this sense Whitman conceived himself as a poet-prophet co-operating with the silent workings of Democracy, and making communication to the responsive among its members of an image of the new democratic man. Yet image-making, though it was his chosen phrase, and indeed the best he could use to describe his purpose, is inadequate to what he tried to do, and did. He made a total communication of himself. His work was at once less and more than a poetic achievement. There is splendid and immortal poetry in it: perfectly formed and crystalline gems in the mass of ore. But they, without the matrix which surrounds them, would lose the greater part of their significance. And, indeed, we need them less for what they are in themselves than as the immediate and indisputable evidence that in Whitman was a truly great poet, judged by the most conservative standards. But the matrix is more important than the gems; the total Whitman far more dynamic, far more charged with potential for humanity, than his rounded utterances. The Whitman who gropes his way from the basis of his deep and new-discovered personality, his identified soul, into the vast variety of his incomplete affirmations; who offers himself with all his hesitations, his contradictions, and his deep unformulable faith, to his comrades of the future is a truly prophetic man. He is, in part, the attractive image of the citizen of the new completely human society of which the crude

integument is what we call Democracy; he is, in a yet more important part, the tongue-tied soul in travail of the idea of which he is the instinctive vehicle. And this part of him, which is quite inseparable from the other, is perhaps even more durable than the image of the rounded man which he communicates. For it is inherent in this conception of Democracy, as the constant, endless breaking of the fallows of humankind for the sowing of the seed of personality, that it should never reach finality. The process is as recurrent and illimitable as the labours of the veritable husbandry of the earth. Seedtime and harvest, the quiescence of winter frost, the saving and selection of new seed, the ploughing and the fight against the weeds—

These shall go onward the same
Though dynasties pass.

So with the process of Democracy. Its faith will never be finally uttered; the final utterances will always be of faiths not its own. The image of its citizen will never be completed. Always there will be the need, to urge it onward, of that sacred and consecrated band of brothers of which Whitman dreamed.

“Yet I have dreamed, merged in that hidden-tangled problem of our fate, whose long unravelling stretches mysteriously through time—dreamed out, portrayed, hinted already—a little or a larger band—a band of brave and true, unprecedented yet—armed and equipped at every point—the members separated, it may be, by different dates and States, or south, or north, or east, or west—Pacific, Atlantic, Southern, Canadian—a year, a century here, and other centuries there—but always one, compact in soul, conscience-conserving, God-inculcating, inspired achievers, not only in literature, the greatest art, but achievers in all art—a new, undying order, dynasty, from age to age transmitted—a band, a class, at least as fit to cope with current years, our dangers, needs, as those who, for their times, so long, so well, in armour or in cowl, upheld and made illustrious, that far-back feudal, priestly world. To offset chivalry, indeed, those vanished countless knights, old altars, abbeys, priests, ages and strings of ages, a knightlier and more sacred cause today

demands, and shall supply, in a New World, to larger, grander work, more than the counterpart and tally of them."

Whitman the incomplete, sustained by the inward knowledge that his own sincerely acknowledged and avowed incompleteness would make him forever contemporary with the pioneers of responsible personality on whom the vitality, and even the continued bare existence of the new and experimental society of Democracy will ultimately depend, is he who deserves our deepest homage. This is the man who retains, and will increase, his power to stir the thoughts of men in their dumb cradles. The compulsiveness of his certainty that the person is real only in the measure of his felt and known obligation to higher powers with which he can have immediate contact; his abiding sense of the transparent miracle of personal identity—"miracle of miracles, beyond statement, most spiritual and vaguest of earth's dreams, yet hardest basic fact, and only entrance to all facts"—his refusal to push the mystery away from the field of immediate experience, by interposing the apparatus of conventional theologies; his brave and humble confidence that "the last best dependence is to be on humanity itself, and its own normal full-grown qualities, without any superstitious support whatsoever"; his serene assurance that only this gradual, tentative, exploring attitude applied to the whole—not an arbitrary part—of a man's experience is adequately and fully religious, and that "faith, very old, now scared away by science, must be restored, brought back, by the same power that caused her departure—restored with new sway, deeper, wider, higher than ever"—these are some of the crystallizations from the marvellous and harmonious flux of creative intuitions which Whitman has conveyed to us with all the richness of their matrix of experience. "My opinions," he said gently to Traubel, "are all, always, so hazy . . . though, to be sure, when they come, they come firm." Both statements are true; but one is often neglected. Whitman's opinions are firmer and more durable than is easily believed.

THE UNDERTOW

by Wesley Ford Davis

GENTLY she cracked the bedroom door, peeped in, and, closing it as gently, she tiptoed toward the kitchen doorway. And with a finger on her lips in a shushing sign she gestured with her other hand to her little sister. In the kitchen they made their breakfast and talked in low tones.

"Only one head on the pillow," she said, "and one hump under the sheet."

"Whose?" Fid John asked.

"Whose?" You know whose. Hers of course."

Their father by now would be halfway to the lighthouse, his long legs swinging along at six miles an hour, maybe singing, "He hammered so hard that he broke his heart. Then he laid down his hammer and he died." Singing above the surf, putting the seagulls to flight.

"I reckon we can have all the mayonnaise sandwiches we can eat," she said. "How many mayonnaise sandwiches can little F. John Jarrad eat on a bright and Sunday morning?"

"Three and two of catsup," Fid John said.

"Your eyes are about two and a half times as big as your stomach. I'll fix you one mayonnaise and one catsup."

She pulled a chair from the table to the sink, standing on it to reach the shelves, and took down the tall-necked catsup bottle and the squat mayonnaise jar. Pausing, she looked at her sister, the dirty chenille bathrobe, the sleep-matted eyes and tangled hair. "You go wash, and comb your hair while I fix this breakfast, and throw that bathrobe into the dirty clothes and don't take it out again." Fid John turned to leave the kitchen but she called, "Wait a minute!" Taking a strand of the tangled yellow hair she placed it to the tip of her tongue.

"So you didn't wash it again last night. Hasn't Daddy told you the salt water will turn the gold in your hair to brass if you don't

keep it washed out? Do you want to live out your whole life looking like somebody has just dumped a bowl of sauerkraut on your head?"

"I was too sleepy. Playing on the rope makes me sleepy, especially late at night."

"All right. Don't bother with it now. Just give it ten licks with the brush and wash your bright blue eyes, and push that incredible robe as far down into the dirty clothes as you can reach."

Fid John made a deep bow. "Yes, Your Highness, if you're so highly and smart, what am I supposed to put on instead?"

"Get a dress out of my drawer if you don't have any. That yellow pinafore that's too short on me."

Fid John started for the doorway, but again she stopped her. "Wait a minute."

On tiptoe she crossed the kitchen and the living room and gently cracked the bedroom door. Lit by the sun, her mother's hair spread in brown waves over the pillow and the hump of her shoulder under the sheet. Closing the door she signaled her sister to the bathroom, the finger to her lip in the shushing sign. It would be much better if her mother didn't wake up until her father got back from his walk. His walk to the lighthouse if he followed the beach southward, to the city pier if he went northward. Sometimes he could ease her fears and soothe her nerves.

In the kitchen again she made the sandwiches, three of mayonnaise and two of catsup. She placed the bottle and the jar back on the top shelf so that Fid John couldn't reach them even if she stood on a chair. If she got her hands on it she would drink the catsup like a bottle of Pepsi Cola, and that much catsup was not good for a growing child. Then she looked for the sharp knife to cut the sandwiches. She looked in the utensil drawer, and among the dishes and beer cans and bottles on the drainboard, and on the dining table. The sharp knife and the can opener were always getting lost.

So with a table knife she sawed the sandwiches diagonally to make small corners for Fid John to bite from. She put them into a paper sack along with an almost empty box of Ritz crackers and a couple of oranges. Hearing her little sister coming, bump-bump-

bump, walking on her heels, she flew to the doorway. She frowned mightily and put the shushing finger to her lips. Little Fid rose on her toes and came lightly as a feather.

She looked into the paper sack. "Where're the tangerines? I starve while I'm trying to peel an orange."

"You grasshopper. If you would take just ten seconds to think, you'd know we finished the tangerines yesterday. Don't fret though, I'll peel it for you. My thumbnail is nearly as good as a knife."

Before they left the kitchen she had to test the beer cans. She lined them up first with all the fat, belted, jolly Falstaffs facing her. For a moment she admired his fine boots and hat and broadsword and then shook each can close to her ear. When there was a slosh she took the swallow quickly with a wry face. "Do you know Shakespeare?" she asked. Fid John nodded, "Anybody knows Shakespeare."

"You know what? Daddy says that Shakespeare liked Falstaff beer so much he named one of his most famous characters after it. Here he is, right on the can. Sir John Falstaff. Old tub of guts himself."

Fid John begged for a swallow but she refused. "You're not old enough, Little F. You wouldn't like it anyway. It tastes awful."

"You're not old enough either, Bobs Allan. And if it tastes so awful, why do you drink it?"

"I'm the oldest one here, aren't I, when Mama's asleep and Daddy dear is gone, and if the cans are not empty they make a great mess in the garbage sack."

Through the house with the paper sack of breakfast they went quietly, but once off the front porch they went skipping, swinging their arms and singing: "Out of the house go we, Down to the ocean sea, To play on the rope, To swing in the brine . . ."

On the narrow boardwalk that bridged the sand dunes, through the palmettos and cactus and century plants, they slowed down. The walk was narrow and old and rickety.

"You go ahead, F. John," she said, "so I can watch you, and don't fall off amongst the cactus and the rattlesnakes. They'll tickle and prickle you and drink your blood."

At the end of the boardwalk they leaped to the sand, soft and wind-ruffled above the normal reach of the tide, and warmed by the bright morning sun. Before them the waves broke and the foam scudded like small birds running on the hard beach. They watched the tall waves breaking against the outer bar and the smaller ones on the near bar, which at the lowest tide was partially exposed. And overhead the pelican formations in neat wedges went southward where they would feed at the tip of the island during the morning and fly back in the afternoon. Fid John ran to the pile of coiled rope but she called her back sharply.

"Stay away from the rope. We got to eat first. What do you think I fixed this breakfast for?"

She tore the paper sack down the side and across the bottom, spread it like a tablecloth and arranged the sandwiches in two lines, mayonnaise and catsup. Seated facing each other, Indian-fashion, they bent their heads and said, "God is great, God is good. Let us thank him for this food. Amen."

"I'll have to eliminate one; I don't know which I want to eat first," Fid John said. Her finger moving back and forth she counted, "Eeeny, meeny, miney, moe. Catch a Negro by the toe . . ."

Barbara Allan watched, wondering how long it was going to take Fid to learn that if there are just two things to count, the one you start with is always left. But when the counting was finished, it came out wrong.

"You counted Negro as two words. It's not two words, it's two syllables."

"I don't care," Fid John said. She picked up the catsup sandwich and bit as largely as she could.

"Now relax and chew thoroughly, twenty-five times to each bite. Daddy says your stomach depends on your teeth like a general depends on his troops."

For a few minutes there was only the noise of their careful chewing and the gentle surf. The pelicans wedged by above them and their big shadows swept along the beach. She thrust out her foot to meet the winging shadows.

"Hey, Fiddee, what if a shadow could slice you like a knife?"

People would be busy running and dodging. I guess they would have to kill all the birds."

"You crazy Bobbins!" Fid John said.

Fid John finished her two sandwiches and said she didn't want the orange or any of the crackers. She started to pull the long dress over her head but Barbara Allan stopped her.

"Now don't you get hasty. You know we can't go in the ocean until our food has had time to settle. Besides, I'm still eating. It will take me quite a while to eat both the oranges and the Ritz crackers."

"If Mama wakes up before Daddy gets back we won't get to play on the rope."

Barbara Allan turned toward the house—just the upper half of the screened front porch was visible above the dunes and cactus and palmettos. A mocking bird hopped on the ridge of the roof, but there was no other movement.

"Don't worry. She didn't get to sleep until nearly daylight."

"How do you know? Did you stay awake all night?"

She thought of the beer cans, thirteen of them, and the sherry jug in the waste basket. "I just know. It's Sunday morning, ain't it?"

"Tell me a story," Fid John said, "to help the time pass."

"I'll tell you a true story."

"No. True stories don't have fairies and witches and giants in them."

"I don't care. You're getting old enough to take an interest in true stories. I'll tell you the story of that pelican you're sitting on."

Fid John swung her feet around and shifted her seat on the sand.

"What pelican? How could I be sitting on any pelican? You said this was going to be a true story."

"That's what I said and that's what I meant. That's right where Daddy buried it."

Fid John stared at the spot where her seat had made a shallow depression in the sand and the bits of shell and bits of twig and wood.

"Right here?" She placed her finger on the sand. "Can we dig it up?"

"No. Don't even think about it. It's awful bad luck to dig up any buried thing. And don't tell that I told you."

"Where did he get a dead pelican? I've never seen one even light on the beach."

"You know the rifle that's on the wall? Daddy shot the pelican with the rifle."

The shock and disbelief in the smaller one's face made her uneasy. There was always the question of when and how much of the plain truth the little one should be given. Now that she had mentioned the pelican without really meaning to, she would have to tell the story, as when he shot it, he would have buried the bird and not mentioned it, at least not for a long time, if she had not seen it. But she had seen it, and so he had to try to tell her why people do things sometimes that they are sorry for, or even ashamed of. Or not so much why they do such things as that they simply do such things and that if you are to like or love, or admire and respect, a person it will sooner or later be a love and respect in spite of such things, which if looked at by themselves would cause you not to love and respect but to hate and despise.

"Look here, Fid John," she said, "you know Daddy dear wouldn't want to kill a pelican. Nobody likes birds any more than he does; he's probably down close to the lighthouse right now looking at them through his field glasses. On a clear day he says he can see the man-of-war birds way out over the ocean."

"Why did he want to kill this pelican for?" She stared at the sand as though she were looking at the bird, seeing it close up for the first time. Barbara Allan remembered the bird, and how she had been unable at first to keep her mind on what her father was trying to say, because she could not see how the flying shape that had been so out of reach in the air and diving into the ocean and bobbing in the surf could also be the heavy, clumsy-looking pile of feathers that sprawled unmoving on the beach. But now she had to tell Fid John, not what she had seen and heard, nor even what he

had told her, but a way of regarding it that would be possible for someone three years younger than herself.

"He was sitting on the front doorstep up there." She pointed over the palmettos to the little beach house. "He was cleaning the rifle. Can you remember when he used to hunt squirrels nearly every morning at daylight in the oak woods across the river? And Mummy dear hated squirrel and every day she would say, 'I don't see why we have to eat those stinking squirrels just because you think you're Daniel Boone or Buffalo Bill. It's not as though we didn't have money and had to live off the woods.' But he wouldn't say anything. He just cleaned the squirrels and fried them, along with the steak or chops or whatever he had brought from the store."

"Did he shoot the pelican to eat?" Fido John asked.

"No. Of course not. Nobody eats pelicans. If anybody did, do you think they would be flying up and down this beach every day like they do?"

She was silent for a moment. They watched the wedging flight of the pelicans like planes in formation. She rose on her knees and shading her eyes looked southward along the glimmering white beach. Sometimes she could see her father nearly all the way to the lighthouse, but now there was no movement on the beach, only the flights of birds and the rising and falling surf.

"It was a kind of accident. The pelicans kept flying by in pairs. It was their mating season. And they always flew one behind the other, about two or three feet apart. He kept tracking them with the rifle, not aiming to shoot them, just tracking them for practice."

"What does 'tracking' mean?"

"Well, you take aim on something when it's moving and swing the rifle around to keep the sights on the target. You know how he is about things. How he likes to figure things out. He talked about how fast the birds were flying and how far apart they were and his distance from them, and how by aiming at the lead bird the bullet would hit the one tailing. But then he happened to pull the trigger and the pelican fell with its wings turning like an autogyro. So he put the rifle up on the wall so high that even he couldn't reach it without standing on a chair. And he hasn't used it since."

"Let's call it 'The Story of the Unfortunate Pelican,' " Fid John said.

"All right, that's a good name for it," she said. And so it was a good name for the story as she had told it, as she believed he would have wanted her to tell it to the younger one. For Fid was not old enough to understand the fears that made their beautiful mother so nervous, that made her take too much wine and whisky and beer and swear and curse him for a hypocritical John the Baptist and a pretentious nigger-preaching, low-class, logic-chopping demagogic orator, and a stupid, unfeeling materialist who would swallow the opinion of every stupid, satchel-toting medical doctor. That day, while he cleaned the rifle and tracked the pelicans, she stood behind him, holding to the door frame and poking the toe of her house slipper into his back, saying, "Go on and shoot the birds. That's what you want to do. Shoot all of them. Shoot me. That's what they do where you come from. They burn niggers and hang them and cut off their testicles."

And he had tried not to answer. He spoke to her instead: "Barbara Allan, you go play. Go around to your sister's playpen and play with her." So she walked around the corner of the porch and sat down in the warm sand.

What a puzzle it was. Sometimes for as much as two weeks, their mother was the best, playing and singing with them at the piano, reading and telling stories, cooking their favorite dishes, working with their father, criticizing and revising his stories, and the two of them in the surf as happy and frolicsome as two porpoises.

From around the corner of the house she could hear them, he saying, "Please, please just go away. All I ask is peace." And she, "Peace! You'll not have peace, not now or ever. With your wives you want peace. The minute you Southern sons-of-bitches marry, you start acting like a Baptist preacher around the house. But by God, I'm not a Baptist preacher's wife. Of course when you're with Barbara Blake or Jill Jones or some other fine bitch you don't preach any sermons."

And he: "If you would take just one minute to think, you would remember that it wasn't Barbara Blake or Jill Jones that I drank

a fifth of rum with last night and swam naked in the ocean and lay on the beach in the moonlight with last night. And it wasn't anybody but you that I carried up here in my arms and tucked in bed."

"Oh, you poor abused little boy. He had to put his wife to bed."

"Now please, dear. Try to be fair. I had a wonderful time last night, but can't you realize that that sort of thing can't last twenty-four hours a day?"

"All right. Give me some money and the car keys."

Barbara Allan put her face to the corner and looked with one eye. He shook his head and worked the lever of the rifle. He aimed it toward a sand dune, and she, looking in the direction of the pointing rifle, saw the yellow cactus bloom which the bullet would shatter. But the screen door squeaked and turning her head quickly she saw her mother's long leg move out and the toe of her house slipper strike beneath his right shoulder. Jumping up he whirled around. His hands gripped the rifle so hard that his knuckles turned white in the sunlight. And she said, "Go ahead, shoot me. That's what tyrants do. They kill anybody that opposes them."

Barbara Allan saw her father's face grow pale and then dark. She tried to call out to him but she couldn't make a sound, and she saw his mouth open and his lips move but no words came. Then he turned and walked toward the beach. He raised his eyes and Barbara Allan raised hers and watched the pair of pelicans flying southward one behind the other. And at once, with the sharp explosion of the rifle, the pelican, the one in the rear, spun toward the surf.

"I'm thirsting to death," Fid John said. "We forgot to bring any water."

"You grasshopper. The ocean always makes you thirsty, or sleepy, or hungry. I'll go get a bottle of water."

She had to make sure that Fid John did not go into the ocean by herself. She was too little to go in by herself even with the rope in her hands.

"Now," she said, "while I'm gone, you're Snow White." She broke off a segment of the orange. "Take this. This is the poisoned

apple. It puts you to sleep until the prince comes along. And I'm the prince." Fidd John ate the orange and lay quiet on the sand. And she ran up the boardwalk to the house. In the palmettos a pair of towhees flitted. One of them called "ree" and the other one "jo-ree" as she ran past. The house was quiet. She thought of the Senator. Maybe he had come back. Maybe he would be lying on the front doorstep. She ran around the house and stopped at the corner and closed her eyes. With her eyes closed she could see him plainly, stretched out sleeping on the top step. She felt her way around the corner and opened her eyes slowly. But he wasn't there. He had been gone since Monday, a whole week. She felt the tears in her eyes and wiped them with her hand. Her father had said that you couldn't keep a tomcat from running off once in awhile.

She crossed the front porch and the living room on tiptoe. Before going to the kitchen she approached the bedroom door and opened it gently. The blond hair lay in a sunlit splash across the pillow. She stared at the back of her mother's head. She wondered if you could really wake a person by staring. Then she remembered she didn't want to wake her mother. She closed the door gently and tiptoed to the kitchen and took a water bottle from the icebox. It was ten-thirty by the kitchen clock. Their father should be home in another hour.

She sang as she skipped down the boardwalk, "A handsome prince comes riding, Prancing his tall white horse." Leaping from his horse he fell to his knees and exclaimed, "Ah, such beauty. The world never saw such beauty." He kissed the sleeping Snow White and she fluttered her lids and opened her sky-blue eyes.

"Now, can we play on the rope?" she asked.

"Uh huh, but first drink of this wonderful potion. It will protect you from all harm." She unscrewed the cup and poured her little sister a drink. "Through many a weary bog and fen I rode to fetch this to the lady fair."

They uncoiled the long rope and dragged it over the smooth beach and into the ocean, and above the soughing surf they sang, "We have no ship but we have a rope to ride the ocean sea——"

Against the shoreward tug of the surf they carried the rope and

stopped to rest on the first bar. They sang and giggled with the tickling sand that shifted under their feet and the waves that tried to push them down. "This is as far as you can go, Fiddee. You are not allowed to go past the first knot in the rope. And hang on tight and you'll get a good enough ride."

She took the rope near the end, gripping two knots placed close together, and walked southward on the bar parallel to the shore with the rope stretched tight between them. Facing the ocean she walked to the edge of the bar until she felt the tug of the undertow. She shouted, "Get ready, hold tight." Taking a deep breath and gripping the rope, she plunged into the northward-running current that ran between the two sand bars. It was like a roller coaster, only better. The current carried her and the waves spun her. Better than swimming because it was faster. Faster and faster until the force of the current against the shoreward tug of the rope threw her back onto the sand bar, where, laughing and shouting and gasping for breath, they carried the rope back along the bar to make ready for another ride.

Their father had sunk the big post in the beach and fixed the rope to it and had taught them how to use it, and told them, too, not to use it unless he was with them. But they had learned all about the rope and the current, and she had learned long ago that his orders were for their safety and that he probably knew that they did play on the rope by themselves and had decided it was all right though he had not said so. She had discovered more than once that you reach a point when you have to go beyond what anyone has said you can or must do, or not do.

It was fun but tiring. They soon had to lie on the beach to rest, and on the way they found a perfect sand dollar with its unbelievable design like a flower with fine petals. The ocean was full of marvels.

"An animal lived there," she said. "This is what's left when it dies and the ocean washes it out. This pretty flower on the shell is really just a lot of little holes. The holes were its mouths to feed through. A million mouths to feed through."

One of her jobs was to pass on to Fid the information her father

had given her. It wasn't always easy. She had not yet been able to make the little one understand that what people called the undertow, the thing that kept people away from this stretch of beach where they lived, was really a river. "It's not an easy thing to believe," her father had told her, "but the ocean is full of rivers just like the land. It's hard to believe what you can't see. If it weren't for the surf rolling over it you could ride a canoe fifteen miles an hour on that little river out there." She would understand, when she was older and could ride at the end of the rope, and feel the tug and the pull like strong invisible arms around her legs.

They rested in the sun, drowsy for awhile, and collected sand dollars and crabs' pincers and periwinkles and conch shells while the sun rose high and the last pelican formation passed southward. The sky grew hot and still. The ocean breeze ceased and the surf grew quiet. The washed-up seaweed dried in the hot sun and smelled sweet and fishy. Several times Barbara Allan stood as tall as she could and shading her eyes searched the beach up and down for a sight of their father. But there was no one on the beach either way. It was a dangerous beach. No swimmers or sun bathers used it. Sometimes someone would fish the surf for whiting or the channel for sea bass. And it wasn't unusual that her father was not in sight. Sometimes he walked back through the dunes looking for rattlesnakes and tortoises to watch their movements and learn their habits.

They had done everything. They had taken two sessions on the rope and had even built a sand-and-shell castle with towers, dungeons, moats, and drawbridge.

But when the sun lay straight south beyond the lighthouse and it hurt her eyes to look in that direction she knew it was high noon or past and there was still no sign of him. And Fid John said, "I want some lunch." And she said, "Daddy's not back and she's not awake."

"We could have some more sandwiches."

She shook her head, "No, we've got to have some real lunch."

She stood up. "All right. I'll go wake her. With such a long sleep, maybe she will be feeling fine. But you wait here."

"I'm tired of the beach and the big ocean sea. It hurts my eyes."

"All right. You lie down here now. That's it. Turn away from the sun and close your eyes. You've just pricked your finger on the enchanted spinning wheel. I'm the prince that will come along in a thousand years to cut my way through the impassable brambles and to climb the sheer walls to kiss you awake."

With a pointed stick she marked out the walls of the castle.

"Now, nobody but the prince can ever enter. You lie still now."

She skipped up the boardwalk, singing, "'Twas in the merry month of May, And the green buds all were swelling . . ." It would be better if her mother were waked by the singing and other outside noises. Twice she stopped and faced the palmettos and cactus dunes, one way and then the other, calling, "Kitty, kitty, kitty." She listened and listened for the Senator's miaow. But the only sound was the swishing surf. Closing her eyes she tried to remember. Had he been around on Wednesday or Thursday? No. Just before dark on Monday he had asked to be let out. She had opened the screen door and watched him walk like a king into the palmettos. A whole week ago.

She walked across the front yard and along the side of the house calling and listening. "The trouble is," her father had said, "he has to cross the highway to find a lady friend." She wished now that she hadn't named him Senator Pepper. When she named him, her father had laughed and said, "A politician's career is mighty uncertain."

She dropped to her knees to look under the house. Again she called and searched out the corners, and decided to check on the box while she was under the house. The small, heavy, wooden box sat against the foundation blocks in one corner. She twisted the padlock against its hasp to make sure it was locked. Her father had told her to do this every day. When he gave her the key and showed her the box, he said, "If anything ever happens to me, you're to open the box. Of course, we don't expect anything to happen, but people should try to be ready for accidents."

Standing by the bedroom window she called the cat, pitching her voice higher and higher, not really calling or expecting the cat but making the noise to wake her mother. Then she stood silent

waiting for squeak of bedspring, the shuffle of house slippers, and her mother's voice. But there was no sound. Turning, she pressed her nose against the window screen. She saw first the fanwise spread of the golden hair, bright still, though not lit now by the sun; then in the big dresser mirror the brilliant blue eyes, wide open beneath the penciled brows. She waited a moment for her mother to speak.

"Mummy, you're playing possum. I see you. I see you in the mirror."

She squinted her eyes and cupped her hands above them to see the mirror more clearly. The bed, the form of her mother's body under the light spread, the pale face and brilliant lipstick and eyes were like a picture. She scratched the screen wire with her fingernails and called, "Mother! Mother, it's way past lunchtime."

She waited but there was no answer, no movement. She felt a strange sickness in her stomach and a trembling in her knees. She turned from the window, walked slowly to the front yard. There was no movement in the sky or among the palmettos and cactus-covered dunes. Only the gentle surf. It was going to be one of the few still hot afternoons when even the ocean breeze failed. The smell of the dried seaweed came faintly from the beach. Gazing out along the twisting ruts that went toward the highway, she opened her mouth to call the Senator. In the stillness her voice was shrill and loud. She called "Kitty" once and then she ran fast along the twisting ruts, her fingers crossed, chanting silently hocus-pocus and all the magic rhymes she knew, praying that the Senator might be past each successive bend in the road.

Remembering suddenly, she stopped still and with a last look as far as she could see along the rutted road she turned back. She had to hurry because Fid John might decide the thousand years' sleep was up. She might even get it into her head to ride the rope alone and she was too young and not nearly strong enough to ride the pull of the undertow.

Around the house and down the boardwalk on tiptoe silently she ran until she could see the spot on the beach. It was all right. Sleeping Beauty hadn't stirred yet. But they had to have some food. She ran back to the house.

Opening the screen door, she quietly crossed the front porch, went through the door into the living room. There was only the faint sound of her feet muffled by the carpet. She remembered the story of the explorers in the pyramid, their footsteps breaking the silence of three thousand years. She started toward the bedroom but her steps grew shorter and slower. Her thoughts grew solid in her throat and made it hard to breathe. What if she should reach down and shake her shoulder and still she ———

She turned away quickly, trying to push her mind backward to undo the thought. And whistling through her teeth she hurried into the other bedroom, hers and Fid John's, and pulling out the dresser drawer, she pushed back the slips and frocks and panties and lifting the paper that lined the bottom found the key to the box. She spread the long loop of twine and slipped it over her head. Lifting the crinkled front of her dress she let the key fall between her breasts. For a moment she stared down at her breasts, remembering the day not so long ago when she had said, "I can't swim in just my panties any more." And Fid John said, "Why not?" And she said, "Can't you see, you grasshopper?"

In the kitchen she quickly filled a big paper bag with the opened loaf of bread and the jar of mayonnaise, the bottle of catsup, a bunch of celery, and a quart of milk and the rest of the oranges. They had to eat plenty of raw vegetables and fruit and milk for their teeth and bones and digestion. She rummaged through the drawers and among the litter of dishes and cans, looking for the sharp knife. It looked as if it was lost for good this time. The sack in her arms, she hurried out of the house and down the boardwalk toward bleak sand. She galloped the great white charger as fast as she dared on the treacherous footing. By now the Sleeping Beauty would surely be restless.

No Locks, No Bars

J. S. MOODEY

The trapped mind, unable to explore
Its labyrinthine prison without light,
Goes frantically in search of any door
Which will parole it from its own black night.
But mind's prison has a strange plan:
No warden there, no guards to pace about,
And though all blackness concentrates within,
A thousand open doors lead in and out.
But note: to prospects murky and obscene
They open, or to alleys blind and gray . . .
Only at the door where it came in
Can mind return into full-lighted day.
Some find it; some accept a grayer door;
Some keep the dark and venture out no more.

GEORGE ORWELL AND THE AUTONOMOUS INDIVIDUAL

by Max Cosman

IN *A Georgian Boyhood* Cyril Connolly recalls many vivid incidents of his early years, but the most arresting one is that of a walk with a tall, pale, flaccid-cheeked, spatulate-fingered, flat-voiced friend who said thoughtfully, "You know, Connolly, there's only one remedy for all diseases," and, brushing aside a startled response, added, "No — I mean death!"

Such reflection is often the sort of shocker that callow youngsters try out on each other. In the present case it was the prescience of one mature beyond his years. For the speaker was none other than Eric Blair, or George Orwell, to give him the name he later chose for himself. That his pensiveness was well advised can be seen from this: a few decades later, on January 21, 1950, to be exact, the remedy he spoke of came to him in a hospital in London, and the tuberculosis that had plagued him the greater part of his forty-six years ended. The pity of it is in his case enhanced: shortened and burdened as his life had been, it had also known the further diminution which comes with privation and war injury.

A man, then, wrung hard by na-

ture and by experience, he took everything seriously. Like Thomas Hardy he felt that the way to the Better exacts a full look at the Worst, and never unaware of the goal he did not spare himself driving toward it.

His intensity is evident in long works; it is present in sketches. That is why recent compilations of oddments, *Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays* (1950) and *Such, Such Were the Joys* (1953) are, despite some twinklings in the eye, decidedly serious. They bring to light a host of unexpected relationships. The shooting of a rogue elephant involves imperial power; the modern world has more of its roots in common loyalties than we dream of; the loneliness of a child stems from the world of good and evil no less; and (here is where a superior mind smelts metal even out of a trifle) an unimportant best seller can only be understood in terms of the period that brought it forth.

Cursory as this scanning is, it shows that Orwell was not content with commonplace. Allergic to surface, avid of thought, sharp of perception, he invariably went from rind to core. As novelist and critic in a

class which takes in such men as Koestler, Silone, and Malraux (their bond is political participation), he paid little heed to prettifying communication. For him the distinctive in literature was its point, its *message*, to use his own term. "I have been discussing Dickens," reads his article on that writer, "simply in terms of his 'message,' and almost ignoring his literary qualities. But every writer, especially every novelist *has* a 'message,' whether he admits it or not, and the minutest details of his work are influenced by it."

If we take the hint and examine Orwell's works, we shall find that he too has a message. As one might expect, it is highly idiosyncratic. It does not, like Henry Green's, say that life is a series of abstractions that can be illustrated; or, like E. M. Forster's, claim that only kind hearts deserve coronets; or, like Evelyn Waugh's, satirically propagandize for a return to the embrace of an ancient faith. It is instinct with different matter, at once private and most public—the dilemma of the free man in surroundings ever more unfree. In effect it poses these questions: What stance shall the individual take in society? What position will society force upon him?

Problems are shaped by our philosophy. Orwell's are formed within a context of man as a being self-directed, which is desirable, and man as a unit ordered in a community, which is deplorable—for communities, as every fiber tells him, massify their members.

His first search for a relation to society is recorded in *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933). Though the personalities and the incidents of the book are interesting, it is no fictional achievement like Christopher Isherwood's *The Berlin Stories*. Orwell is too much the participator to get beyond reportage and personal implication. His two years in the depths—the lodgings in the flop-houses, the exploitation, the hobnobbing with broken beings (drunks, panhandlers, tramps), the hunger and mean charity—all are put down but primarily in terms of his own vision.

Time and again there is also something monkish in his experience. No doubt of it: he sought mortification and gladly accepted the equivalent of hair shirt and flagellation. Basically he yearned to leave his own class and enter the one lowest beneath it. Though the economic exacerbations of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties may have given him cause, the determination to submerge himself, to get right down among the oppressed and be on their side against oppressors, to resist self-advancement or success as something "spiritually ugly, a species of bullying," had an earlier genesis.

As a matter of fact, autobiographic details reveal that he had an assortment of sins on his conscience. There was the superiority, so sniggering, which his "lower-upper-middle class" family had bred in him as a boy. And there was the snobbishness, the hatred of lower classes, that Eton had

instilled in him when he was a student. Most miserable of all, there were those five years in manhood when as an officer in the Indian Imperial Police he had helped to wrong the Burmese.

Saint Francis, in atonement, did become one of the lowly. Orwell could not. He respected them, he did not deny them, but he could not permanently be of them. Try as he did, he was unable to give up his individualism, or was it his critical spirit? True, he had fled to the poor from the lords and servitors of an imperial order, but what if the poverty of the one were no less a tyranny than the luxury of the others? What salvation was there in crouching and starvation?

In revulsion he looked back to his past in Burma. Perhaps rulership was desirable after all? His final verdict on that design for living is in *Burmese Days* (1934). Using Flory the timber merchant as mouthpiece, he scores hit after hit at the aristocracy of *pukka sahib*. It is a device for giving trade monopolies. It is an influence for grabbing on a large scale. It is a despotism, benevolent for the moment, but with theft as final goal. Nay more, floating on whisky, it is a corruption in which every sharer is "a sneak and a liar." Witness members of The Club like Lackersteen the drunkard, Ellis the spiteful, and nonmembers too, like Elizabeth the opportunist and her Burmese equivalent, U Po Kyin. No, Orwell seems to conclude, here is no choice for an individualist: to be a

tyrant is to destroy one's own freedom too.

In developing his text Orwell weakens the protagonist of the book. Flory, even to a sympathetic reader, is much too contrived. Like puppets in general he is frenetic. His imbalance shows noticeably when he is put beside the main character of *The Jacaranda Tree* by H. E. Bates. Patterson in a setup similar to that in *Burmese Days*, but under no compulsion to justify a theme, acts and thinks like a three-dimensional being.

The charge must be made: the characters that Orwell evolves prove him more thesist than novelist. They are masks for him to sound through. Their names change—I, Flory, Dorothy, Gordon, Winston—but it is always he that does the talking. Only once does he get away somewhat from himself—that is in the person of chubby George Bowling in *Coming Up for Air*. The feat is never repeated. Perhaps it is not in the cards for a writer really to escape the cans or the cannots of his initial effort. They are his archetypes, the results of his nature and especially his upbringing in crucial years.

Orwell's thinness of characterization does not, of course, disprove his view that dominance offers as little to a confirmed individual as being dominated. What next, then—ministering, Church of England style—that is, a life based on faith and good works? It is a pattern ancient and honorable. Orwell studied its possibilities in *A Clergyman's Daughter*

(1935). The choice of a female lead is interesting for its obvious attempt on his part to escape subjective limitations. In this respect, as usual, he fails. Dorothy is a man in female form in the same sense that Cooper's good Indians are white men tinted. But Orwell goes ahead splendidly with his matter in hand. Dedicated to piety and service, Dorothy Hare bears much from abuse by her father, from the shifts poor gentility must employ, from the gossip of malicious people. On the political side she has to suffer association with Blimpism represented by her neighbor, Blifil-Gordon, who has as addled a slogan as any: "Who'll save Britain from the Reds? Who'll put the beer back into your pot?" In a matter more intimate, she has to guard against the snares of the Devil, personified by a certain Mr. Warburton, a free-thinker with roving hands. But her main foe is overwork, the usual hazard for angels, and that is what eventually primes her into amnesia and the miserable vagabondage which follows.

Here Orwell is back to the sour ground of his down-and-out period. Dorothy is put through some of the vicissitudes of his own manhood. She picks hops in Kent in a round of imposition that is an English version of parts of *Grapes of Wrath*. She goes next to London and sinks into the slums off Trafalgar Square. One of her nights is a record of misery second to none. Saved after a time by a relative, she puts in an apprenticeship as teacher in Mrs. Creevy's

school. It is a Dickensian den, grotesque with chicanery. Here too her willingness to serve is put upon.

It must be clear by now that Orwell is much affected by the pathos of the decent in the hands of the inhumane. A life of service, he seems to be saying, is doomed in this world. That those who are good nevertheless go on doing good is a neat irony which he is aware of. Consequently, he relates how Dorothy, restored in mind, goes home and takes up where she left off. Her faith, however, is gone. At this point whatever real Dorothy there was gives way to a fictive one. Surely the living woman thus far presented as nobly planned to warn, to comfort and command is not the one to lose her faith because of evil experience. Travail would more than likely mature her belief. But an imaginary Dorothy is another sort of creature. She may well despair yet not yield, in an imperative to achieve that stoic attitude which Orwell, taking a leaf from an essay of Bertrand Russell, now considers worthy of the free man.

In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936) he explores the feasibility of unyielding despair as a mode of life. Gordon Comstock, poet, is his research subject this time. Presented as a man set against the order of his day, Gordon hates business and its hallmark, money. He gives up a position with an advertising agency, takes insignificant jobs, and lives only for his poetry. For a time he escapes the contamination of the day, though sponging on sister Julia

should be put on the debit side of the ledger. His position, however, is untenable and soon enough he passes through privations grim as those in *Down and Out* and in *A Clergyman's Daughter*. But he continues to write. The crisis comes when Rosemary, whom he loves, is to bear him a child. Deciding to marry her, he gets his advertising job again. Heroically he destroys the poetry he has been working on all this time.

Orwell is tender with Gordon; he makes clear that the poor fellow is untrue to stoic individuality not out of defection of character but because of a nicety in it. As a man of conscience, Gordon cannot do less than equal Rosemary's sacrifice, and so he submits to the coercion of circumstance. But he is well aware of the cunning of the money god, how the villain baits traps not with luxuries, which it were easy to dodge, but gets at you through your "sense of decency," and who can give up that?

Is all lost, then? No. Orwell, surprisingly enough, finds that much has been gained. For one thing, Gordon has rid himself of the misery that claims those outside the social order. For another, he has acquired new insights. Thus the *Aspidistra*, that common plant in stereotyped homes, hitherto despised as an earnest of man's ignobleness, is now recognized as a symbol of how men transmute the baseness of civilization into something noble and victorious. Third, in renouncing what is unattainable, in turning away from the egocentric to

the universal, he has procured the very boon he has been craving—liberty.

Freedom based on acceptance of fate marks a change in Orwell's message. He has come a distance from rebellious individualism. For that is the principle underlying his studies in abnegation, lordship, piety, and stoicism. A while ago he had had Dorothy Hare reject marriage in approved egotistic fashion. But that she thereby elected to remain outside the general weal and so suffer sterility was no more than hinted at. In the story of Gordon dimness of presentation is finished with. By having his rebel accept not the work he wants but the work that has to be done, Orwell puts himself squarely on the side of the normal. Like Donne he now realizes that no one is an island entire, no one is complete outside of the matrix of common endeavor.

The Road to Wigan Pier (1937) is Orwell's first long look at society as something not apart from himself. Yet true to his ego, even as he looks he plans to remake what he sees. Evil, of course, is to be destroyed, or lessened at least. Since the welfare of the social order is bound up with coal, then mining is the industry to consider. Giving himself to the task he goes to learn what he can in Lancashire and Yorkshire. His report, subsequently, centering about a typical town like Wigan, is actually an exposé of mining conditions in England as a whole. What a record of misery, pointed and accurate! Nat-

urally, it is not detached. Having lived with miners at home and experienced with them underground the distances, the dust, the bone-wrenching labor that makes up a day's work, Orwell is angry with such as fancy themselves superior to workers. On one page he cries out that only because miners and the like sweat their guts out can persons who are superior remain so. The inference is obvious: social and economic supremacy is parasitic. Another inference, perhaps not so obvious, is still more important: if you do not take care of the host, where will the parasite be?

Amidst much, then, that is germane to miners only, Orwell digs down to a problem that involves them and other Englishmen too, and that is the problem of saving England itself. For the year is 1937 and the figures of Mussolini and Hitler are portentous. There is a means to save all men of good will, argues Orwell, and that is to "bring an effective Socialist party into existence."

This is a far cry from salvation for the individual only. Orwell has grown; the collective fate is his fate too. It is as if he were affirming, first, that paradise is no private park, and second, that some part, perhaps a great part, of one's own individuality must be surrendered if others and oneself too are to be kept from the hell yawning wider each day.

Those historically minded need hardly be told that his line of reasoning is quite English. Indeed, it is but a fresh version of what an earlier cen-

tury taught in the name of enlightened self-interest. Such interest presented a personal challenge now. The people of Spain, threatened by hordes of Fascists, were calling for help. Among the brave men who responded to the call from one land or another was Orwell.

Homage to Catalonia (1938) tells of his participation in the Spanish Civil War. It is also his hail and farewell to revolution. On the first level he recounts his enlistment in the P.O.U.M. militia, his service with it on the Aragon front, and his enforced escape to England; on the second, he explains the fight to the death between the anarchist and communist forces in Spain, and the opportunistic role that Russia played in the bloody business. Implicit in the account is the tragedy that power corrodes those who fight it no less than those who wield it. The foe is within as well as without—that is the calamity. And calamitous too is the fact that to wish for brotherhood is not to achieve it necessarily. But most miserable of all, in a sense, is a conclusion that Orwell seems to imply: that to surrender one's individuality to a group is no more desirable a method for achieving rapport with society than to surrender oneself to one's own ego.

A sentence of his reads, "Curiously enough the whole experience has left me with not less but more belief in the decency of human beings," but the sentiment indicates a trust in people as individuals, not in people as groups. Indeed, one can evolve an

unhappy chain of ideas from the *Homage*. It might read like this: individuals join groups, groups become organizations, organizations go in for polemics, polemics always involve homicide for individuals, individuals must not join groups. All of Orwell's anarchism—it is as native to him as it was to his American fore-runner, Thoreau—rises to second the conclusion.

Meanwhile it is clear to him that England too is in for fascist attention. Stifling with prevision he seeks in his as yet uncommitted land for some nook where he may breathe easily. *Coming Up for Air* (1939) is a parable on the wishful thinking of the times, with its hope, so pathetic, that some part of the past might serve as a refuge from circumambient menace.

In George Bowling, eternal what-now-little-man running out to Lower Binfield, Orwell catches the mood of England. He catches also the futility of its effort, for an English bomber making a practice run scores a direct hit on the town. The accident is the last push at poor George's card paradise. He goes back to children, wife, and bills, aware that nostalgia has played him dirty. "The old life's finished," he meditates, "and to go about looking for it is just waste of time."

The disclosure marks Orwell's final phase in considering man and society. It is the present that we must face, and face a long time, he indicates. And the present means society. This it is that will call the tune from

now on. We might just as well forget our personal Binfields. But what of those wistful people who grant geographical or political hideouts to be impossible yet have faith in psychic ones?

Inside the Whale (1940) disciplines them too for wishful thought. Reviewing the work of a novelist who illustrates the tendency of his generation to get into a mental womb, happen what may outside, Orwell diagnoses both manner of man and events that have formed him. The fact, as exposition makes clear, is that visceral retreats to whales or to anything else are impossible. Indeed there is something particularly inescapable developing for mankind. "Almost certainly," goes on the summation, "we are moving into an age of totalitarian dictatorships—an age in which freedom of thought will be at first a deadly sin and later on a meaningless abstraction. The autonomous individual is going to be stamped out of existence."

The prophecy is an adumbration of Orwell's final views, the crisis presented, the issue affirmed. Though the implications are clear, he still will not yield to them. Hoping even as he despairs, he reaches out to something sanguine — socialism. If it can be achieved, why then there is reason to believe the opposed needs of the individual and society can be balanced, and the terror of totalitarianism be kept away from at least one country. Like Hilaire Belloc of *The Servile State* he is privy to the dangers in the politico-social structure

asked for; unlike Belloc, however, he is prepared to make the trial.

In *The Lion and the Unicorn* (1941), published when World War II was already begun, he analyzes his countrymen. Their genius, as he surveys it, is compatible with socialism. They can, if shown cause, nationalize industry, scale down incomes, set up a system of classless education, and make a partnership with people and creeds hitherto dominated. They can do all these things and more, for fundamentally they are individuals, and being so, will they not prefer the mutual, the life-giving relationship of socialism to the militarized, the policed, the conscripted affiliations of fascism?

His instinct is sound. As the war goes on, England moves close to the prescribed plan if not the name. Other changes take place: the totalitarian regimes disintegrate into rubble—save one. About that one he thinks much. He has been thinking of it ever since those days in betrayed Spain. Then, in 1945, the war practically won, he sets forth his critique of communism in the quickly famous *Animal Farm*.

One may take the novelette as a phantasy in which animals rebel against their human overlord. Or one may enjoy it as a satirical history of a hated nation. To read it thus or so is, however, to read most narrowly. Narrative and memorabilia are but part of Orwell's intent. What agitates him in the annals of Boxer the workhorse, Benjamin the skeptical donkey, or the pigs and the hens

who confess to crimes never committed is that in the name of a better life, nay, the only life, their individualities have been mocked and their true selves betrayed by tyrants as never before. It is this mockery, this betrayal that makes Orwell bitter.

Critical readers may perhaps guess at another cause of uneasiness on his part, the more lacerating for not being expressed. It has to do with dictatorships per se. Those of the right and left having never really had his loyalty cause him no grief by their failure. But what of this other kind of dictatorship, this dictatorship of the middle, this socialism which he is helping to bring about? Has the individual as little to expect from it as from the others? Suspicion starts up in Orwell. Doubts grow. Despair clouds his heavens.

Examined in the baleful light, *Dickens, Dali and Others* (1946) (called *Critical Essays* in England) is an accumulation of despondency. Charles Dickens is "a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls." Boys' weeklies, like the rest of mushroom fiction, are "censored in the interests of the ruling class." Post card art, important though it is for purging repressions, stands but "for the worm's-eye view of life." Rudyard Kipling deals largely in platitude, "and since we live in a world of platitudes, much of what he said sticks." W. B. Yeats' work reveals the melancholy fact that "by far and large the

best writers of our time have been reactionary in tendency, and though Fascism does not offer any real return to the past, those who yearn for the past will accept Fascism sooner than its probable alternatives." Artists like Salvador Dali, for all their talent, produce work which is an assault on sanity and decency, and "a society in which they can flourish has something wrong with it."

For *society* read *world* and you approach the crux of Orwell's complaints. For the world, and well does he see gangster novels portray it, is one "in which such things as mass bombing of civilians, the use of hostages, torture to obtain confessions, secret poisons, executions without trial, floggings with rubber truncheons, drownings in cesspools, systematic falsification of records and statistics, treachery, bribery and quislingism are normal and morally neutral, even admirable when they are done in a large and bold way."

The infelicity is terrific but the ultimate low in despair comes in this passage on Arthur Koestler: "Since about 1930 the world has given no reason for optimism whatever. Nothing is in sight except a welter of lies, hatred, cruelty and ignorance, and beyond our present troubles loom vaster ones which are only now entering into the European consciousness."

It may be argued that such piling up of anguish is neurotic, that it is the concomitant of Orwell's dissolution by disease. In a general way the

argument holds; in an immediate sense it does not. For despite his pessimism, Orwell's rule of measurement is seldom anything else but common human decency. His reactions must not then be ascribed to some form of decay, but rather to an honesty so invariable that nothing but the very truth, frightening as it may be, will content him.

That truth he packed into *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Published in the middle of 1949, while the restrictive trends of a socialized government set the stage for further restrictions still, this novel of prophecy minutely documents the fate of the autonomous individual. In the years to come, and the time chosen is less than a half-century away, such person will have no place in the social structure. Slavery will be the norm.

Casually considered, Orwell's prediction is no more horrendous than that of many another writer. Jack London, to pick one, has enslavement enough in *The Iron Heel* but, you will recall, his people can still do battle for freedom. It is in this respect, however, that Orwell gets the very last turn of the screw. His projected society is all-powerful, unchangeable: there is no freeing oneself from it now or ever.

Unhappy divination! One is reminded of a comparison that has been made between the utopian critics of the previous generation and those of our own. The men of yesterday—so goes the distinction—men like William Morris, H. G. Wells, Edward Bellamy, dreaming happily,

project commonalities that are parasitical. The men of our time, say E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, and George Orwell, suffering with nightmares plot communities that are infernal.

Most hellish is Orwell's society. Its philosophy is ordered lunacy. Its law is double-think, the holding of contradictory views at the same time. Its organizations are psychotic: the Ministry of Truth manufactures lies, the Ministry of Plenty furnishes Barmecidal feasts, the Ministry of Love deals in torture. And the ruler of the whole of this schizophrenia is Big Brother. He is the apotheosis of power for power's sake, at once the fraternal one and the inimical one, to be worshiped in either guise.

It is in this aggregation of neotroglydites that Winston Smith and Julia try to live according to their own lights. They are caught and subjected to change. The revisal of Winston's nature in room 101—Julia, we infer, has a similar re-education—is appalling. The nearest thing to it in contemporary literature is the interrogation of Rubashov in *Darkness at Noon*. Yet what a difference between the two. Rubashov, his will won over, goes freely to destruction, thereby dignifying it; Winston, despite the utmost in unwillingness, is tortured into acceptance and whimpers into death-in-life like a wretched beast.

We have come to the last formulation of Orwell's message: do what the individual may, he cannot stand up to society; his doom is destruc-

tion. The conviction in the message, of course, is not new; Orwell is merely more certain now. Indeed, as one looks back, one sees readily how endemic failure has been in his thinking. Every leading character of his, regardless of struggle, fails in the end. In *Down and Out* the "I" gives up his attempt to turn proletarian. In *Burmese Days* Flory commits suicide. In *A Clergyman's Daughter* Dorothy takes the way of spinsterhood. In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* Gordon drops his creative writing. In *Coming Up for Air* George returns miserably to his own era. In *Animal Farm* the revolutionists lose what they fought for. And in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, as has been shown, the would-be independent Winston is turned into a robot.

Clear as the evidence is, the temptation is yet to deny it—to see Orwell's defeatism as a calculated thrust at apathy in fellow men. There is even some ground for doing so. A noted review of his, *James Burnham and the Managerial Revolution*, contains this optimistic passage: "The huge, invincible, everlasting slave empire of which Burnham appears to dream will not be established, or, if established, will not endure because slavery is no longer a stable basis for human society."

The statement is forthright, and, if backed by a series like it, would speak powerfully against marking their writer down as the prose laureate of failure. Unfortunately, Orwell not only does not continue in this hopeful vein, he actually re-

neges on it, for four years later, in his last novel, he completely reverses his stand. Accepting the concept of slave empires, he also takes over Burnham's expectation of their eternity.

Speculation as to whether Orwell might not have come to believe in a more hopeful future, had he lived longer, is futile. All that may be said is that he was alert and would have celebrated any improvement that occurred. A rare being, he was a spiritual chronometer always set to strike the hour of the true, the good, or the beautiful. Such hours, however, were few during his lifetime and impossible, so far as he could see, in the

future. What wonder, then, that he gasped and despaired.

To abandon hope, however, is not to be negligible. Significance may be impaired; it is never nullified. Dejection notwithstanding, Orwell has given the novel of ideas an airing. He has increased its audience without pandering to pollyannas. Most important of all, he has brought within its scope two memorable points of inquiry: the plight in which that violable human being, the autonomous individual, finds himself these days; and the outcome that may be expected in the near future as the jurisdiction of society tightens and tightens.

On the Possibility of Unearthly Visitors

ERIC BARKER

*There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

—HAMLET, Act I, scene 5

That truth might stray into unearthly rumors,
Glintings on strange disk-shapes in the sun,
Landings of friendly strangers come to warn
That our dangerous behavior with the uncaged atom
Imperils stars as precious as our own to their
Inhabitants, is not impossible if we agree
With Hamlet, who was not mad unless the truth be so.
Wherefore sidereal humors may concur,
And walking out one morning after breakfast
We shall be startled out of all familiar dreaming
At what we find imprinted in the snow.

The owl's grave voice implies
That there is more than rain upon the wind.
Some flyers have returned to earth perplexed,
And stories have come down beyond the hawks
Not of a common telling.
There may be signs in heaven we do not see,
And many signs on earth. We might, with profit,
Widen our philosophies, but looking up and far,
Let us not lose that anchorage which made Antaeus strong.
It may be well to listen to the streams,
To gather tidings from the ocean shells,

And plant new groves of myrtle and of rose.

EL DORADO FOUND AT LAST IN VENEZUELA*

by C. Langdon White

THE LEGEND of El Dorado was concerned with northern South America—probably the upper Orinoco Valley. The Spanish conquistadores were met by Indians who told them a story with several versions but each having to do with their chief interest—gold!

According to one version, El Dorado was a city of pure gold hidden in the jungle; according to another, it was the name of a native chief in the interior who each morning after his bath covered his body with gold dust. Similar to this was the story that when a new chief was to be consecrated, his subjects gathered on the lake shore, lighting bonfires and praying; the prince and several priests then embarked on a raft loaded with gold and emeralds, and while the former, standing naked, was being sprinkled with gold dust, gold and jewels were thrown into the water. Still another story had El Dorado consisting of a golden statue buried along with piles of priceless jewels. Regardless of the form of the myth, however, it had always to do with gold. Regardless of the form too, the fantastic legend sharpened the lust for gold of the conquistadores, egging them on and luring them into areas where they were forced to endure untold hardships—hostile Indians, tropical climates, jungle, pestiferous and disease-bearing insects, totally new diseases, rough terrain, and shortages of food and drink. Historians still argue whether the Spaniards were interested in gold to the exclusion of all else. Certainly there was the desire to add new members to the Roman Catholic Church. Except for the clergy, however, the Christianizing of the Indians was but a veneer; to the Spanish soldiers of fortune gold was the thing that would enable them to return home to live the life

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of a *gran señor*; if the Indians could be Christianized in the process, that was all to the good.

Samples of what was evidently alluvial gold produced by the Indians gave credence to the story of the vast riches available in the interior. But the conquistadores never substantiated the myth and had to content themselves with what gold they could get from Indians immediately at hand.

In the early 1550's gold mines of some importance were discovered, but they were not major strikes. In 1865 Venezuela's only outstanding gold deposits were found at El Callao in the State of Bolívar some seventy miles south of the Orinoco River, but even they never attained sufficient importance to enable Venezuelans to claim they had discovered the fantastic El Dorado. Venezuela remained a land of mythical promise never quite realized. But the myth lived on! So did the efforts of the strangers to make the myth come true. The tenacity of the Spaniards in their search both amazed and amused the Indians.

Until the 1920's Venezuela was a typical Latin-American country, with agriculture and stock raising the principal sources of income but characterized by an uneconomic system of land use and land tenure. In fact there were years when the economy was characterized by stagnation and even retrogression. But in the 1920's the country, as a result of petroleum exploitation, began to rise in stature above most of its sister republics. The myth of El Dorado thus became a reality, though in the form not of gold but of "black gold" (petroleum). With a daily output of about 1.80 million barrels (1952), Venezuela has become the world's second largest oil producer. The government receives in the neighborhood of \$440 million from the oil companies in a given year.

Petroleum is now the economic lifeblood of Venezuela. In not a single other South American country does one item rank so high in exports as does petroleum in Venezuela—95 to 97 percent. In possibly no other country is there such overwhelming dependence on a single commodity. Venezuela is thus a "one-product nation": a billion dollars' worth of oil is exported annually. Oil brings in

90 percent of the foreign exchange earnings and furnishes 65 percent of the government revenue. To appreciate fully its impact on the Venezuelan economy one has only to note that in the third of a century since the oil industry began to develop, the national revenue has expanded twenty-seven times beyond its former size.

The oil industry is carried on in several parts of the country—28 percent of the output coming from fields in eastern Venezuela and 72 percent from the Maracaibo area in western Venezuela. In the eastern part, oil is being won from the jungle as well as from the huge tropical savannas known as the Llanos. These oil fields, however, are both smaller and more widely dispersed than those in the Lake Maracaibo or western area.

The petroleum industry is foreign-controlled and highly competitive—some dozen different corporate units operating. An investment of more than \$2 billion has come from outside the country. In permitting this investment, however, Venezuela takes no risk. The oil in the ground is national property, not private as in the United States. In Roman and hence in Latin-American law, it is the principle that the subsoil belongs to the state or crown, as the case may be. Because of this, petroleum has enabled Venezuela to attain an enviable position among world nations and particularly among Latin-American nations; the country has no foreign and almost no internal debt.

But this wealth belongs to the government, and only relatively few Venezuelans get anything directly out of the oil fields; the majority of the people benefit only indirectly from the government. Oil workers, however, are extraordinarily well paid. In 1949 the income of a petroleum worker was ten times that of a farm worker. The average oil worker received annual pay, including allowances, of \$4,500. In addition to his pay, each receives holiday allowance, a share in profits, medical benefits, and, on ending his employment with the company, a generous severance grant. His family obtains free housing, education, and the privilege of purchasing in shops where foods and many other commodities are sold at controlled prices. Actually the oil-field workers constitute a miniature welfare state.

In handling its oil problem the Venezuelan government has

been unique, employing methods wholly different from those of Bolivia, Mexico, and Iran. And it is highly unlikely that Venezuela will at any time follow in their wake, for she has seen what has happened in each case as nationalism swept over the oil industry; Venezuela knows, moreover, that, in such a case her economy would collapse like a house of cards.

Under the arrangements now existing, the economic power placed in the hands of the national government by the oil industry is tremendous. The Basic Petroleum Law of 1948, the so-called 50-50 formula, was the result of much experimentation with royalties, import duties, income tax, and supplementary taxes. Fundamentally, it is the adjustment of the income tax that guarantees Venezuela 50 percent of the industry's profits. In point of fact, the 1944 annual report of the Creole Petroleum Corporation showed that 73 percent of its income was expended either as direct payment to Venezuela or for expenditures of substantial benefit to the nation. Royalty payments are but a fraction of what the country derives from oil operations within its borders. Additional income consists of internal taxes, wages to workers, materials purchased within the country, bank deposits, insurance, and other collateral activities of the oil business.

Only huge companies invest in oil in Venezuela, for only huge companies can cope with the risks involved. It is estimated that in Venezuela \$50 million were invested before a single barrel of oil was produced. In general, it takes from five to twenty years before a big development begins to pay off.

To the outside world, Venezuela is oil. Yet despite the country's great natural riches, a good three-fourths of the population suffers from biting poverty. Almost every traveler into the country asks himself why there is so much poverty amidst so much natural riches. And why is the cost of living the highest in the world? Eight reasons are commonly given:

1. The country has more money than goods.
2. Freight charges are very high.
3. Most manufactured products and even many foodstuffs are imported.
4. The high tariff on many imports increases their cost.

5. Wholesalers and retailers operate on a very wide margin of profit.
6. Farming techniques for the most part are antiquated.
7. Transportation is inadequate and underdeveloped.
8. Lack of storage facilities for perishables causes gluts and low prices in the season of production and scarcity and high prices in off seasons.

The government has been so concerned with petroleum that it has not concerned itself with other productive aspects of the economy. As already noted, persons connected with the petroleum industry are well paid. But this industry gives employment to only about 50,000 persons (some 3 percent of the working population) whereas agriculture accounts for some 656,000 or about 38 percent. Much if not most of the backwardness and poverty is rooted in the land system of *latifundia*.*

The wealthy landowners for the most part take little interest in the land and in the families who work it. Seldom do they themselves farm the land or even live upon it, for living conditions throughout much of the country are unattractive. They live in Caracas or in Europe from the rent they receive. The peasant farmer lives in poverty under dreadful conditions—conditions incompatible with human health and dignity. This lack of interest on the part of the landed aristocracy is a strong factor in encouraging many farmers to embrace communism. Sharecroppers sometimes pay as much as one-half of their crops to the landlord; sometimes they work as many as seventeen days per month on the landlord's estate as rental on a two- to five-acre plot of land.

Since the country does not produce enough food for its own needs and hence must import much—\$119 million worth in 1951 or

* By *latifundia* is meant the practice common throughout Latin America of holding land in enormous tracts. This practice began in the colonial period when the Crown made grants to the conquistadores over a period of several generations. Some of the original *hacendados* were the recipients of grants of land as large as some North American states; many had boundaries *hasta donde alcance la vista* (as far as the eye can see). Some families have retained their estates intact with the Indians on them for several centuries. To make matters worse today, these lands are priced far beyond their real worth. Hence, too few Venezuelan farmers are able to own land of their own. Since the death of the dictator, Gómez, however, the new governments of the republic have divided his former estates and have undertaken the distribution of his lands into small farms.

\$24 for every person in the nation—the government established a high tariff which it was hoped would increase food production. Instead, however, it boomeranged and has served to increase the prices of the necessities of life. Doubtless the problem with highest priority for the good of the entire nation is rehabilitation of the agricultural lands and improvement in the economic status of the farmer.

Thus for some three-fourths of the population, petroleum has not proved to be El Dorado. Their incomes are so small that their standard of living is little if any better than that of the people in the more backward countries of Latin America. It is reported that not more than 10,000 families out of the entire population of more than five million persons enjoy the standard of living that one might associate with so rich a nation. For the rest of the population, Venezuela still is a land of poverty. The poor live under atrocious conditions in small thatch-roofed hovels with walls of mud and tamped-earth floors. The cooking often is done on the floor in a corner. Since there is no chimney, wood smoke fills the house much of the time. Furniture is scarce—often lacking altogether. The family may sleep in hammocks or huddled together on the floor on dried untanned cowhides. Cooking utensils are scarce. Even the most rudimentary sanitation was lacking till recently but now privies are quite common in the better-located agricultural areas. Drinking water is often dipped out of filthy rivers. Sickness is rampant and the rate of infant mortality is shockingly high.

The Venezuelan government, in an effort to diversify the economy so long overbalanced by the oil industry, is making use of its huge income from petroleum by plowing much of it back into the country. In short, the government has adopted a policy known as *sembrar el petroleo* (sowing the oil). Figuratively this means using oil income to advance the country—building roads, airports, hospitals, schools and universities, improving ports, and promoting agriculture, education, and public health. It has accomplished much in constructing water and sewage facilities in towns and villages. Since 1946 malaria has been almost eliminated. This program is thus meeting with considerable success.

Aside from the means just noted, one other possible means of making Venezuela less a one-product country exists. This is through the exploitation of its iron ore. Since 1887 sporadic attempts have been made to develop iron ore here and there but ultimately each enterprise failed because of the enormous capital requirements, the dearth of skilled labor, the poor and inadequate transport facilities, and the lack of a sizable domestic market. So huge, however, is the area known to have iron ore of commercial grade that Venezuela is expected to become the second most important iron ore-producing country in the world—outranked by the United States alone. Not only are the reserves enormous—a minimum of two billion tons—but the quality of the ore is high—60 to 66 per cent iron.

Before ore could be mined, however, hundreds of millions of dollars had to be spent. As one person expressed it, and as this writer noted recently while on the ground, the undertaking is so large with so many facets that “one comes to the conclusion that finding ore, instead of being the end of the trail, is the beginning of a chain reaction.” In addition to getting the mines ready for production, there are dredging operations on the Orinoco River and the construction of docking facilities, standard-gauge railways, highways from the mines to the river, and villages for workers with a potable water supply and sewage facilities, to mention but a few.

Why, then, in the face of all these difficulties, are North American companies investing hundreds of millions of dollars in Venezuelan iron ore when their own country mines far more than any nation in the world? The principal reason, though not the only one, is that so much high-grade iron ore has been removed during two world wars from the Lake Superior region (which for decades has supplied about 80 percent of the national requirements), that North American steel companies have had to be concerned about the sources of ore for the future. They accordingly began searching for iron ore from the Arctic to the Tropics. A costly program is now under way to solve the problem of adequate iron ore by discovering cheap processes for recovering good iron from the billions of tons of low-grade ore (taconite) in the Lake Superior region or by bring-

ing ore to the blast furnaces from foreign countries. The United States, which normally manufactures about one-half of the world's steel, uses roughly about 100 million tons of iron ore and huge quantities of scrap annually.

Thus iron ore is important both to the Venezuelan government and to United States iron and steel manufacturers; nonetheless, it cannot rival petroleum as an important factor in the economic life of the nation. The dollar-earning capacity of iron ore at present looks small compared with that of oil. However, iron ore is going to mean much to the southeastern part of the country. It will also do much to diversify the nation's economy, and if the government will help the operating companies to keep the iron ore competitive with that being mined elsewhere, this mineral might become an appreciable part of the long-sought economic balance wheel for oil.

Venezuela's notable progress and prosperity stem, as has been said, from the production and sale of petroleum. Yet in spite of all that oil has done, is doing, and will do in the future for the nation, Venezuela is still essentially a one-product nation. This results in the entire economy being highly sensitive to those fluctuations in world prices and in demand for a product caused by economic cycles and international political events. Yet if oil were to be exhausted, the nation would collapse. The government's biggest single job, and it is undeniably a Herculean task, is to build an economy that will hold up when oil prices fall, markets decline drastically, or when the oil runs dry, causing the hundreds of millions of oil dollars to dry up too.

At the moment Venezuelan oil is giving the country the highest prosperity. Ere long, however, Venezuela will face the keenest kind of competition from the Middle East, which enjoys two significant advantages—the average daily output per well is larger—4,739 barrels versus 227—and wages are lower. An oil-based prosperity cannot continue indefinitely at a high level, for this resource is expendable; every time a barrel of oil is removed from the ground, it is lost to the country forever.

But Venezuela has more than petroleum: it abounds in riches

far beyond the wildest dreams of the Spanish conquistadores. El Dorado, the golden dream of men seeking mineral wealth over the centuries, has been found within the country not in the form of yellow metal as depicted by the Indians in their "tall tales" to the conquistadores but in the form of the less lustrous minerals, particularly petroleum and iron ore but also natural gas, asbestos, bauxite, magnesite, manganese, mercury, industrial diamonds, nickel, water power, and many others. And the Venezuelan government is converting these into a wealth far more tangible than gold.

DIFFICULTIES IN TRANSLATING JAPANESE INTO ENGLISH AND VICE VERSA

by *Kin-ichi Ishikawa*

BECAUSE I have done, and am still doing, both English-into-Japanese and Japanese-into-English translations, I am sometimes asked: Which is the more difficult of these two tasks? Restricting the material to be translated to the general field of literature, my answer would be that it depends entirely on the original author. Broadly speaking, however, Japanese-into-English translation is far more difficult than the other and for good reasons.

First, we Japanese have studied Western ways for the last eighty-odd years by traveling abroad, by reading books and, of late, by looking at movies. Of the three essentials of life—that is, food, clothing and shelter—Western types of the first two are now so assimilated into our mode of living that there is scarcely a family in Japan who does not substitute bread for cooked rice, and by far the majority of men put on *yofuku* (Western-style clothes) when they leave home for work. Women

are no exception to this, except perhaps in small communities. Stand, for instance, in front of the Tokyo Central Station, at about ten minutes to nine A.M., and see for yourself that out of one thousand young office girls only one or two are in *kimono*.

Here I should like to relate an anecdote which, I think, further explains this point. Betty, an American, and I have been friends for almost thirty years. When her daughter, Betty Ann, was married in the fall of 1948, she wrote me a long letter describing the wedding. I quote a part of this letter: "Betty Ann made her own gown and two of the bridesmaids'. I should like to hear you translate this to Eigh: They were of white piqué with embroidered ruffles at neckline and hem. She wore a little bonnet of organdy with a neck veil falling from it to her finger tips. Her skirt was ankle-length—no train, etc."

Eigh is my wife's name. One can

visualize Betty writing the above with a twinkle in her eyes and tongue in cheek, thinking I would have a hard, hard time, trying to put into Japanese all these feminine foreign words like piqué, organdy, ruffles, ankle-length, and so forth. Now, in fact, although Eigh had never been abroad, she knew all those words, which are indeed common knowledge to most Japanese women, or, at least, to urban women.

At that time, I was translating into English a novel by Ton Satomi, called *Ten Years*, in which a wedding scene occurs. What the bride wears is told in detail. Moreover, what her parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, and sisters wear is different, each from all the rest. Whereas Eigh not only knew these words but also the materials used, very few, if any, Westerners would have known the words, let alone have physically touched any of the materials used in making the bridal costume.

When it comes to the question of food, I dare say that you may find it difficult to discover, in our country, a household which does not use Western-style knives, forks, or spoons. Many of my friends, including those who have never been abroad, eat oatmeal, toasted bread, and bacon and eggs, and drink coffee for breakfast. The fact that all these, excepting coffee, are made in Japan indicates that the majority of Japanese not only understand the West but do actually "live" the West.

On the other hand, Japan and the Japanese have not been studied nor

understood by the West until quite recently, or not at all, to the extent that the Japanese have studied, known, and perhaps imitated the West. This is one of the reasons why Japanese-into-English translation is far more difficult than English-into-Japanese. Let me explain this with a concrete example. In Japan there are, roughly speaking, five kinds of tea, each used on its appropriate occasion. If one kind of tea is brewed, a Japanese reader immediately understands why that particular kind is mentioned and can visualize the atmosphere in which it is served. It is true that Western tea is classified into many kinds, such as orange pekoe, pekoe, souchong, Darjeeling, Lapsang, and so forth, but tea is tea to you (and, called "red tea," is commonly used in Japan along with coffee and cocoa), and no special occasion calls for the use of any special kind.

Still another fact we have to remember is that, because of the geographical situation of the land of Japan itself, the seas surrounding the country abound with a great variety of seafood; and Japanese eat peculiar and unheard of—at least to a Westerner—things, and with relish too. I have no intention of frightening readers of this essay, but let me mention a few of these:—sea urchins, sea hedgehogs, sea slugs or trepangs, ascidians, lavar, devil's tongue (*Laminaria*), ark shells, turbos (delicious cooked in their own shells), besides far more other varieties of fish than an American housewife is

familiar with. This matter is not confined to seafood alone. The variety of mushrooms we eat is really fantastic; several persons die yearly from eating poisonous ones, showing how extensively mushrooms are eaten.

Let me further explain this matter with an illustration. In Junichiro Tanizaki's well-received novel *Sasame-yuki* (*Snow Flakes*) there occurs a scene in a *sushi* shop in Kobe. Its owner, a man who actually makes *sushi*, is a crank whose pride is that he is never out of *tai* (*Pagrus cardinalis*) and live prawns, both of which, caught in the Inland Sea, are costly but quite delicious. When an indiscreet person drops in and asks him if *chutoro* is available, this *sushi* expert sees justice done by adding to it a large pinch of *wasabi*, which makes the customer cry.

Now, *chutoro* is that part of tunny which contains a medium proportion of fat, and *sushi* made with it is a favorite of Tokyo people (though considered a gastronomic barbarism in the Kansai area). *Wasabi* is like horse-radish, grated and put under whatever food is served over a roll of boiled rice (the combination being none other than *sushi* itself). *Wasabi* is far smaller, greener, and hotter than horse-radish, but let that pass. The point I wish to make is that the great novel *Sasame-yuki* is full of such anecdotes which are charming to a Japanese reader but will certainly become dull to a Western reader when translated into English, as a result of footnotes,

scientific names, and what not. Suppose *Sasame-yuki* were to be translated into English, would it be necessary to keep all these delightful and charming but confusing-to-the-Western-mind details? Would it not be better to delete such anecdotes if and when they do not impair the story itself, and make the finished work something readable? Of course, it all depends on what the author wants; but I, as a translator, have thought a great deal about this matter.

Although, owing to the various reasons mentioned above, English-into-Japanese translation is easier than the other, there is one block in English on which I have stumbled time and again. Strange to say, what is least troublesome to you is most troublesome for us—words that show personal relationship, such as brother, sister, uncle, aunt, and cousin.

I am quite sure that this idea was imported from China, like so many other ideas, customs, and institutions, hundreds of years ago. In Japan the idea of *seniores priores* had long been rigidly observed until the defeat in the Second World War somewhat broke its weblike hold on the people's mind. It must be definitely stated whether a brother is an older or a younger one; the same rule applies to sisters. An uncle who is older than your parent has a different name from one that is younger; the same for aunts. As regards cousins, two elements must be considered, namely sex and age. A

fact which, at least to me, seems tremendously interesting is that maternal, paternal, and like differentiations of uncle, aunt, and cousin relationships are expressed when written in Chinese characters, although their Japanese pronunciations are the same. This is easy to understand when we look back to the days when there existed a Japanese language but no letters to represent spoken words, until the latter were brought over from China. In translating English into Japanese, this question of relationships takes up perhaps more of my time than anything else. When the brothers are all well known—William James and Henry James, for example—one can look them up in an ordinary biography, but take Walt Whitman, who deliberately tried to keep his brothers in semi-darkness, and you will understand to what extent a translator must go, trying to find out if a brother is *ani* (elder brother) or *ototo* (younger brother).

Still another question sometimes raised is one which concerns translators. In translating a Japanese book into English, should the translator be a Japanese or a citizen of an English-speaking country? And which should be the case when an English book is to be translated into Japanese? Because of the above-mentioned reasons, there is now no difficulty in answering the question. However, the number of citizens of English-speaking nations capable of reading and writing Japanese is rapidly increasing; and I know of an

American who is at present translating Jiro Osaragi's prize-winning novel into English. To me, at least, this question depends entirely on the individual who does the work. What seems very important again, at least to me, is the process of polishing. Suppose I make a Japanese-English translation. I would certainly like to have either an American or an Englishman, one who is able to write *good* English, go over the manuscript, not merely correcting possible and probable errors but also improving, generally, the English written by a foreigner. Suppose an American makes an English-into-Japanese translation. I would urge him to send the manuscript to a Japanese who is able to write *good* Japanese in order to have him do the same.

I had an interesting personal experience which may be relevant here. A few years ago when I translated Joseph C. Grew's *Ten Years in Japan*, Mr. Grew instructed me to show its proof sheets to his former assistant then residing in Japan. This high-ranking State Department official had been a language officer in the United States Embassy in Tokyo and was naturally well versed in the Japanese language. Now, when I went to see this gentleman he was rather embarrassed by Mr. Grew's request. He had so long been out of touch with Japanese that he had lost confidence in himself. He appointed in turn a younger State Department staff member then actively engaged in studying the language. This young language officer read my

translation carefully and made changes here and there. What he did was 100 percent correct in grammar, but it was just not Japanese. English written by a Japanese may be quite correct in grammar but still not sound like English. In any lan-

guage there are such elements: you cannot explain why, but somehow an expression, for example, does not sound quite native. Therefore, I am for teamwork in translating two such violently different languages as English and Japanese.

Reflection

CHARLOTTE A. JEANES

If I could now—at this instant—go out into the fog,
Walk through it gently, very gently—
And watch the quiet trees,
I should not see leaf-bearers and life-shapers
But only patterns of softness, grayness,
Ungraspable stabiles.
And the hills would be merely steepness under my
feet.
And I should find myself suddenly not on recogniz-
able earth at all,
But in some purgatorial realm of spirit.
Breath would come hard then,
And, with panic, I should know—
Beyond all doubt, beyond uncertainty or hope—
That I and you and we are lost, alone, and alien in
this world.

THE PEARL FISHERS

by Abraham Rothberg

DAVID saw old man Vecchione for the first time in the front garden of the house, bent over turned-up clumps of webbed earth, and he did not look up when David, going to Hebrew school, passed. They had just moved into the old, two-family house and David liked the bigness and the way the house sat by itself, away from the others, with the gardens in front and back, and the spreading magnolia tree that had not yet blossomed. His father had not liked the move, although it was only a block and a half from their old apartment house, and said so to his mother. "Why must we move into *their* house, Leah? We cannot move among our own?"

"But Jakob," his mother had said patiently, the words in her voice worn smooth as white stones, "it is a good place and they are good people. There is light and sun all day and plenty of room for the boy to play."

"Play! Agh!" his father grated. "He is a boy old enough to be studying Talmud. He is too old to play like a child."

But they moved anyway and his father already liked the new house, even if the Vecchiones did live downstairs and were the landlords, because he had a room where he could keep all his books, and where he could sit by himself, or with his friends, and study. David too had a room where he could draw and read and do homework, a big room at the back of the house, far from his mother's and father's room, so he could get up early and make noise if he liked and sit and look out of the big double windows. And looking out was the best of all in the new house, for beneath the windows was a hoed field that his mother told him was Mr. Vecchione's garden. Beyond it was a long narrow strip of hard ground, beaten down by many feet, and outlined with a thin ribbon of wooden planks. There the old Italian men played a strange game with little black balls, rolling them from one end of the field to the other, running after them, and sometimes yelling and raising their hands in ques-

tion or in triumph, their fingers all together, and their hands in the distance flitting like brown sparrows. After the games they sat around a wooden table just outside the borderline of planks, shaded by four twisted peach trees and a faded orange umbrella that rose out of the table like a mushroom, drinking wine and talking, and sometimes watching others play the game.

On their first Sabbath in the Vecchione house, David came home and found his mother preparing the usual meal. The house had its special Friday night quiet, as if he would have to whisper to say anything. His mother moved silently about the dining room, setting the long, braided *chalah* on the round table, the log-shaped *kugel*, its odor of baked noodles and white raisins filling his head and making his mouth water; the gefilte fish, white and snowball-shaped, lay in a deep dish, and all of it shone on the icy-white tablecloth that was starched stiff beneath. His mother set the three-pronged silver candelabra in the center of the table, sparkling in the last light of the spring sunset, and put the white linen napkin on her head as she intoned the prayer of blessing the candles, moving her long brown hands over them in small circles that set the flames to shivering and set something shivering inside of him too. Something good, as if the house was filled with a white light that came from the fish and the tablecloth and the bright silver of the candelabra and its three flames, and David felt a lingering peace inside.

And the white quiet remained with him until his father, hungry and irritable from having waited so long for the evening prayer at the synagogue, came in. When they were gathered around the table and about to begin the Sabbath meal, they sang the ritual "*Shalom Aleichem*," the song he had always loved but that now seemed part of the whiteness and silence in him turned to melody that rose up pure and strong in him and floated out soprano over the food and candles.

Shalom aleichem, malache hashores, malache el yon . . .

Peace be unto you, you ministering angels,

Messengers of the Most High . . .

May your coming be in peace . . .

Bless me with peace . . .

Not until he had finished the third stanza did David realize that his father and mother had stopped singing, and when he opened his eyes, they were exchanging looks and staring at him.

"Your voice," his mother said, softly and surprised, "why—it's beautiful."

"He sings like—," his father hesitated, groping for words, "—like a cantor." His father looked pleased and puzzled, as if suddenly he had found something precious in the street, where he had never expected to find it, and didn't know why he had been chosen to find it.

They stood there looking at him until David felt his cheeks grow hot and looked down at the shimmering table.

"Never have I heard you sing like that, David," his mother said, reaching toward him with a caress that smoothed his hair and straightened his skullcap at the same time. "You must sing some more for us."

"He must sing in the synagogue, Leah," his father said, "with the choir, on the altar. One day—who knows?—he will maybe be a cantor. Tomorrow I will speak to the cantor." His father smiled at him. "You would like to study with Chazan Barrt?"

David knew his father wanted him to say yes, but he couldn't. Nor would he say no. He looked down at the tablecloth again, anxious because it was the same voice he had always sung with, only he had not sung much before his parents. His father came around the table and put his hands on his shoulders so that David could feel his own blood beating against his father's palms. "You will sing like an angel, the 'Kiddush,' 'Neilah,' 'Kol Nidre,' like Yossele Rosenblatt." His fingers tightened. "My son, David." His father sounded proud of him, as he almost never did, and David was happy. But when they sang the last stanza together,

May your departure be in peace, you messengers of peace,
Messengers of the Most High, the supreme King of Kings,
Holy and blessed is He.

the white quiet inside him had gone.

After supper David went out into the back yard and looked at the moon, white and quiet on old man Vecchione's field, but the

feeling did not come back, and he felt only the pinch of the pickets of the fence as he leaned his arms between them.

The voice behind him was strange and hoarse, but it did not startle him when he heard it. Even without turning, he knew it was old man Vecchione.

“. . . that was you, upstairs, singing?” the old man asked.

David nodded.

“. . . you sing vera fine. You study musica?”

David turned and was surprised to find the old man's face, the quiet gray-blue eyes like marbles in the wrinkled sand of the face, on a level with his own because the old man was bent over like a jackknife with the blade left half-open. That was the way he stood and walked. “No,” David said, “I do not study music.”

“You like?” he asked, the full chapped lips suddenly smiling, and David knew he meant the music, not the study.

“I like,” David said, smiling back.

“Come,” the old man motioned for him to follow, and then, abruptly, he turned and said, “Whatsa you name?”

“David.”

“My name is Vincente Vecchione, but everyone callsa me Pop. You calla me Pop. O.K.?”

“O.K.,” David laughed, “. . . Pop.”

Pop led him through the back entrance of the house into the cellar. There, under a dim, green-shaded yellow bulb that hung over a table, four men were playing cards. “Those my sons: Joseph, he'sa the oldest, and then Vito and Carmine. The other, he—how you say it?—stay with us. Rent a room upstairs. His name John Strigari.” He called to the men in his rasping voice, “Hey, boys, thisa here is new boy lives upstairs. David.”

They waved and called hello, but did not look up from their game. David followed Pop past the staircase that led up to the Vecchiones' apartment on the first floor, and walked into a front room furnished like a parlor, with a rug and a couch and big victrola. The old man went to the victrola cabinet and opened it, almost patting the dark polished top into place. Painted on the open cover, David saw a black and white dog sitting next to a megaphone. “This

machine could be you best frien," Pop said, talking almost to himself. "When you sad, it makes you music so the sad is easier, and you be happy by and by. When you tired, it make you rest. Is a ver good frien." He motioned. "Come ona here. I show how she works."

Carefully the old man explained and David watched how the victrola was to be wound with the metal arm that came out of its mahogany side, how new needles were to be taken out of a little metal pit and put in the head of the phonograph arm, how the old needles went into another little pit, and finally, how the shiny black record with the red label was set on the felt turntable and the arm and needle brought gently down on it. "Is Caruso," Pop said, putting the first record on. "A big record. The biggest. He's tenor. You listen, eh?"

David nodded and sat on the old couch. First there was only a little scraping sound, like a cat scratching the door at night, and then the music came, and a slow sad lonely crying voice, and David forgot the scratching and the dusty smell of the couch and the sounds of the card players in the next room. He even forgot about Pop, standing next to the victrola, his white head lifted from his doubled-up body as if it no longer belonged to it. And David felt as he sometimes did when he ran wildly down the streets into the wind, the air rushing against his face and into his lungs, until he felt he was flying. All he could hear was the rising and falling of the voice, its turning in and flowing out, loud, soft, in words he did not recognize, but speaking a language he knew without words, a speech that ran through him and lifted him like the wind.

When the music ended there was again the cat-scratching, then silence, and the old man, tears in his eyes, stood looking at him. "You like," he managed to say, without its being a question.

David nodded, not trusting his voice to speak for him, not wanting to break the other sounds with his voice, unwilling to come down from the flying and the wind whirling. Never had he heard anything like it. It was even better than the "Kol Nidre," or the "Umipenay Chatoenu" in the synagogue.

"Some day, maybe, you sing like him?" Pop smiled.

David shook his head. No other voice could ever be like that.

"But you try?"

"I will try," David said, finding his voice in his throat new and trembling. "What is the name of the music?"

"I don't know how you call him in English," Pop said, running earth-color hands through his snowy hair. "Hey, Carmine," he called, "how you call tha music in English?"

"It's called the *Pearl Fishers* aria, Papa," a summery soft girl's voice said.

"Oho, is Antoinette," Pop said, turning to the door. "Is my daughter, the youngest, Toni?"

In the doorway stood a tall young woman in a white dress, looking in the dimness like a fragment of the moon that had walked into the cellar. David was surprised at the wild yellow of her hair and the coal-glow eyes beneath. It wasn't until she came into the room and took her father's arm, erect and lithe next to his gnarled body, that David saw that she was only a girl, no more than fourteen or fifteen. A light behind Pop Vecchione's face glowed when he looked at her, proud and admiring, the way his mother sometimes looked at him, and the old man's head seemed again to lift from his bent body.

"Toni, is the new boy from upstairs, David."

"Hello, David," Toni said.

"Hello, Toni," David answered, unable to look directly at her moonlit beauty.

"Why you no sing for me and my Toni?" Pop requested.

"Don't be bashful," Toni coaxed in her summery voice, and David knew he had to sing: it was as if he had swallowed a little piece of her, her wild yellow hair and her quiet dark voice, that was a song. Into his throat unbidden there came an old tune his mother often sang, "The Three Sisters," and in Yiddish he sang:

In England there is a town Leicester,
In London is the same named square,
And there we find three sisters,
Of whose lives are none aware.
The eldest she sells her bright flowers,

The second sells laces for pelf,
And late in the night we see coming,
The youngest who sells only herself.

When he finished, Pop and Toni applauded together, and David could hear separately the thick calloused sounds of Pop's palms and the whisper of Toni's soft hands.

"What do the words mean, David?" Toni asked, her eyes dark-glistening and faraway.

"I don't know," David admitted. "It's just a song about three sisters in England. My mother always sings it."

"It sounds so sad."

"I guess it is. The music is sad, but I don't think the words are so sad," David said.

A sudden embarrassed silence settled over them, the only sounds the wax slap of cards on the table in the next room.

"Let's all go outside and look at Pop's tomato plants," Toni said quickly, extending her arm for him to take, and pulling her father along with her. "He's even prouder of them than of the victrola records."

Arm in arm, the three of them walked sidewise through the narrow doorway into the back room just as the Vecchione brothers and John Strigari were getting up from their card table.

"You through?" Toni asked.

"Your brothers weren't satisfied with the rent money your mother gets," John Strigari said—David noticed him for the first time, a short, slender man with hair so black it looked wet—"so your brothers decided to win some more playing cards."

"He's a not so good witha cards, eh Vito?" Pop said. "Mebbe, Johnny, you betta stick by painting houses for living."

Outside, in the spring air that still had the chill of winter on it, they all walked to the picket fence that separated the back yard from the field beyond that was plowed with furrows of dark and light. Johnny Strigari lighted a crooked little black cigar. They stood silently for a few moments and then from behind came a new voice. "You keep you papa in the night cold and make bad his rheumatiz. You good sons and daughter."

They all turned together and David saw Mrs. Vecchione, short, almost square, but with the faded blond hair that must once have been wild and bright as Toni's, and with the same dark skin and eyes. Pop said something in swift Italian and they all laughed.

"You laugh," Mrs. Vecchione said, "but it's a not funny."

"O.K., O.K. I go inside," Pop said. "But I like for you to know the upstairs boy, David."

"Hello," David said.

"You sing musica before?" Mama Vecchione asked.

"It's a him all right. He sings like little Caruso," Pop said proudly.

"D—a—a—v—i—d!" His mother was calling and David realized how late it was. He let go of Toni's arm, called a quick good night to all of them, and bolted down the alley toward the front of the house.

In the morning David found Toni waiting for him next to the magnolia tree, which overnight had unfurled into a cloud of petals over the garden, and they walked together to school. Although she was almost two years older than he was, David was only a year behind her because he had skipped two grades, and they went to the same junior high school. That afternoon, when David came home from Hebrew school, Joe was in the back yard, leaning against the picket fence and watching the old men play the game with the black balls. "Hello," David said shyly, not sure that Pop Vecchione's tall, thin-faced son would remember him from the night before.

"Hi, David," Joe said, mussing his hair. "Where've you been all afternoon?"

"Hebrew school."

"Oh. I used to go to one of those when I was your age."

"Hebrew school?" David asked, surprised, trying to imagine Joe's dark Italian face in the synagogue.

"No," Joe laughed. "Catholic school, but we learned the same kind of things."

"Oh, but you didn't study Talmud and Gemorrah," David said, certain it was different.

"No," Joe laughed again. "What's it like in your school?"

David told him about the Hebrew school, about Rabbi Eisner and Rabbi Greenberg, and how he had been *bar mitzvah*, and how he was studying Gemorrah, and he would have told him more, but Toni arrived.

"I thought you were going to wait for me after school, David," Toni said.

"I didn't know you wanted me to," David said, remembering how he had hesitated and gone on alone because Toni was with some of the older boys and he was sure she didn't want to walk with him. "But I'll wait for you tomorrow," he offered eagerly, "—if you want me to."

"O.K., then, it's a date."

The three of them went into the cellar to the victrola room, and after Joe played the record twice, David sang with it the third time, singing only the melody of "Una furtiva lagrima," because he didn't know the words. Afterwards, Toni and Joe taught him to play an Italian card game, *brisca*, and he won seventeen cents from Joe, but wouldn't take it, not even when Toni assured him that Joe was a school teacher and could afford it.

After that, David came to expect their walk to and from school under the arches of new spring-green trees, enjoying the way people turned to look at Toni and the way the other boys in his class teased about his "girl friend." As the silent spring days stole toward summer, David came to know the Vecchiones almost as well as his own family. Sometimes he almost wished he had been born into their family instead of his own, and when he did, he was ashamed and tried to be especially dutiful when his father asked him about Hebrew school, or when his mother wanted him to run an errand. With Mama Vecchione he always had fun. They sat together on the benches in the back yard and David helped her clean the snap beans and cut them, or peel and slice potatoes, or mix the dough for cakes, rubbing it the way his mother had taught him, while Mama Vecchione sang the old songs she remembered from Italy, songs that vaguely reminded him of the Yiddish ones his mother sang. Sometimes he would sing her his mother's songs from the old country,

because she would ask him to, and then ask her for the ones in Italian, the whirling dancing ones she told him were called tarantella, and the slow stately ones that were a little like the victrola records. She sang them all in a low breathy alto, like Toni's voice grown old, and he loved to listen. And always, Mama Vecchione fed him, saying: "You gotta eat, David. You gonna be big man." Although his father warned him about eating unkosher food and often complained to his mother that he would become a *shagitz*, a *goi*, from being always with the Gentiles downstairs, David liked to eat with the Italian family. He did not tell his parents that he ate the thick, doughy, butter-colored macaroni and spicy red sauce, the crisp, beanlike chick-peas and salty anchovies, the earth-flavored lentils and bitter-crisp *escarole*, and the flat-dry *provolone*. But he did not eat their meat, the unkosher ham and pork and bacon whose fat sweet smell made him sick.

In the dusky late afternoons Carmine and Vito played baseball with him after they came from work, and Joe sat in the back yard with him after school and read from books David had never heard of. But the stories and poems touched him, as the victrola music did, and he would lie on the wooden bench and listen to Joe's quiet voice read about other times and places. Sometimes, at night, they sat in the back yard, Vito with his concertina and Carmine with his guitar, and Mama Vecchione and he would sing, separately or together, in Italian or Yiddish or English, and Pop would clap his hands and stamp his feet, and Joe would drum with his fingers. Only Johnny Strigari, when he was there, was quiet, smoking his dark-smelling cigars. Toni would sing too, in her summery-soft voice, the lonely little Italian songs that hurt in his throat, and the others would grow quiet, their faces soft and open as they watched her. He knew they all loved her in a special way, perhaps because she was a girl, or because she was so beautiful, but in a way that made all their dark faces light when she sang and tossed her wild yellow hair. Once, Joe said that they loved her best because she was their hope; David asked him what that meant, but Joe only smiled and went back to reading him a poem. The way they looked at him when he sang was good too, and he knew they liked him, as he liked them,

but with Toni it was different, especially for Pop, who looked at her in a way he couldn't describe, except that he always seemed straighter when he did, and his old body seemed for a moment younger.

And it was with Pop he liked most to be. Sometimes, in the afternoons, David helped him in the garden, while the old man showed him corn and cabbages and his prize tomatoes. Or Pop took him to watch the old men playing the game with the black balls, called *bocci*, and even gave him a sip of the sour Chianti they drank. But with him David felt at home.

Other times he went to the Vecchione cellar by himself and played the old victrola and sang along with the melodies. Soon he knew the names on the records as well as the music: *La Traviata*, *La Forza del Destino*, *La Bohème*, *Il Trovatore*; but most of all he liked the *Pearl Fishers* aria, and he played the record over and over again until he knew it by heart.

One evening, when he had already eaten at the Vecchiones, and could not get his mother's dinner down, his father looked first at him and then at his mother.

"He is eating unkosher food, Leah," his father said heavily.

David shook his head, not daring to speak, but he knew his father did not believe him. His mother, not speaking, took the plate from in front of him.

"Always he is down there with *them*, singing and making a fool of himself, just like *them*. He will grow up to be a taxi driver or a house painter."

David was surprised that his father knew Carmine was a taxi driver and Vito and Johnny Strigari were house painters. But why didn't he say that Joe was a teacher too?

"The boy is lonely and there are young people there. It is good. And he learns about the earth and planting from the old one," his mother said in his defense.

"And who will teach him Talmud there? and Jewishness?" his father asked, and no one answered. "They will teach him to sing their music, and for the holy songs his mouth will be unkosher and dumb."

David wanted to tell his father that he loved the cantillations, and the holy songs, that they were as sweet in his mouth and throat as the other music. But he was sure his father didn't care about that, as long as he could tell his friends that his son David sang with Cantor Barrt, and was even a soloist at weddings.

The week the magnolia tree's roof of white blossoms fell into the garden and petals skipped onto the pavements, David's father came home and said he was to study with Cantor Barrt. And so, in the afternoons, while the azaleas were red and then blew off in the spring winds and rains, David went to Cantor Barrt's house to practice. It was a green and white wooden house with a wide front porch where David waited until the cantor was ready and called him into the long, red-carpeted living room where he practiced scales and the cantorial melodies for the Sabbath and the High Holy Days, but most of all the songs that he hated, for the weddings: "I love you truly, truly dear . . . Because God made thee mine, I'll cherish thee . . . O promise me that some day you and I . . . When the dawn breaks in the sky, I love you. . . ." And Cantor Barrt accompanied him at the mahogany grand piano, correcting him, teaching him, but never quite talking *to* him, until David felt like a victrola the cantor had wound up and was listening to, his head tilted to one side, his gray hair showing beneath his black skullcap, his big curved nose quivering when he sang bass corrections to David's soprano mistakes.

When he finished, David raced home and into the Vecchione cellar to try to wipe away the memory of the wedding songs in listening to the victrola, or playing *brisca* with Toni, or Joe, or learning to play *bocci* with Pop and then help him with his tomato vines, tying them up on sticks. But it was like trying to drink the sour taste of Parmesan cheese out of his mouth with water, or even wine: he couldn't do it.

Often, when the spring was full outside, David lay awake in bed, tasting the sourness in his mouth and wishing he didn't have to go to Cantor Barrt's again. And one night when he could not sleep, he went and sat at the window. The moon was low and heavy and golden in the violet sky, and a pale gold mist was on the fields and

the twisted flowering peach trees near the *bocci* alley. David opened the window quietly and leaned out, enjoying the soft wetness of the night air and the spring mist that had no chill. As he was looking up at the faraway specks of stars, he thought he heard rustling and a whisper light as the mist, and when he looked down, he was sure there were shadows in the stairwell that led to the cellar. For an instant, David thought there was a flash of yellow hair and he called "Toni?" in a soft, hoarse whisper, but there was no answer and when he leaned farther out of the window, he could see no one in the stairwell.

In the morning, walking to school, David asked, "Was that you in the back yard last night?"

Toni turned to him, her face very straight, and then, in a minute, grinning and mussing his hair. "Now what would I be doing in the back yard last night?"

"I thought maybe you couldn't sleep, like me."

"I sleep fine," Toni said, "not like you. I don't have all your brains to keep me awake."

When the term was in its last week and Pop's tomatoes were red ripe on the vine, Toni was late one morning and they had to hurry. Halfway to school, her dark face went pale and loose and sick. Then, suddenly, she stopped and leaned over a garden hedge they were passing. David took her books and turned away as he heard her gasp. When she turned back from the hedge, her forehead glistened damp and her eyes were frightened. David wiped her forehead and her mouth gently and they stood together quietly, Toni, soft and still smelling of sleep, leaning heavily against him.

"You want me to go home with you?" David asked.

"I'll be all right in a minute," Toni managed in a hidden voice.

Walking home after school, Toni was quiet. David tried to tease and joke with her, as he usually did, but she didn't seem to hear him. After his singing lesson, he ran all the way home, but in the cellar Toni was in the victrola room with Johnny Strigari, her cheeks hot-looking and her yellow hair tangled. Even Johnny's wet-black hair was mussed, and when David ran in, he jumped up

from the couch next to Toni and said, "Don't you ever knock before you come in?"

"What?" David asked, not understanding why Johnny seemed so angry.

"Nothing," Toni said. "Johnny's joking."

"Oh."

"It's having the afternoon off that makes him so funny," Toni said, smiling with a stiff mouth.

After a moment, David asked, "Are you O.K. now, Toni?"

Johnny wheeled, his usual little black cigar unlit in his mouth, a match flickering in his hand. "What?"

"Oh, it's nothing," Toni said. "Just the *scallopini* Mama made last night. I didn't feel so good this morning, so I threw it up going to school."

"No! God, no!" Johnny said. "Is that the first time?"

"No. That's what's funny," Toni said thoughtfully. "I've been feeling like that in the mornings now, every day, here." She placed her long tanned hand under her heart. "But it goes away after lunch."

"Holy Mother!" Johnny Strigari said. He threw his cigar on the floor and stamped on it with his feet, grinding the tobacco into the rug. "Holy Mother!"

The next morning while he was waiting for Toni to come out and walk to school, David saw Mama Vecchione coming out instead. Her face was stiff, as if she had just pressed it into shape with her hands before, and her eyes were swollen and red. "You no wait for my Antoinette," she said, not looking at him. "She no go to school today."

"Toni's sick?"

"Yes. She sick."

"Tell her I'll come see her after school," David said. "And I'll tell Miss Kendall she's sick and get her homework."

"You no see her. You no say nothing to teach'," Mama Vecchione said flatly. "She no go to school no more." Then the old woman turned, her eyes still faraway, and walked slowly back into the house.

David stood there, wanting to run after her, and ask what was wrong. Was she angry with him? He had done nothing. At least he couldn't remember anything he had done. In school he couldn't sit still all day. He missed his recitation in Latin and got a zero for not paying attention in history, as well as a zero in algebra for not working two examples at the blackboard. That afternoon he couldn't concentrate on Cantor Barri's teaching. When they rehearsed "O Promise Me," he laughed out loud because again the cantor sang: "Those first sweet violets of early spring," and was so angry when David sang "violetts" that he hit David's knuckles with the baton he always kept on the piano. But the pain was less than what he had seen and felt in Mama Vecchione's face that morning. Toni was in trouble. Toni needed help. The Vecchiones were all in trouble and needed help. But what trouble he didn't know nor what he could do to help.

It was raining when he left the cantor's house and he walked slowly through the rain, letting it soak through his jacket and his hair and run down his face. The clouds were low over the rooftops and it was almost dark when he slipped quietly into the Vecchione cellar. No one heard him. There, near the green-shaded yellow light, Pop and Joe were standing with their backs to him, and Carmine and Vito were holding Johnny Strigari facing them. Johnny's face was pale, his black hair plastered over his forehead, and one eye was closed and purplish. His thick lips were cut and his bared teeth bloodied.

"Why you do it?" Pop was saying. "You live with us. We treat you like a son. Why? Why you had to do to us?"

"Aw, what's the use of talking, Pop," Carmine said. "Let Vito and me finish up what we started."

"I no want you touch him," the old man said. "You unnerstand. I no want you put finger on Johnny. He gonna marry you sister."

"You're crazy," Joe spoke for the first time. "He's no good. Send him away and we'll take Toni to a doctor."

"He'sa no good. You right, Joe. But no take my Antoinette, my little girl, to doctor. He gonna marry——"

"That's what you think——" Johnny began, but Vito hit him and Carmine held his arms.

The old man said something to Joe that David couldn't hear, and then to Vito and Carmine: "No hit him no more, I say."

"But Pop," Joe protested. "Toni's a baby. She's not even fifteen yet. You can't make her marry. You'll ruin her life. She's too young."

"Ina old country, is old enough to marry twelve year."

"This isn't the old country," Joe insisted.

Johnny began to struggle, shouting, "I ain't gonna, you hear. I ain't. I ain't. She wanted to as much as I did. It's——"

The old man stepped up and slapped him, once, sharp across the mouth. "Shaddup. Shaddup. You hear. You no talk about my Toni. And no make so much noise. You gonna go upstairs now and tell Mama and Toni."

"Pop," Joe said, stepping between the old man and Johnny Strigari. "You just got to listen to me. You can't do this. Toni's your only daughter. You can't make her marry this . . . this . . . She didn't know what she was doing," he broke off.

"No know?" The old man laughed, painful and rasping. "She not too young for——" he said something in Italian that David did not understand "——she not too young." There was a moment of quiet. "No more talk now. We go upstairs."

Between them Carmine and Vito forced Johnny up the stairs and Pop and Joe followed, Joe still talking, pleading, until their footsteps and voices faded into the apartment upstairs and David could not see or hear anything more. They had not even noticed him. For a long time David stood there in the puddle of rain that had dripped around his shoes from his wet clothing, trying to figure it out. Then he went out into the rain, around to the front of the house, and up to his own apartment. His mother was preparing supper and angry because he was wet to the skin. She sent him to his bedroom to change into dry clothes and David heard her in the kitchen, singing to herself an old Jewish song about a man going home to the house he had lived in as a boy and finding everything strange, and no one who remembered him.

When his father came home, David saw he was troubled. He did not say "*Shalom*," nor did he kiss the *mezzuzah* on the doorjamb when he came through the doorway. His mother too knew immediately, and said in Yiddish: "What is, Jakob?"

"Nothing, Leah, nothing."

"Tell me what is, Jakob. I know something goes badly."

"Ach! It is the old man from downstairs. My heart is twisted for him," his father said, taking his wet coat off slowly, and heavily, and hanging it on the open closet door to dry. "The boarder, the dark one, has led away his daughter."

"She is?"

"What else? Yuh."

"I should go down. . . ."

"No, Leah, it is not our business. We should not mix in." And after a moment. "The old one makes them married."

"That is not wise. She is so young, too young."

"Sure. Of course it is not wise," his father said, suddenly, and, it seemed to David, unreasonably angry. "And what else should he do? He should make them a party?"

"He should maybe help the girl to——"

"——Ssha! The small one doesn't understand."

And David knew they were talking deliberately so that he could not understand and he hated it. Although he did not understand, he said aloud, "I do so understand," but when his parents coaxed him to say more, to say what he understood, he would stubbornly say no more.

He sat in his bedroom alone for a long time, not able to hear what his parents were saying, but from the rise and fall of their voices, he knew they were talking about the Vecchiones. One sentence floated into his room in his father's voice. "We should not mix ourselves in." Downstairs, there were strange noises from the open windows, shouting and crying and heavy falling noises like furniture being moved. Out on the *bocci* field the old men came like shadows, gathered in little knots under the night lights, their brown hands flying, their heads turned toward the Vecchiones'

house, and then went away without rolling the little black balls and turned out the night lights.

Later, when the light in his parents' room went out, in his pajamas David sneaked downstairs. Quietly he scratched at the Vecchiones' door, and there was a sudden silence, then a whispering, before the door was opened a crack, and Joe's thin, dark face looked out.

"It's me, David."

For a moment, Joe stood there, looking at him as though he was a stranger. "Go back upstairs," he said finally, in a slow, choked voice.

David opened his mouth to speak but Joe was suddenly seeing him, recognizing him, mussing his hair and saying: "It's got nothing to do with you, David. You're still our little friend. Now, go back to bed." He gave his face a slight pat on the cheek. "Go on, there isn't anything you can do," Joe said, and then softly closed the door. David stole back upstairs to his bedroom, wondering how to get to Pop and tell him what he felt and how he wanted to help.

In the middle of the night, he awoke suddenly, feeling feverishly hot and unaware that noises had awakened him until he heard sounds like the faraway chopping of trees. At the open window, he saw Pop Vecchione out in the fields, bent double, head down, with a hoe in his hands, furiously beating another row of his tomatoes into bloody splotches on the moon-pale earth. David wanted to shout to him, call out his comfort, assure Pop that everything would be all right, just as it used to be. As he watched the hoe flash in the moonlight, he wished he could sing out—something, anything!—loud and clear and strong, like a pulse up toward the blind eyes of the stars and down to the small jackknifed figure of the old man. He remembered the music they had listened to, the music the old man had taught him about, and the sounds of the aria from the *Pearl Fishers* went singing themselves through his head. But now the aria was filled with torn and broken sounds as if it was being sobbed not sung. Strangely, in his mind, it seemed less like the smooth Italian sadness of the aria and more like the bitter Hebraic mourning of "*Eli, Eli . . . God, O God, why hast thou forsaken*

me?" And then he knew that no song would help, nothing he could do for or say to Pop Vecchione would help. He heard his father's running footsteps behind and felt his deep breathing and sleep-warm figure at his back, but he could not turn to him and speak.

So he stood staring out at the old man and the *bocci* alley, the strange tangle of the *Pearl Fishers* and "Eli, Eli" a dark flame in his mind and a bitterness in his mouth and throat until he saw his father, looking like a scarecrow in his flapping bathrobe and white skullcap, climbing the back-yard picket fence and running across the furrowed field to the old man. When he got there, David saw him take the hoe from Pop's hands and throw it to the ground. Then he began to help the old man across the field back to the house. Together they went over the fence, his father almost lifting the old man over the pickets, and finally, when they were beneath the window, in the darkness of the stairwell, David heard the crushed crying of the old man and his father's "Sssha" sounding as it had when as a child he had awakened from a nightmare and his father had come to comfort him.

And in the new silence of the night, he was frightened, cold, and trembling. Beneath the twisted peach trees the black *bocci* balls looked strange and ominous, and the tomatoes on the ground were spattered blood. He felt someone behind him, and when he turned, his father was there, smiling down and patting his shoulder.

"The old man, Pop, is all right now. And Toni will be too, maybe," his father said quietly. "Come to bed now, my son. There is nothing more to be done."

David got into bed and covered himself, aware that his father had called the Vecchiones by their first names for the first time, names David hadn't even known his father knew because his father had always called them "they." In the doorway his father stopped and looked back and David could not see his face clearly in the darkness, but he could hear his words plainly: "It will be very hard for them. We will do what we can." Then, with the warmth and gratitude for his father in him sudden and intense as pain, David heard the sharp closing of his door and the silence of the night thickened and the night went slowly back to sleep.

OUR NATIONAL MOTTO

by Monroe E. Deutsch

OF COURSE every American, even though he has never studied a single word of Latin, is familiar with the phrase *E Pluribus Unum*. It appears on all our coins from a one-cent piece to that rarer article, a silver dollar. It means merely "From Many, One" and is intended to describe our nation as a unit made up of many parts.

The phrase is to be found on the Great Seal of our nation, the official seal.

The interesting question is: "How did it come to be used there? What is its history?"

We must accordingly go back to a day famous in the annals of our country, July 4, 1776. Late on that afternoon the Continental Congress adopted this resolution: "Resolved, that Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a Seal of the United States of America." These are all illustrious names in our nation's history; indeed they were the three leading members of the committee of five which had drawn up the Declaration of Independence. The committee made its report on August 20, 1776,* a month and a half after its appointment. And it is in this report that the proposal is made: "Motto: *E Pluribus Unum*." The report was laid on the table. In the years that followed, the matter of a seal was revived at intervals and in the course of the discussion two new committees were charged with the task. In the proposals presented in 1780 and 1782 the phrase *E Pluribus Unum* did not appear. Finally on June 13, 1782, Congress entrusted the matter to its secretary, Charles Thomson: he proceeded energetically and exactly one week later (June 20, 1782) our national seal was adopted. In it Thomson had restored the words *E Pluribus Unum*. Apparently the attentive secretary of the Con-

* The report is on file in the archives of the Department of State in Washington, and is endorsed: "No. 1. Copy of a Report made August 10, 1776." It should read August 20.

gress had been impressed by the first motto proposed, and when the matter was assigned to him, restored it.

We must therefore turn back to the work of the first committee to ascertain the origin of the phrase.

It is to be found on the title page of a famous periodical issued in London as early as 1731 named the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In its first volume appeared a drawing of a hand holding a bouquet of flowers; to the left were the words "*Prodesse et Delectare*" (To Benefit and Delight), and to the right "*E Pluribus Unum.*" For over a century (save for the years 1789 to 1794) this latter motto was used by the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Was this the first use of it that we can find? Not at all; it was in its turn taken from another publication named *The Gentleman's Journal or the Monthly Miscellany*, issued in London from 1691 to 1694, of which the editor was Peter Antoine Motteux, a Huguenot refugee. The acknowledgment of this indebtedness is made explicitly (though a bit tardily) in the *Gentleman's Magazine* 3d N.S. (1756), page 9: "A typical device was added being a hand holding a nosegay of flowers with the motto 'E Pluribus Unum'—which device, I may inform you, was directly copied from the bouquet which Peter Motteux had displayed, with the same motto, in his *Gentleman's Journal*." It was employed for the first time in the number of Motteux's journal for January 1692, and continued to be used till the very last number, November 1694.

The precise meaning which Motteux gave the motto is indicated in the first number in which it appeared: "That which is prefixed to this *Miscellany* among other things, implies that tho' only one of the many Pieces in it were acceptable, it might gratify every reader. So I may venture to crowd in what follows, as a Cowslip and a Dazy among the Lillies and the Roses." In other words, it is evident that by the phrase Motteux meant "one selected from among many."

But the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1734 makes clear in its introductory poem that a different meaning is given to the phrase. This poem closes:

To your motto most true, for our monthly inspection,
You mix various rich sweets in *one* fragrant collection.

Obviously this is not what Motteux meant; the *Gentleman's Magazine* very clearly interprets it as "one composed of many." Of course the Latin is entirely capable of either interpretation.

Now the *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded forty-five years before the report of the first committee on our national seal, was unquestionably well known in the colonies and the phrase on the title page was presumably also well known.

And there is clear proof that Franklin had intimate knowledge of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Without any attempt at making up a complete list, there have been found six articles of his published in the *Magazine*; one of these, most interestingly, is the "Letter on the Electrical Kite read at the Royal Society," published in the number for December 1752. Two of Franklin's articles appeared in 1773 and one in 1780.

Besides, Franklin often mentions the publication and Cave, its publisher. For example, in a letter of September 14, 1752,* we read: "I see by Cave's Magazine for May that they have translated my electrical papers into French and printed them in Paris." His contact with the publication continued till his last days, for we find in it a letter of his dated October 20, 1789; his death occurred in 1790.

On the other hand, the interest of the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in Dr. Franklin and his high respect for the American patriot and scientist is revealed in the poem introductory to volume 23 (1753). This reads in part as follows:

The maid (i.e., America) new paths in science tries,
New gifts her daring toil supplies;
She gordian knots of art unbinds;
The Thunder's secret source she finds;
With rival pow'r her lightnings fly,
Her skill disarms the frowning sky;
For this the minted gold she claims,
Ordain'd the meed of gen'rous aims.

And that no one should fail to understand these lines, this footnote is attached: "Benjamin Franklyn, Esq.; of Philadelphia in Amer-

* Albert Henry Smyth, *The Writings of Benjamin Franklin* (Macmillan and Co.), III, 97-98.

ica, obtained the Royal Society's medal for his amazing discoveries in Electricity, an account of which first came into our hands."

There is an additional tie between Franklin and the magazine. His correspondence reveals that negotiations were under way for him to serve as its agent in America. In a letter to William Strahan, dated Philadelphia, November 27, 1755, he discusses at length the placing of advertisements for the magazine, and names the colonies to which he believes it may most successfully be sent. He concludes the letter: "That magazine has always been, in my opinion, by far the best. I think it never wants matter, both entertaining and instructive, or I might now and then furnish you with some little pieces from this part of the world." As far as we know, however, the plan that Franklin take charge of the circulation in America was not carried out.

But in addition to all this there is something else connecting Franklin with this motto. On August 31, 1758, Benjamin Mecom, Franklin's nephew, began the publication of the *New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*; it lived apparently for but a few months. Only two copies are extant; in both we find on the title page the familiar bouquet of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the two mottoes which appeared with it, *Prodesse et Delectare* and *E Pluribus Unum*. Below them in the October number appears this couplet.

Alluring Profit with Delight we blend;
One, out of many, to the Public send.

We see therefore that Franklin wrote frequently for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, referred to it at times in his letters, was spoken of in its pages and in a most complimentary manner. He thought highly of it, and, in fact, negotiations were entered into to have him serve as its American agent. His nephew, in publishing the *New England Magazine*, was indebted to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the two mottoes (including *E Pluribus Unum*) on its title page.

Besides, every patriotic American must have been moved and exhilarated by the introductory poem to volume 45 (1775) of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which expresses sorrow at the

Friends, brothers, parents in the blood
Of brothers, friends, and sons imbrued!

It ends with this glowing prophecy:

At length, when all these contests cease,
 And Britain weary'd rests in peace,
 Our sons, beneath yon Western skies
 Shall see one vast republic rise;
 Another Athens, Sparta, Rome
 Shall there unbounded sway assume;
 Thither her ball shall Empire roll,
 And Europe's pamper'd states controul,
 Though Xerxes rul'd and lash'd the sea,
 The Greeks of old thus would be free;
 Nor could the power and wealth of Spain
 Th' United Netherlands regain.

The author must have had the gift of prophecy thus to see America's position in the world in the twentieth century. Think what such a stirring prediction must have meant to the struggling colonies. Surely, they would not have hesitated to accept a motto which stood on the title page of the magazine which published this tribute to the future greatness of America.

And so our motto, proposed on August 20, 1776, was unquestionably taken from the title page of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Moreover, the evidence is overwhelming that the suggestion came from Benjamin Franklin who was so closely bound to the magazine by numerous ties. And from the *Gentleman's Magazine* we trace *E Pluribus Unum* back to the second volume of *The Gentleman's Journal*, a publication issued in London from 1691 to 1694 by Motteux, the Huguenot refugee. Whether the latter composed it himself or derived it from some such source as Horace *Epistle* II. 2.212 (*de pluribus una*)* cannot be determined. The Roman poet employs it in the sense "one selected from among many," which is the very sense in which Motteux uses it. The other motto, *Prodesse et Delectare*, indisputably is taken from the *Ars Poetica* of the same poet, Horace (verse 333).

And so we arrive at the conclusion that the motto was adopted and published by a Frenchman on the title page of a magazine

* Interestingly *The Spectator* quoted it on August 20, 1711, reading *e pluribus una*.

issued in England under the name *The Gentleman's Journal*; it was later taken over by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, also published in London. From the latter the three Latin words through the instrumentality of Benjamin Franklin became the national motto of this composite people, the United States of America.

Art Is Long

RICHARD ARMOUR

In art museums there are those, the wary,
With eager eyes and wildly beating heart,
Who seem to search for some contemporary
Or medieval masterpiece of art.

They pass the Titians by, they pass El Greco,
They do not pause before the Flemish School.
Their footsteps make the polished flooring echo
To where the guard patrols the vestibule.

They hurry by Renoir without reaction,
Toulouse-Lautrec they querulously quit,
And only stop and sigh with satisfaction
When they have reached their goal, a place to sit.

(Continued from page 7)

troopers, rising from private to captain. He is now working on a novel manuscript which is under contract with *Harper's* and is teaching at the University of Arkansas.

J. S. MOODEY

("No Locks, No Bars"), an "ex-English teacher turned grape farmer," lives in Fresno County, California. This is his first appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*.

MAX COSMAN

("George Orwell and the Autonomous Individual") teaches in Brooklyn, New York. An article of his on George Orwell, "Orwell's Terrain," appeared in *The Personalist* in January 1954, and another on Maugham, "A Pattern of Doubt," was published by *The Arizona Quarterly* somewhat earlier.

ERIC BARKER

("On the Possibilities of Unearthly Visitors"), author of *Big Sur and Other Poems* published last year, is a frequent contributor to *The Saturday Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and other literary journals. He has recently moved from San Francisco to the Big Sur country.

C. LANGDON WHITE

("El Dorado Found at Last in Venezuela"), professor of geography at Stanford University since 1943, has made frequent visits to South America including a year spent as visiting professor of human geography at San Marcos University in Peru.

Over the years he has proved himself an interpreter of Latin America in its human, as well as its geographical, aspects.

KIN-ICHI ISHIKAWA

("Difficulties of Translating Japanese into English and Vice Versa") has had some fifteen books of essays and articles published in Japan and is considered one of that country's top translators. A Princeton graduate, he has had an extensive background in the newspaper field. Having worked for the Mainichi Shimbun in London and Manila from 1946 to 1950, he was their director of publications in Tokyo, after which he became president of the *Sun Pictorial Daily*.

CHARLOTTE A. JEANES

("Reflection"), Hoosier-born and educated, received her A.B. and M.A. degrees from Indiana University, where she was graduate assistant in the Philosophy Department. For several years she taught English composition at the Indiana University Adult Education Center in Indianapolis and served also with the Bobbs-Merrill Company as an editorial assistant. She is now a copy editor at the Stanford University Press.

ABRAHAM ROTHBERG

("The Pearl Fishers") took his Ph.D. at Columbia University. He was a founder of the veterans' publication, *Stateside*. Mr. Rothberg is now editor-in-chief of the Free

Europe Press, sister organization of Radio Free Europe, and of its monthly magazine, *News from Behind the Iron Curtain*. His short stories have appeared in a large number of journals.

MONROE E. DEUTSCH

("Our National Motto"), vice-president and provost emeritus of the University of California, has been always a forthright interpreter and defender of human freedom whether in the university or in the community at large. A frequent contributor to *The Pacific Spectator*, he is the au-

thor of numerous published articles including "Our Legacy of Religious Freedom" and "The Letter and the Spirit."

RICHARD ARMOUR

("Art Is Long"), one of *The Pacific Spectator's* most frequent and welcome contributors, has stirred chuckles from coast to coast with the recent appearance of his book, *Light Armour*. A frequent contributor to *The New Yorker* and other publications, Mr. Armour is professor of English at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

LEAVES OF GRASS



*One Hundred
Years After*

New Essays by

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, RICHARD CHASE
LESLIE A. FIEDLER, KENNETH BURKE
DAVID DAICHES, AND J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Edited and with an Introduction by
MILTON HINDUS

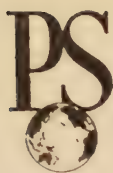
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"I am destined to have an audience," said Walt Whitman. "There is very little sign of it now—my friends are only a few at best scattered here and there across the globe: that does not disprove me, does not make me doubtful: I still see the audience beyond: maybe in the tomorrow or the tomorrow of tomorrow."

In *Leaves of Grass One Hundred Years After* Milton Hindus has gathered some of the outstanding critical forces of our time. J. Middleton Murry contributes *Walt Whitman: The Prophet of Democracy*; David Daiches, *Walt Whitman: Impressionist Prophet*; William Carlos Williams, *An Essay on Leaves of Grass*; Richard Chase, *Go-Befores and Embryons: A Biographical Reprise*; Leslie A. Fiedler, *Images of Walt Whitman*; Kenneth Burke, *Policy Made Personal: Whitman's Verse and Prose—Salient Traits*.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA



IN INDIA last year we called upon Professor D. R. Bendre of the DAV College, Sholapur. The city, an important milling town, has more than a quarter of a million inhabitants, and so there must have been other cars besides our own, but in retrospect we cannot recall them. Instead, we remember the streets jammed with dhoti-clad men shoulder to shoulder with water buffaloes and bullocks and laundrymen's donkeys—none giving way readily to a mere motor vehicle.

Professor Bendre was a small, wiry, sharp-eyed man who lived in a stone cell with books piled literally to the ceiling and encroaching even to the edges of his sleeping mat. He was overjoyed that we, coming all the way from the United States, had paid him a visit, but he was concerned about certain aspects of our country's development. "If you and the Russians must fight it out please just grant me—and people like me—a single boon. Help us establish self-imprisonment camps where we shall be let alone. Put barbed wire around us, if you must, but leave us a few square miles of God's earth and a river bend and a hill from which we may watch the stars. Then you Americans and Russians may go to it, if you must, and reduce yourselves to ashes."

We have a feeling, in retrospect, that Professor Bendre's plea is an anachronism. In recent months the United States and the Soviet Union have achieved what Sir Winston Churchill calls a "balance of terror" with possibilities of consequence from which even Sholapur cannot escape. For modern engines of destruction with their wind-carried fall-out are no respecters of hills or river bends or even barbed wire. We and the Russians and Professor Bendre are in this together.

In the United States we have laid much store on "atomic superiority" as a reassurance, but this, we are now told by those in a

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THE AUTHORS

HAROLD E. STASSEN

("America and Asia"), with political experience as governor of Minnesota, with the demonstration of his administrative ability as president of the University of Pennsylvania, and with his distinguished career as a naval officer, has had long preparation for his new responsibility as special assistant to the President in charge of disarmament planning. Until recently, he served as chief of the Foreign Operations Administration and directed the government's

vast programs of military and economic aid.

LAWRENCE WILLSON

("The Gods of New England") claims to represent a Yankee paradox since he is probably the only Calvinist Unitarian in existence, and is married, besides, to the daughter of a Southern Baptist minister. Born and raised in New England, he does not consider it surprising that his main scholarly interest is Thoreau. He is assistant professor of English at Santa Barbara College of the University of California.

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PAUL AÆN

("Blessed Shall She Be Above Women in the Tent [Song of Deborah]") is a pseudonym for Paul Gordon, an instructor in English and philosophy at Bakersfield College, California. His poems have appeared in *Recurrence* and *Poetry*.

ANONYMOUS

The author of "Four Months to Hell and Back" studied engineering at the University of Washington and worked as a management consultant in Chicago and Los Angeles. He also spent some time teaching in the pub-

lic schools of Kansas City, Missouri. Now he lives and writes in Indio, California.

FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN

("NATO and the Defense of the Free World") has had a distinguished military career of almost half a century. He entered the army in 1908, and his service continued through the First and Second World Wars. He was chief of the Imperial General Staff from 1946 to 1948, and was chairman of the Western Union

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AMERICA AND ASIA*

by Harold E. Stassen

ON ITS Pacific Coast the United States shares a border with Asia. Except for the Islands, the nearest neighbors to the west are the Filipinos, the Japanese, the people on Formosa, the Koreans, the Indonesians. These are our next-door neighbors.

Today, the Pacific Ocean is not an enormous gulf between America and Asia. Rather, it is one of the world's biggest highways. This fact of closeness—in travel time, in mutual trade, and mutual interest between America and Asia—is in daily evidence in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, in Portland. It shows up in West Coast conversation, in newspapers, in business offices. I hope this is as true in Yokohama, in Manila, in Taipei.

This is a fact of great significance—military significance and trade significance. A shared border can be one of two things. It can be a source of feuding and fear, or, like our shared border with Canada, it can be thousands of miles of friendship and mutual prosperity. Today, I'd like to discuss with you the opportunities of our American-Asian border for mutual prosperity and friendship.

Now, what area do I mean when I say "Asia"?

Geographically, I mean that whole large sweep clear from Japan around the arc to Pakistan. This includes the Republic of Korea, Formosa, the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaya, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos, Burma, Thailand, Nepal, Ceylon, and India. This is an area far greater in size than the United States; far richer in many valuable raw materials than the United States. In terms of population, this great arc has almost one-third of all the people of the world. In terms of history, of civilization, of art, this great span has been the scene of some of the world's greatest accomplishments. The Western world must never forget the great treasures of philosophy and of art for which we are everlastingly indebted to the East.

* This article is from an address by Mr. Stassen before the World Affairs Council of Los Angeles, February 1, 1955.

But as we speak of Asia, we must beware of falling into the trap of simplification. This part of the world is boilingly active; it is active in scores of different fields, at dozens of different levels. Only Japan can be considered highly industrialized in a European or American sense. The other nations are largely dependent on elementary agricultural economies. Some, like Thailand, have long-established independent governments. Others have only very recently achieved their political independence, and move ahead with a vigorous nationalism, sometimes not unsimilar to our own nation's behavior right after we achieved our own independence.

Today Asia is an area of contrasts—physical, economic, philosophical.

Just as Asia possesses the wisdom of the ancient, it has also the eagerness of a new nation. Even while its great cultures and religions are rooted in passivity and fatalism, its peoples today are demanding activity that will swiftly bring them a better life. Now add to these contrasts in aspiration and in history the economic contrasts between the scourge of poverty and disease and the great opportunity for economic development.

Superimposed upon this complexity of conflicts is the greatest of them all: the tug between the seductive propaganda of communism—bitterly false poison though it proves to be—and the sincerity of co-operation with the West for mutual benefit.

There can be no question as to the Communist goal in Asia. It is to take possession, or at least achieve dominant control, of one-third of the world's population and the enormous agricultural and industrial potential of the area.

Strategically and economically this would be catastrophic for the free world. For Asia, it would mean the end of her cherished goals of sovereignty and it would be a bitter life rather than a better life.

These are some of the reasons that lead to the conviction that the number one challenge of our time today is the creation of fearless friendship, of mutual respect and trust, of mutually advantageous programs of economic growth, of political stability and military security between not only the United States and all the free

nations of the Western world, but also the free nations of Asia.

Our nation—and many of the free nations of Asia—are today working hand in hand with each other on projects and problems of mutual self-interest, both economic and military.

In the realm of mutual defense efforts, our young men and young men from sixteen other nations fought shoulder to shoulder with the resilient soldiers of the ROK army to repel aggression. Together, in a mutual cause, men from Seattle and Pendleton and Sacramento, with men from Seoul, stalked through the danger-fraught night on patrol. And together they oftentimes died—defending each other's families and freedom from aggression. Thank God an end has been put to this killing.

Today our Seventh Fleet patrols in the Straits of Formosa, prepared to join arms with other staunch Asian friends in the repulsion of aggression—if that dread, mad move is made by the Communists.

With the Viet Nam government, men and women in your government and men and women from the Voluntary Agencies of America are working under adverse conditions to help some 500,000 refugees, who have fled the Communist tyrant in the north, to homestead and start their lives anew in freedom.

The Manila Conference in September 1954 represented an historic advance toward collective defense and economic progress in this area.

At this conference the United States, Great Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines created the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO), based on a Pacific Charter dedicated to establishing a “firm basis for common action to maintain peace and security in South East Asia and the South West Pacific.”

The signatories declared their conviction that “the common action to this end, in order to be worthy and effective, must be inspired by the highest principles of justice and liberty.”

Rooted in the principles of the United Nations Charter and the cause of peaceful progress and co-operation, the Pacific Charter declares the signatory nations “are determined to prevent or counter by appropriate means any attempt in the treaty area to subvert their

freedom or to destroy their sovereignty or territorial integrity.”

But working with our friends in Asia to repel aggression, to stand guard against war, and to bandage up war's ghastly aftermath is not the scope of our intent. We seek above all the partnership of peace and progress. We base our program on the premise that those who have should help those who have not to help themselves.

Today, there are more United States technicians at work in these countries than ever before. They are there under the Technical Co-operation Programs, working side by side with the technicians of the host country, primarily in the fields of public health, education, and agriculture. *They are there at the specific request of the host government.*

In the fiscal year 1955, approximately 60 percent of all Mutual Security funds were appropriated to carry out approved programs of mutual economic and mutual military benefit for this arc of Asia. To get the full significance of this figure, compare it with 1952, when only 12 percent of the world-wide total went to Asia.

Many of these recent expenditures were for supplying weapons to nations under armed attack or immediate threat from Communist aggression—Korea, Indochina, Formosa, in particular. Today an end has been put to the two hot shooting wars in Korea and Indochina that were raging in Asia when President Eisenhower took office. As a result, direct military expenditures are not so high today.

Consequently, this coming fiscal year the Administration is asking the Congress for proportionately more money in the nonmilitary area for a modestly enlarged economic development program to support the efforts of those free Asian nations who request United States assistance.

Now why are we doing this? Why has the President asked Congress—and that means you and me and all the 40 million taxpayers—for \$3.5 billion for the world-wide programs of mutual security this year as he did last year?

Why, when your Administration would like nothing better than to balance the budget and to cut taxes, has this request been made?

The reason is clear and is a reason that you and your families, I'm sure, would back to the hilt.

More vital to you than immediate tax cuts (remember that under President Eisenhower the greatest single tax cut in our history—some 7 billion dollars—was accomplished last year) is your security from holocaust; more important than an *immediately* balanced budget is the preservation of your liberties and those of all the free world.

To check communism in Asia is to contribute to the preservation of those liberties everywhere.

There are many reasons why it is in our self-interest and in the self-interest of Asia and in the self-interest of Western Europe to make a three-way co-operative effort to speed the economic development of the countries in the great arc from Pakistan to Japan.

Some of the press have used the shorthand term, "A Marshall Plan for Asia," to describe our proposals. This shorthand label conveys an entirely erroneous impression. The concept for Asia is utterly different from the Marshall Plan concept.

Here are some major differences:

1. It differs in amount of money. Twelve billion dollars went into the Marshall Plan in the first three years of its existence. Nothing even approximating such amounts is envisioned for Asia. Amounts of that magnitude are not needed and could not be profitably used.

2. It differs in purpose. The job of the Marshall Plan for Europe—whose successful accomplishments exceeded even the expectations of its strongest advocates—was to help restore a modern industrial machine that had once existed and had been destroyed by war. The Europeans had the know-how and technical experience, the managers and the skilled workmen. In Asia, the problem is utterly different. There—with the exception of Korea—the problem is not to rebuild established war-ravaged industry, but to help build economic structures and mechanisms that in many countries are only just coming into being.

3. It differs in time. The economic development of Asia will involve many more years than the Marshall Plan. It will cost far

less, take far longer; it can, in time, be put on a self-supporting basis.

I think it is right and in the self-interest of all the highly industrialized nations of the free world to participate in an Asian development program. In 1954 the nations of Western Europe had the most successful economic year in their history. Remember that just ten years ago their factories and farms lay in rubble, pulverized by the bombing and shelling of World War II. Remember that just about seven years ago Congress launched the Marshall Plan, passing the Economic Cooperation Act on April 2, 1948. And today recovery is so complete that their industrial and agricultural output is the highest in their history. We can correctly assess the whole Marshall Plan concept as a solid success unprecedented in history.

Among all the free nations of the world a great deal of constructive study and thought is being given to this challenging problem of Asian development.

The concept of East and West planning and consulting together in the economic field is not new. The Colombo Plan has been in existence many years. As you know, such Western nations as Canada, the United Kingdom, and the United States are full-fledged members of it. At Ottawa last October, Japan, Thailand, and the Philippines also became members of the Colombo Plan. So today it already includes about 85 percent of the nations in the great arc from Japan to Pakistan. This plan has done and continues to do important and successful work on a co-operative, regional approach.

The initiative, of course, must come from the Asian nations themselves. This is essentially a program of economic self-help, and so the initiative for bringing the plan into fruition, into successful action can only come from the Asian people themselves. The scope and the speed and the success of these co-operative efforts rest largely on the willingness, the determination, and the spirit of our Asian friends.

Let's look for a moment at the need for speeding the Asian economic development *now*. I'm going to have to give you some rather indigestible figures, but they illustrate the challenge.

The gross national product of the entire world is estimated at

\$900 billion. Of this, the United States accounts for over \$350 billion: we produce more than 40 percent of the world's goods and services, with only 6 percent of the world's population. Western Europe accounts for \$200 billion — 22 percent of the world's goods — with 12 percent population. The Soviet Bloc and Red China account for \$160 billion. Latin America accounts for \$50 billion. And Asia, with about 30 percent of the world's population, produces only 8 percent of the world's goods.

Behind these mathematical figures lie such human facts as these: in many of these Asian nations, only fifty-four out of each one hundred persons live to be fifteen. Too many millions, weak from malnutrition and malaria, eke out the barest subsistence, despite their constant toil. They aspire—rightly—to a better life for themselves and their children. Behind this human misery, behind these aspirations, if they are too long unsatisfied, lies political dynamite.

To this dynamite the Communists are laying and attempting to lay a multitude of fuses. Each fuse they may succeed in igniting, each pocket of political dynamite that explodes creates the turmoil, the seething unrest upon which communism feeds and spreads. To expend talent, treasure, and time trying to cut or stamp out their fuses would not answer the problem. The answer—the big and the lasting answer—is to get the dynamite out of the structure. The fuses then can do little but sputter and fizzle and die out.

Now an economic speed-up for Asia will not in itself transform the volatile gunpowder. But it is a vital part of the total process.

The total process is this. It is the daily creation, among the peoples of Asia by the actions of the free governments of Asia, of self-confidence, self-reliance, of a sense of hopeful progress. This is an urgent problem. For all the while the governments of Asia are working to build this confidence, this self-reliance, this sense of hope and progress, the Communists are using every possible means to undermine it—collapse it by subversion, by lies, by distortion, even by force.

Therefore, as the people of Asia and their governments look to

the West for help in helping their people help themselves, that help should be offered promptly and wisely.

Sometimes that help may have to be in modest amounts of grant aid, when no other means can fill the need. More often that help will be in the sharing of knowledge and techniques to improve the agricultural yield, to battle disease, to accelerate education. In other instances, the help can be best extended in the form of government or, better still, private development loans.

This is the point I wish to stress. The objective is a stability in Asia, under which the newly independent governments can grow in peace to better serve their peoples, a stability under which their peoples can better learn how more quickly to help themselves, a stability under which a whole atmosphere of confident progress can develop. As that becomes established, private capital — Asian, European, American — will “risk in” and develop more rapidly than any government assistance the great resources and other potentials that are Asia’s, and develop them for the mutual benefit of Asia and the world.

Finally, let us always respect Asia. Let us always appreciate the greatness of her historic civilizations. Let us support the aspirations of the Asian nations to better their often near-desperate standards of living. Let us realize that in free Asia live one third of all the world’s human beings. Let us remember that touching borders with half the countries in Asia lies the most populous nation in the world—Communist Red China, exerting pressure, subversion, and the siren calls of false but tempting propaganda.

The means employed in capital build-up under Communist tyranny are to enforce an extraction of an individual effort and translate that into capital goods. They force millions of their peoples to work in their mines, to build steel plants and power plants, to construct dams—under the direct conditions of slave labor. In effect they expend human misery—and of it extract capital resources. Obviously we reject that brutal statism. And we want all free Asia to reject it.

The alternative is that those who have capital must help in fur-

nishing capital, and conditions must be created and incentives established to persuade greater capital investment in Asia by Asians, Europeans, and Americans.

If this fundamental philosophy is translated into intelligent action, the Communists will fail in their economic offensive. This further triumph of freedom would be a bloodless—and possibly conclusive—defeat of the Communist tyranny. It would advance the cause of peace with freedom for ourselves and for others. President Eisenhower has eloquently expressed the philosophy of partnership between free nations. It is the philosophy of peace and progress for mankind.

THE GODS OF NEW ENGLAND

by *Lawrence Willson*

AS A teacher of American literature who twice annually subjects the astonished—and sometimes rebellious—young to a discussion of Emerson's "Divinity School Address," I have naturally been much interested in President Pusey's program to rejuvenate the institution where Emerson so heretically spoke, and in Mr. Rockefeller's practical underwriting of it. As a citizen and a reasonably regular attendant at church, I have been interested in other signs that possibly another "awakening" is preparing itself in the land. When pictures of clergymen begin to adorn postage stamps, and congressmen become concerned about the political attitudes of the Cloth, when Presidents open even their conversations with prayer, and Chief Justices preach after breakfast, when Witnesses knock daily at my door to inquire about the health of my soul—it becomes apparent to me that *something* unusual has happened or is happening or is about to happen. It behooves every man to think about it—if only as a sort of relief from thinking about what to do when the siren cries at noon some day which *isn't* Thursday—to wonder, and to follow the advice of the modern St. Thomas to set his lands in order and to shore what fragments he can "against the ruins."

Since I am a New Englander—a native of New Hampshire, which produced the most eminent female theologian since Eve—I like to think about matters of religion. In New England every man and most women are theologians, at least by avocation. Perhaps there is something in the atmosphere which makes us all echo the words of Emerson:

I cannot shake off the god;
On my neck he makes his seat.

And surely something descends through the long and noble tradition of the Puritans which sends us forever searching to bring

the world of our moment and the god of our eternity into some kind of effective balance. Theology is the old-fashioned conversational substitute for nuclear physics and communism, since—except in very recondite circles—few of the speakers can vouch with much certainty for the truth of their pronouncements, and great possibilities exist for strife.

As I see it, the gods of New England are essentially two in number. The first is the comparatively stern deity who by a Special Providence saw to it, as Cotton Mather reminds us, that the discovery of America was timed to coincide with the Protestant Reformation. This god is the familiar autocrat of the Old Testament: he created the universe and all that in it is; he rules as an absolute sovereign, by arbitrary decree. He is the god who charts the fall of each individual sparrow; he is the incredible bookkeeper who records for us all every good and bad deed—whether committed in act or only in contemplation—and he is eternally capable of handing down a final judgment whenever the moment of weariness comes and he gives the sign to Gabriel. He knows all, sees all, hears all. In fact, he *is* all. As such, he includes and surpasses perfection. Perhaps that is his tragic flaw, for even the dullest philosopher recognizes that perfection by its very being destroys itself; to the mind of man, and surely to his heart, imperfection is more precious, because it offers the solace of hope.

The wonder grew, and still grows, that the perfect deity could permit the existence of evil in this universe which he created according to his own specifications and which must, therefore, by definition be itself perfect. Milton did not justify this god's ways by declaring that sheer generosity had impelled him to allow Adam a choice between good and evil. Besides, this god, despite his ubiquity, removed himself a little too far for convenience when Adam committed the original sin; it became necessary to supplant him with a more practical and approachable deity, or else to dispense with deity altogether. As William James said, "[God's] menial services are needed in the dust of our human trials, even more than his dignity is needed in the empyrean."

This second god entered his universe by invitation of the deists

of the eighteenth century, and is equally at home there in our own time. He, too, created that universe, of course, but he does not rule with quite the same arbitrariness; he is willing to listen to reason—as he should be, for he is the product of reason. However reluctantly, he shares his world with the Devil, which makes him at once more logical and less logical than his sterner predecessor: more logical, because in his regime it is no longer necessary to spin such doctrines as that of the Total Depravity of man to explain the existence of evil and suffering; less logical, because this god inevitably loses a degree of sovereignty, and man is thus deprived of a measure of assurance that all is under firm control in the universe. For every inch of freedom that man gains, he loses at least an inch of certainty. The sad conclusion of Thomas Huxley was that “A man’s worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes.”

This second god of New England is friendlier than the first and more approachable; but, like his creatures, he is bound by scientific law. There are moments when even he must answer the despairing or the curious with a smiling but powerless shrug. Although in theory he retains the perfection of the first god, he obviously is not perfect, in the common sense. He can be blamed with impunity and neglected. He seems often to be merely a landlord; as such, he is entitled to respect and to pay for services rendered, but certainly not to affection. Benjamin Franklin, his early prophet, says of him:

I imagine it great Vanity . . . to suppose, that [he] does in the least regard such an inconsiderable Nothing as Man. . . . I cannot conceive otherwise than that he . . . expects or requires no Worship or Praise from us, but that he is even infinitely above it.

Thus God becomes a sophisticate and a gentleman.

At this point one becomes aware of an important paradox. It is simply that the deist god, created to fill the need of humanity by being accessible and sympathetic, proves very soon to be less sympathetic and certainly less accessible than the forbidding deity of the Puritans. By reducing God to human comprehensibility, men also reduced God’s significance in human affairs. By increasing his own stature in the universal scheme and making himself a respon-

sible party in universal politics—by gaining for his soul, as Holmes said, “a vote in the spiritual community”—man discovered that he had paradoxically reduced his stature. His errors now became his own, and too often he had to bear consequences which he had previously been able to thrust upon the Lord.

There is a grim satisfaction in knowing the laws which govern the progress of thunderstorms: if the bolt strikes, one need not at the moment of extinction feel that he is being punished for his sins. Equally grim but somehow more comforting was the older conviction that the tempest was directed by a mental force with a personal grudge. Moreover, that mental force, although to the tenderhearted it might seem occasionally malicious, was never whimsical. One always knew where the god of the Puritans stood on any question, and one knew that his justice was absolute. If the bolt struck, no matter of luck was involved; the punishment was just, and the catalogue of sins sufficiently bulky so that even a saint could be sure of having committed at least one—if only in contemplation. To those who were spared, there was the added comfort of noting that God had extended mercy to them yet once again. Oddly enough, man, apparently a helpless worm in the sight of this first god, was far more important to him than he could ever be to a god who neither required nor expected his worship.

I am inclined to think, anyhow, that the terrors of the Puritan deity have been vastly overrated in recent years. Our constant desire to let things take care of themselves—especially things celestial—to depend on luck, makes us impatient with either gods or men who remind us of responsibility and stricter standards. We can do nothing about it, we say. But the Puritan could do something about it, he believed, and it was his manifest duty to try. His god had explained the rules with great clarity.

Some of those rules seem pretty ungenerous to this century. We do not like to think that we and all men are totally depraved, rendered so by Adam's fall from grace. We reject the doctrine of unconditional election. We laugh at the theory of predestination. About the only Calvinist belief which we might be willing to accept is the belief in irresistible grace, since that grace is offered free.

Yet we do perhaps accept some of these terrible doctrines under new and dressier titles. We are apt to agree that there may be some truth in determinism, which in certain lights bears a striking resemblance to predestination. While we shudder at the notion of man's depravity, we observe that for some odd reason men seem to display a fatal propensity toward error. The world is clearly imperfect, and its imperfection seems to increase with every issue of the newspaper. Why should this be, if God is indeed in his heaven?

Again, we are indignant with Jonathan Edwards when he denies to us complete freedom of the will. A man is free to *do* as he will, said Edwards, but not to *will* as he will. Freedom is an attribute of men, not of the will of men. And how, asked John Locke, "can we think any one freer than to have the power to *do* what he will?" Even as we label such talk gibberish, we acknowledge that we are bound by the cords of heredity and environment. What most men mean by "freedom" Edwards—and I, I think—would call anarchy. As Bernard Shaw pointed out, it is impossible for a smoker and a nonsmoker to be at once equally free in the same railroad car.

We must not deny, of course, that the god of Edwards has his terrible aspects. He hurls thunderbolts with the vigor of Jove—but without Jove's sense of humor. His idea of sport is to dangle his children over the fiery pit, reminding them that only what he calls his "mercy" prevents him from letting them drop. Strange concept of mercy! Yet the privilege is surely his, for he is the Absolute; and the god who can take so much time for individual attention to his creatures stands for a certainty and a protection unimaginable to us who have uncounted gods from whom to choose.

Think also of the glorious possibilities of those who were convinced of their election! As the certainty revealed itself to them, all doubt, all threat of despair rolled away, and they inherited the perseverance of the saints. Moreover, the promise was not, as commonly believed nowadays, held out only to a few. Edwards offered the hope to all who would acknowledge, first, that they were "lost," and second, that the decree of eternal damnation against them was a just decree. These admissions sincerely made, the light of saving grace broke over them and the peace of assured salvation entered

their hearts. No man save the skeptic, I should think, could resist such invitation; and the skeptic provides his own assurance. Edwards firmly believed that New England was God's chosen land, that the Great Awakening in America was a final rending from the face of the Almighty of the veil which had darkened it since Adam's day, and that grace would come to all save the deliberately perverse.

It is easy to think of Edwards' god as anthropomorphic, and it is easy to think of his "salvation" as a very physical arrangement of golden streets in the sky. But these are vulgar misinterpretations of the meaning of Jonathan Edwards. Salvation to him meant the ultimate union of the human soul with the divine, in a purely ideal sense. This idealism would be translated on earth into the happiest and truest relation of man and nature. Here is what Edwards wrote of his own conversion:

The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be . . . a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds, and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature. . . . My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL, that I might become as a little child.

These are hardly the reflections of a bitter and joyless man; nor are such emotions aroused by a vindictive and cruel deity. Jonathan Edwards bids us to learn God, as it were—to understand him and to love him—by learning nature; for God has objectified himself in this physical world, the lovely garden where once he walked with Adam. He asks only, this god, that his perfection be recognized and that all reasonable creatures offer him obedience and worship.

To love perfection and to worship it would seem to be the easiest and most delightful of privileges, but the fact remains that under the Edwardean system a man is not the master of his fate; and it was such mastery that men increasingly sought. After all, business was brisk; the colony was growing settled and wealthy, and the world looked both pretty good and pretty manageable. Men did not completely reject Edwards' certainty that the invisible kingdom furnishes the foundation for the visible, but they grew content with

one kingdom at a time; especially since the present one offers some very pleasant pastimes. An ethics of *doing* rather than *being* came into existence. To spend too much time on self-searching and "duty" interfered with an intelligent attention to "affairs." Of course these virtues were not completely snubbed in New England; it was simply discovered that they could be put to more practical uses.

Benjamin Franklin learned early that virtue—or the appearance of virtue—is so much cash in the bank. Honesty, said he, is the best policy. Very likely it will get you to heaven. But for the moment, that question is immaterial; if you are honest in this world, you will get on here more comfortably than if you are not. One gets on better, too, if one is tolerant of any aberrations in his fellow men, even religious aberrations.

It is clear, however, that when even minor heresies are tolerated, the full power of belief disappears, since all beliefs become of equal validity. Thus the second, easygoing god of New England came blithely into existence. Franklin outlined his qualities and prepared a statement of man's responsibility to him. One notes especially the caution of the initial description (in which the italics are mine).

There is *said* to be a First Mover, who is called God, Maker of the Universe.

He is *said* to be all-wise, all-good, all-powerful. . . .

If He is all-powerful, there can be nothing either existing or acting in the Universe against or without His consent; and what He consents to must be good, because He is good; therefore Evil doth not exist.

If a creature is made by God, it must depend upon God, and receive all its power from Him; with which power the creature can do nothing contrary to the will of God, because God is Almighty; what is not contrary to His will, must be agreeable to it; what is agreeable to it, must be good, because He is good; therefore a creature can do nothing but what is good.

If the creature is thus limited in his actions, being able to do only such things as God would have him to do, and not being able to refuse doing what God would have done; then he can have no such thing as liberty, free-will or power to do or refrain an action.

If there is no such thing as free-will in creatures, there can be neither merit nor demerit in creatures.

And therefore every creature must be equally esteem'd by the Creator.

Allowing for the usual sophisticated levity of the author, this statement represents a fair summary of the new creed, with its especially happy resolution of the problem of the will. Man becomes now the free agent he wishes to be, although once again the paradox suggests itself that actually he is bound more tightly than ever as far as his ultimate fate is concerned. But it is his immediate prospect which is important, Franklin would say. When, very late in his long life, he was asked to summarize his thoughts about the possibility of a future existence, he replied that it seemed a waste of time to dwell on such matters, since he expected soon to have the whole plan revealed without any effort on his part.

One sees the influence of Newton in this second god. Science had already demonstrated that one unchanging universal law exists, that God himself is subject to it, and that to worry about the intervention of Special Providences is immature and superstitious. Franklin himself proved that the course of the thunderbolt could be directed. Let us assume God, therefore, and turn to the business of the world.

One sees also a burgeoning of the Revolutionary spirit, with its insistence on the natural rights of man as an individual. God dwells aloof in his sphere, leaving man to be the temporal master of the physical world, which was given to him for his enjoyment and profit, and which he is free to run as he will. He has the wit, no matter whence it came, to reach perfection. A new concept of duty comes also into being: man best serves divine purposes by serving his fellow men.

The notion of any sin, save possibly social ineptitude, suddenly becomes old-fashioned. And the worst indication of social ineptitude is, of course, poverty. To be poor in this land of plenty is to advertise yourself as the Devil's child—and a lazy one—since, says Poor Richard, "God helps them that help themselves." The possession of the "goods"—note the word well—provides a far surer measure of value than does a testimony of conversion. It is difficult to judge a man by what he *is*; therefore, let us judge him by what he *has*. Washington Irving's immortal phrase, "The Almighty Dollar," is not wholly ironic. Only the other day a popular, and

therefore, needless to say, wealthy novelist remarked, "The only measure of success is profit." And again Poor Richard: "The second Vice is lying; the first is running in Debt."

The rest of the story of the gods of New England is all contained in the struggle to achieve a balance between these two, the struggle to retain the most useful features of both and to do so logically. Among the greatest of the gladiators was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who rose in natural rebellion against Franklin's god, for society to Emerson was Satan. "Society everywhere," he said, "is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members." Thus he turned back to the older Puritan ideal, that one's best service to God lies in the purification of the self. And, like Edwards, he turned to a contemplation of nature as the physical manifestation of the divine. One hears the constant echo of Edwards in Emerson's sentences:

Let [a man] look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give men, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. . . . In the woods, we return to reason and faith. . . . Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or parcel of God.

The god of Emerson is therefore, in essentials, the immanent god of Edwards; and the world is an emanation of his infinite fullness, created to express his glory. God returns to constant and intimate contact with men, and the purpose of life is again to achieve mystic union with him. But God has lost the modicum of personality he had for Edwards: he is wholly ideal, and therefore the task of union has become at once easier and more difficult. It is easier because this new god has also some of the characteristics of Franklin's god. For instance, he is no longer stern enough to insist on the doctrines of original sin and total depravity. His children are born good, potentially perfect. "Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man?" Emerson asks. "A man is a god in

ruins." Let him then restore himself to his ideal state before the Fall, guided by what the elder Holmes called his "ethical imagination." If his heart and mind—and senses—are pure, he will not be impeded, for evil does not truly exist. "Evil is merely privative, not absolute," said Emerson; "it is like cold, which is the privation of heat."

Emerson struggled to keep the poetry of Edwards' god and the practical serviceability of Franklin's. For all save other philosophers, however, his hybrid seemed to fail, perhaps because he appeared often contradictory and vague. As Lowell put it,

All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what.

Man might be willing to consider himself a god, whether in ruins or not, but to be a god required rather too much responsibility and effort. The process of conversion to the divine state was not as clear as Edwards had made it.

What should one do? Simply walk around among the trees? Could one be sure that the expansive mood induced by association with rural scenery was a truly divine and spiritual impulse? Might it not derive instead, as we have more recently learned, from some purely physical activity of the glands? The standards were not clear, and there was no personal deity to whom one could turn for counsel. "Ethical imagination" or conscience was not enough, for, as the criminologists have since reported, some men have none. There is always a catch in any doctrine of the natural goodness of man.

Franklin avoided a part of the problem by granting his god a kind of personality: although he did not require prayer, he would presumably listen to it. Moreover—also presumably—he had a list of rewards and punishments, which Emerson's god lacked. One could identify the saints by their wealth, for instance, whereas Emerson's god scorned wealth. There was also a promise of rather jolly immortality, where—although Franklin did not exactly say so—those who are good now will have an opportunity to enjoy the same pleasures which the wicked at present have on earth. Emer-

son's god also offered immortality, but of a rather nebulous sort—since most men take a dim view of being translated into “general spirit.” Not even so much was sure. “Emerson once said to me,” reported Whittier, “‘If there is a future life for us, it is well; if there is not, it is well also.’”

Emerson's god proved useless to the multitude, possibly because of this casual attitude toward the hereafter, just as the Puritan god had collapsed of too careful a logic. Franklin's god consequently remained in his indefinite heaven, urbanely satisfactory for most of the ordinary purposes of men. He is still there, to be sure: a god unhappily, but perhaps ideally, suited to the needs of democracy in confusion. He has never been completely satisfactory, nor can he be, for the supreme function of deity is to resolve the blur and confusion. Even in a godless age, God is still the symbol in which man expresses his destiny; if that symbol is confused, man's life is confused. The paradox in man's desires persists: he wants the irrefutable authority of the Edwardean god, but he wants also the individual freedom which Franklin's more genial deity allows. Obviously he cannot have both.

A few years after Emerson, William James entered the lists; but his solution increased rather than decreased the difficulty for most men. For James, God is merely a device to provide for each man his own center of meaning. God is, in his words, “the belief which created god,” and one belief is as good as another. Even no belief at all is good, just as good as belief. This system is, of course, polytheism, which men accept in practice but which they cannot tolerate in theory. It is a dangerous doctrine, for it reduces value to absurdity and makes truth purely relative and a matter of convenience.

“Faith in a fact can help to create the fact,” said James. His master, Professor Peirce, had declared earlier,

The opinion which is fated to be ultimately agreed to by all those who investigate, is what we mean by the truth, and the object represented in this opinion is the real.

Edwards and Emerson, believers in the Absolute, devoted to the ideal of unity, would not quarrel with this basic statement. But

when it becomes interpreted, it includes a suggestion that only the god of Franklin could forgive. James ridicules the "pretence of finality in truth" and declares, in what would be to Edwards the words of the Devil: "When a view of things is 'noble,' that ought to count as a presumption against its truth, and as a philosophic disqualification."

One sees at once that James, however blameless his own life, lets down completely for others the bars of religious anarchy. He is quite right in declaring that his pragmatic system "widens the search for God"; that search becomes so wide, indeed, that the concept of God becomes meaningless. Complete freedom for spiritual growth and development is at last achieved, but, again paradoxically, this complete freedom has brought us to the Wasteland, where much that enlarges the spirit has degenerated. Just as we were, in the age of Edwards, the prisoners of original sin and total depravity; so are we now equally the prisoners of the id, the ego, and the super-ego, of our heredity and our environment. And the need for some conclusion is perhaps more than ever pressing. Is the duty of decision *mine*, or can we vote on it?

There are other gods of New England, of course. There is James Russell Lowell's, a shadowy

. . . grace of being . . .
That beckons and is gone. . . .

There is Oliver Wendell Holmes's, who "exists simply in his human relations . . . a mere extension of what I know in humanity." To Jonathan Edwards, Holmes would have exclaimed with the famous Father Taylor, "Your God is my Devil!" But Holmes is no impartial critic of the Edwardean deity, whom he described as one of

Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of the past
That blot the blue of heaven and shame the earth
As would the saurians of the age of slime,
Awaking from their stony sepulchres
And wallowing hateful in the eye of day!

He has seen his own father, a Calvinist preacher after the model of Edwards, removed in old age from his Cambridge parish for a

too narrow insistence on the old theology—as Edwards himself had been driven away from Northampton; and he cursed the theology rather than the human professor of it.

Holmes was no believer, like Franklin, in the doctrine of natural goodness, but as a physician he had seen enough to make him believe that there are definite limits to the moral responsibility of man. The function of God becomes something like the function of the doctor: to observe the flaw and to heal it, not to judge and punish it. As for the idea of eternal punishment, it was to Holmes “perhaps the most frightful idea that has ever corroded human character.”

One of the most dismally satisfying of the recent gods of New England (that of Henry Adams) we may call simply Force, personified in the occult and implacable dynamo. Our duty to him is primarily to accept him on his own terms. To resist him may be heroic, but it is also futile—as Melville’s Ahab discovered. And to change him is impossible:

It’s too late to make any improvements now. The universe is finished; the copestone is on, and the chips were carted off a million years ago.

The principle of acceptance may, of course, be expressed more calmly and happily than Adams and Melville express it. Perhaps the best final note to toss toward the theologians of Cambridge and Washington in their programs of rejuvenation—of preparation for another Great Awakening, possibly—is a stanza of Whittier’s “The Eternal Goodness”:

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?

Who talks of scheme and plan?

The Lord is God! He needeth not

The poor device of man.

*Blessed Shall She Be Above Women in the Tent
(Song of Deborah)*

PAUL AAEN

When Jael said,
"Fear not;
turn in, my lord, to me,"
was the sun low on the hill
and the air feathered
with the sound of quail,
hidden, like the scent of cedars?

And then, Sisera, did she pause
in the cooling dust
for you to see how sudden grace
sweeps up
from sandals to the curve
of shoulders leaning into dusk?

And in the tent,
coming and going
with sweet butter and new milk,
did she seem tall, Sisera,
and gently slow;
and after talk of strangers
was there honey, too?

And her voice,
was it so low and eager-steady
that you misread?
When she contrived a summer yawn,
did you?
And who thought first of bed?

FOUR MONTHS TO HELL AND BACK

Anonymous

MY DOCTOR had warned me against further continued use of barbiturates. But I was taking only three capsules a night, and up to then I had never had much difficulty breaking away—even for a few weeks at a time. I paid him little heed.

I had been taking nembutals, seconals, and carbritals pretty steadily for seven years when I suddenly found I simply couldn't quit another time. I could stand one night without "barbs" or sleep, but the second night I always capitulated. After a week or so of ineffectual struggle I had to admit I was now a barbiturate addict.

At the doctor's suggestion I entered our community private hospital. But after two bad nights of dosing with paraldehyde and intravenous injections of procaine I got up, dressed, and went home. I was impatient of restraint, and even yet I did not fully appreciate the seriousness of my condition.

The hospital bill for those two nights was \$97. My wife and I talked it all over. For some time my work had been suffering. There was not much money. Something had to be done. After discussion, we decided I should apply for admittance at the county hospital.

A week later I arrived at this institution. The first night there without barbiturates was not too bad. But the second afternoon I was transferred to a "psycho tank." There were four other cots in that little cubicle, all occupied by alcoholics. The door was of heavy plate steel with perforations along the top for air. The walls were of steel.

There was a little wall panel near the foot of my bunk. Toward evening this slid open and two men began shoving trays of food into the cell. They yelled to the patients to come and get it. Then

an armed guard unlocked the door and the men came inside. On the backs of their gray uniforms was lettered "Riverside County Jail." One of them set up a tray at my bunk and cajoled me to eat. I tried to drink some milk but my shaking hands slopped the liquid to the floor. The sight of solid food nauseated me.

When the trays had been taken away the men in my cell began preparing for the night. Most of them were haggard-looking young fellows; one, an emaciated elderly man, remained in his bunk, as did I.

I didn't want to talk. I couldn't eat and I knew I would be unable to sleep. I lay in a half-stupor, only vaguely aware of what went on around me. Once a black-haired, hard-visaged nurse opened the panel and made me sit up while she stuck a needle into the end of my finger. There was an open toilet at the end of the room.

That night, whether my eyes were open or closed, I began to see the little pink men with the funny hats perched on their heads. If I stared at a light one or more of these would stream waveringly away from the glare. Shut my eyes and there they were again. Studying their antics gave me something to do.

At bedtime the nurse again opened the panel and handed me a paraldehyde cocktail. I gulped it down and gasped as the awful mixture hit my stomach. Within thirty seconds I was out cold.

The drug wore off around midnight, and after that there was no more sleep for me. The old man was being sick and in the close quarters the stench was terrible. Two of the lads pounded on the door of the cell. No one answered, so they got the old man out of bed and held him up while they stripped off the sodden sheets and threw them behind the toilet. But the ventilation was so bad the foul odor would not clear out.

The old man fell asleep and snored horribly. Even though I could not have slept anyhow, I resented his noise. Then one of the younger men began retching, and soon the awful stench was redoubled. It was a long, weary night.

Next day my wife came to the county hospital. They wouldn't let her see me. The nurse asked her if she would be prepared if I

didn't get better. Sick as I was I would have laughed if I had heard this. You didn't die from addiction to barbiturates—at least I didn't think you did.

Again I ate nothing all day. Two nurse's aides came in and cleaned up the beds. The nurse herself never entered the cell. No doctor ever visited us. The day wore on. Now it was night again, and a few hours of oblivion followed the paraldehyde.

It must have been around two o'clock when the old man died. Certainly he was not resigned to his going. He groaned and begged someone to help him. He croaked, "I'm dying!" and one of the youngsters snapped, "Well, for God's sake, die quietly, will you?" But another lad brought the old man a drink of water and pounded on the door. No doctor or nurse showed up, and the young fellow stood by the deathbed until the oldster was gone. In the morning after breakfast two jail trusties carried the body out.

That day I began getting full withdrawal symptoms. I had horrible hallucinations. Most of these waking dreams had to do with my own death. In the next few days I died a score of times, and in as many ways. Once I watched myself being cremated. Again I found myself stretched on a marble slab, while a man sat in a chair and drained all the blood from my veins. I tried repeatedly to tell him I was not yet dead. In an oft-recurring dream a doctor would set up a device on my chest from which a small tube entered my heart. When he turned a valve, bright blood would spurt three feet into the air and then fall back onto my neck. The medicos would look at me and smile cheerfully. There was no pain, even during the cremation.

In my lucid moments I was always surprised to find myself still alive. The dreams of death were more realistic than actuality. The trusties continued to try to get me to eat, but I couldn't force down a bite. I would have drunk some milk but couldn't get it to my lips. We were served no knives or forks, only a tablespoon.

That night I think I would have been the one to die except that a young alcoholic called Bill took it on himself to help me. I thanked him, and after that he was always ready, day or night, to give me a hand. Bill was a nice kid and had about wound up his

drying-out process. His principal trouble, he confided to me, was a no-good wife. She was two-timing him, he said, and whenever he took a few too many drinks she would go down and swear him into psycho, even though he may have been cold sober for four months. I liked Bill.

Somehow the days rolled around. I slept little, ate nothing. A week passed. Then, on the eighth day they let my wife see me for a few minutes, just outside the cell. I could see she was deeply shocked at my appearance. I realized then I must be sicker than I had ever been before. She said she would like to have me try the treatment at a near-by state hospital, telling me our doctor had suggested it. I told her to do what she thought best; I didn't care. Then they weighed me. In eight days I had lost 26 pounds.

Next day I had my first shave. Bill got hold of a dull safety razor, sat me down on the toilet, and scraped off the bristles. Then he helped me out of my pajamas, braced me up under the shower, and ran some cold water over me. It was my only bath there.

In the afternoon I was taken out of the cell and led into a near-by room that was fitted up as a courtroom. I wore pajamas, slippers, and a soiled robe. A superior court judge and two psychiatrists were seated there. They asked me a few questions, which I answered as well as I could. I thought I saw my wife across the room. Then I was told to stand up. The judge talked. I gathered I was being committed to the state hospital. Commitment was for a maximum period of two years, minimum to be determined by the hospital authorities.

I didn't care much. I felt if I stayed in that county psycho ward I would surely die. I would be no good anywhere until I got straightened out. The state mental hospital couldn't be any worse than where I was. But after I was returned to the cell and locked in, the boys who had already put in time in that state institution told me tale after tale about the big state hospital, until I wondered if I was not about to leave the frying pan for the fire. But the matter was now out of my hands.

That day Bill also was committed to the state hospital. It would be his second trip there for the cure, young as he was. He wasn't

too happy about it. Next morning the two of us were locked into the wire-mesh-enclosed rear seat of a deputy sheriff's car and driven away. I have little recollection of the trip, but it could not have been far. The deputy drove very slowly.

I'd visualized the place as most of us think of an insane asylum: a forbidding group of gray buildings surrounded by a high brick wall. Instead this was a large, beautifully landscaped layout, spread over more than a hundred acres of ground. There was no wall, not even a fence. It was remote from any city. The scores of large cottages or "units" in which the patients were confined were attractively designed and each was set in the midst of a lovely tree-studded lawn.

We were unloaded at the Men's Receiving Unit and taken at once to a room containing a number of old-style bathtubs and presided over by a mental patient, an enormous Negro. Here we were stripped and immersed. Just as someone began soaping me up, a male attendant looked sharply at my face and then seized my wrist. "Hell!" he said, "this guy hasn't any pulse."

They wiped me off quickly and carried me into a little side room, where they stretched me on a bunk. In a few minutes a very tall priest came in and asked me if I were a Catholic. Later I found that most men who occupied that room made but one more stop in that hospital—at the little windowless morgue across the way.

However, after a few hours I recovered enough to be removed to a cot in the dormitory, where seventy to eighty alcoholics, narcotic addicts, and plain MIs (the mentally ill) were herded indiscriminately together.

On duty at the Receiving Unit there were but two trained nurses, working consecutive eight-hour shifts. The white-uniformed male orderlies (rather fancily termed "psychiatric technicians") disciplined the patients but attempted little nursing. Indeed, except for those who were seriously physically ill, there was no nursing at all. You were not permitted to lie in bed during the day. You got up at six, made your own bed, ate breakfast at a table from a tray, and then, if able, you turned to helping clean up the unit.

The rest of the day you did nothing. You were locked in, of

course. Now I began eating and gained a little strength. I looked about for someone to talk to, but outside of Bill it was not easy to find anyone. Talking to the insane is touchy business. Your most casual remark may set off his mania and then you have real trouble on your hands. The orderlies permitted fist fights and occasionally manhandled the patients themselves.

Sometimes something would happen that would have been funny elsewhere. One newly committed inmate persisted in walking up and down, up and down, all day long, buttonholing anyone who would listen and asking seriously, "Say, how do I get out of here?" It was a good question, but after the third or fourth asking it became irritating. You began to wonder how one *did* get out of there.

We took showers twice a week and razors with locked-in blades were then issued. Patients whose nerves were fairly steady shaved those of us who could not even use a safety razor. A mental patient cut our hair. It was a chilling experience to have this wild-eyed lad wielding a hooked razor around the back of your neck while he carried on an animated conversation with someone visible only to himself.

Most of the MIs thus give the impression of talking to themselves. But you soon learn that these people are talking not to themselves but to another person, visible only to themselves yet very real and important to them. They listen carefully when he speaks, smile at his little jokes, and argue with him. Psychiatrists always make an effort to find out whether or not that alter ego may be inciting the MI to violence.

In this mental hospital the alcoholics and drug addicts appeared to form a group apart. Once these people were deprived of liquor and drugs and "dried out" they were the nearest normal of any of the inmates. With the MIs any progress toward recovery must of necessity be slow—possibly a matter of years; many, of course, never can recover.

The genuinely mentally ill are carefully protected by the authorities. Frequently one of these unfortunates becomes very difficult to live with. He may conceive a violent aversion to an alcoholic, particularly if he happens to have a persecution complex. On oc-

casion he may attack someone—either another MI, an alcoholic, or an attendant.

But under no circumstances is anyone not mentally ill permitted to strike an MI. If an orderly is caught doing this he is discharged. If a patient hits an MI, or shows resentment at the treatment he is accorded by an attendant, he at once becomes a candidate for the bull pen.

In this mental institution "bull pen" is a bogey expression. Bare mention of the place would frighten anyone not hopelessly insane. Here were confined the incurable cases, the criminally insane, the most violent of the inmates. For an alcoholic, transfer to the bull pen is the most severe punishment imaginable. Even the white-coated attendants hate to be detailed to the bull pen, where they dare not turn their backs on any inmate for a moment. The female equivalent of the bull pen is a group of buildings known as the cow pen.

Sleeping in a dormitory with sixty male mental patients is quite an experience. In adjoining cots to yours are mental cases that could, with little provocation, become violent. Once in a while one of these MIs does blow his top and he may then maim or kill somebody. This type of patient is clever at collecting and concealing razor blades.

For the victim of such an attack it is small consolation that the MI will thereafter be returned to the bull pen. Even if the mentally ill commit murder they cannot be tried for it, since they have already been adjudged legally insane. Most of them appear to be aware of this.

In the Receiving Unit I started eating again, but I was still wobbly, both physically and mentally. I got the idea that a big fellow in a near-by cot was going to do me in sometime in the course of the night. So, for a couple of nights, after turning in I would slip away in the dark and beg an orderly to lock me up in one of the side rooms. This he would do and then I could sleep soundly until released in the morning. As I continued eating, however, the last of the hallucinations disappeared, and I soon realized the big MI didn't know I existed.

The orderlies did all they could to persuade the patients to eat. If you didn't clean up your plate you got hell. It seemed awful to force that food down, but I now think this rough treatment may have advanced my recovery.

Now, too, my wife was permitted to visit with me for a half-hour each week. Later she told me that when she left after her first visit at Receiving Unit she was sure she would never again see me alive. But by the following week I was eating again and thereafter gained weight and strength steadily. Visiting days are always high lights of any week in such an institution and I felt sorry for the more than half of the patients who never had callers. Quite obviously no one cared whether these unfortunates lived or died.

No doctor examined me until just before I was ready to leave the Receiving Unit. Then an enormous woman, a psychiatrist (she was over six feet and must have weighed more than two hundred pounds without appearing to be fat), wedged me into a tiny office and glared as she fired scores of questions at me. A couple of days later I was told I was to be transferred to one of the "work" units. Bill also was to be transferred, but to a different unit.

Psychiatric treatment is far removed from anything you might conceive. In a mental hospital you do not occupy a bed and push a button if you want a nurse. In the work units there are no trained nurses at all. The orderlies run everything, and they do no nursing and a minimum of coddling. Unless you are seriously ill, mentally or physically, you never see a doctor. However, in this state hospital I doubt if a patient could die without receiving medical attention, as happened at the county hospital.

Patients in the work units are assigned to various jobs about the hospital grounds, preferably in line with the work they have done on the outside. After another week I found myself strong enough to work and asked to be put on laundry detail, principally because most of the patients in my new unit worked there.

The patients were paid nothing for their labor, yet the hospital could not have continued to function without the efforts of these people. While I was there an innovation was being considered

which would permit the patient to receive small pay for his work; this was part of the general plan to rehabilitate the patients and prepare them for return to productive life outside. Eventually something along this line will be done; already the plan is in effect in the VA mental hospitals.

The food here was good and well cooked. The food bill for this one hospital ran to a million dollars a year. Then the hospital had its own truck farm, dairy, poultry ranch, hog ranch, and canning factory—all operated by state employees assisted by hundreds of patients.

There was also a shoe factory, a tailor shop, a dressmaking shop, a mattress shop, a carpenter shop, a paint shop, a steam plant, a laundry, and a beauty shop. (The head beautician, a civil employee, later told me that the average woman patient there was more truly beautiful than the average woman outside.) A well-stocked canteen and lunchroom was available to the patients. Scrip books, purchased by the patient or a relative, served in lieu of cash.

The five thousand men and women inmates divided about equally as to numbers. Most of the women's cottages were locked units. Male and female quarters occupied different areas of the grounds and the sexes never mingled except on the occasion of a closely supervised weekly dance held in the auditorium.

Once a week perambulatory patients attended a picture show in this auditorium—men one night, women the next. The pictures were second-run, but well chosen. In the locked cottages a portable sound projector showed pictures once a week. Each cottage also had television in the dayroom, albeit most of the instruments were small-screened and rather ancient. The more incurably insane the patient, the more he appeared to enjoy the fight nights. The alcoholics also got a vicarious thrill watching the foaming beer commercials.

The attendants in this hospital were neither mental giants nor particularly noted for their fund of patience. They were not well paid. Some were chronic alcoholics. Long service in such an institution inevitably hardens the sensibilities and at the same time

appears to enhance the sense of self-importance. The attendants sometimes become brutalized and many have little control of their tempers.

In the men's closed cottages the attendants are men. In the open cottages the attendants usually are women, and of course only women attendants serve in the women's units. Most of these orderlies are trying to do a good job. However, even among themselves there is recognition of the fact that there are bad eggs among them. They have two common sayings: referring to some attendant, "He's on the wrong side of the lock"; and again, "After ten years with the nuts it begins to rub off on you." Often there is truth in both assertions.

Perhaps because of the oddities of some attendants, homosexual practices are permitted in the dormitories of some of the locked cottages after lights-out. The attendants appear to consider this a natural state of affairs. In most instances the homosexuals are mature men and young fellows, and they may be MIs, alcoholics, or narcotic addicts.

At this hospital the authorities frown on Alcoholics Anonymous, although that organization held meetings there. The psychiatrists considered the AA approach to abstinence as being somewhat too emotional. They sponsor instead a Progressive Club, at which meetings the hospital's alcoholics are addressed by nonalcoholic businessmen (from near-by cities), who merely stress the material advantages of continued sobriety. To me this seemed to make sense, and my friends among the alcoholics liked this new approach.

The work in the laundry was hard, but satisfying. In the morning we were marched to work in the big wash shed, then back to the unit for lunch, and again to and fro in the afternoon. In the laundry and in the unit we were always locked up.

I responded to this rugged treatment. Now I ate like a horse and gained weight steadily. At the laundry I sorted the clean clothes and put these in big bags to be trucked to the various units. We did all the laundry for five thousand patients and the uniforms of the hospital attendants.

Thirty days after assignment to the locked work unit I was

adjudged sufficiently improved to justify transfer to an "open" cottage. Here we were not locked in. The one hundred twenty patients came and went, from early morning until dark. You continued working but had grounds parole. Only at night were you locked up. Now I took all my meals at a big, centrally located cafeteria. Transfer to an open cottage is tantamount to a promotion.

Now I was interviewed by one of the social workers. He found I had been a writer and recommended that I be assigned to the hospital newspaper. The *Forward* was a weekly sheet, usually of four to six pages, carrying news about certain patient activities and the goings and comings of the bigwigs of the medical staff.

As feature writer on this paper I had it easier than before, and the work was interesting. I had to dig up a few stories each week and I always kept a backlog of staple features—stories dealing with the work in the many departments of a great mental hospital.

Now I had the run of the entire hospital, and since the little paper was printed in a near-by city I even spent parts of two days a week outside the hospital grounds. Curiously enough, with all this liberty I never once had the slightest desire to "take off."

My friend Bill did take off. He had been assigned as clerk to the Protestant chaplain. He stood this job for a month, then without telling even me of his plans, vanished overnight. He was never picked up and apparently had sense enough to keep clear of his wife. I wish him well and hope he remains sober.

As a reporter I had an opportunity to learn something about the medical staff of a great state hospital. This institution functioned under a State Department of Mental Hygiene, the director of which was a psychiatrist appointed by the governor. Any change in the political complexion of the state government was almost certain to mean a shake-up and change of administration in this department.

Our hospital had as superintendent a capable, relatively young, and progressive doctor. For the most part his staff was made up of conscientious, hard-working physicians of both sexes. There was also a sprinkling of soldiering jobholders among the medicos.

The clinical director, the surgeons, the staff of the great TB

ward, and a number of doctors who specialized in shock treatment, urology, heart and brain treatment, and surgery, probably were exceptional; some of these were very well known in the profession.

Reporting to the superintendent were also large nonprofessional groups of state employees who looked after the upkeep of the buildings and equipment.

Among the medical staff you encountered little evidence of the callous indifference to mental suffering you might expect to find in such a state hospital.

My contact with these doctors, and my experience as a patient, lead me to believe that a mental patient, alcoholic, or narcotic addict, either man or woman, would be about as well off here as in any private hospital. Certainly it is a much better place in which to be sick than was the psycho ward of that county hospital.

If the state hospital to which I was committed is in any way typical, no one should dread being confined in such an institution. So long as the patient does his work to the best of his ability and otherwise keeps out of trouble he will be well treated. Particularly if the cost of private hospitalization constitutes a crushing burden on the relatives of the afflicted, then there should be no hesitancy in committing the mentally ill to such an institution.

With one out of seven Americans already suffering some sort of mental illness, and with the steady increase in this percentage, the problem of commitment may have to be faced in many homes during the years ahead. At such a time it is comforting to know that adequate state-owned facilities for the care and treatment of the mentally ill are available.

The incurable among the mentally ill will receive excellent care for life in such a hospital. For the temporary cases, such as the alcoholics and drug addicts, the treatment is sufficiently rugged to discourage the average patient from malingering in order to remain in the hospital. The state will pay all of the costs, or the relative may pay a nominal fee. The important thing, from the patient's viewpoint, is that he or she be furnished with some money for scrip books, and—yet more important—that he be visited whenever pos-

sible and thus made to feel that somebody cares what becomes of him.

For myself, I was very glad to leave the institution. At the end of four months I was examined, given a little blue card marked "recovered," and released. That's been a year ago and now I know I am really recovered. Unless seriously ill I would never again use barbiturates, even for a single night. Should I experience a sleepless night I have only to recall those awful nights in the county psycho ward. The horror of those long hours will stay with me as long as I live.

NATO AND THE DEFENSE OF THE FREE WORLD*

*by Field Marshal
the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein*

THE WORLD is split by two conflicting ideological doctrines or moral codes: East v. West—Communist Bloc v. Free Nations. This has led to what is called “the cold war.” A better name would be the cold peace.

Our object is PEACE. This cannot be stated too clearly or too often. Because of aggressive communism, we have had to define this object in greater detail:

Peace through strength,
Strength through unity.

In 1947–48 war was a probability. Today that is no longer the case. This is due to the Atlantic Pact, which was signed in April 1949 by twelve nations joined together to form a defensive alliance: the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, known for short as NATO. Later in February 1952 Greece and Turkey joined NATO and we became fourteen nations. When Western Germany becomes a member of NATO, we will be fifteen nations: in 1955, I hope.

War is no longer a probability. Why is this? It is due to our growing strength in NATO. I am a great believer in NATO. If NATO had existed earlier, there would have been no second World War.

In the strengthening of NATO, politically and militarily, lies the best insurance against a third world war. But we cannot disregard the possibility of war, for two reasons. *First*, the world is split in two and the aims of the two sides are in direct conflict. In some areas the conflict is violent and actual fighting has broken out:

* This article is from an address by Field Marshal Montgomery before the World Affairs Council of Los Angeles, November 30, 1954.

Korea, Indochina, Malaya, East Africa. These conflicts could give rise to explosions which would bring on global war, though neither side wanted it. Thus we could have war by miscalculation. *Second*, history records that from time to time evil men arise, seize power, and exert their will by force. Hitler was such a man. Others may arise.

The maintenance of peaceful and stable conditions is a matter for political chiefs and governments able to negotiate from strength. As things are today, and until things get sorted out and settled, the best safeguard for peace is the possession of such strong air power that a potential aggressor knows his attack will be returned at once, that he will get back far more than he gives, and that his own country will be destroyed. Our enemy is aggressive communism. The best insurance for peace today would be a firm declaration on the part of the Western Group of Free Nations that if attacked we will defend ourselves with all means at our disposal. We will never be the aggressor ourselves. But, if attacked, we will defend ourselves with the full weight of our atomic and thermonuclear capability. The essential point is that we ourselves should be able to receive a surprise nuclear attack, to absorb it, and to survive to hit back and continue the fight.

In Europe all our plans are based on the above philosophy. We could not defend the territories of the NATO nations in Europe without using nuclear weapons, because otherwise we could not match the strength that could be brought against us. Therefore, we must be ready to use atomic weapons, and we are so ready, and have geared our operations accordingly.

If we use atomic weapons we must expect counter-use by the enemy against our cities. Consequently, all nations must prepare an effective civil defense. This is elementary common sense. The organization must be built up within the limits of financial possibilities. Without such an organization, the home front would collapse in wartime. Great saving of life and property is possible after a nuclear attack, especially on the fringes of the burst, provided there is a good organization to handle such an attack.

We are trying to build up a secure defense against the forces of

aggressive communism. This defense must be effective against the weapons of cold war, and also against an all-out attack in a hot war. This is clearly a *global* problem. Some nations are too inclined to think only of their own *national* defense. For instance, in the United States the Eastern states might consider the threat from Europe; the West Coast might tend to look toward the Pacific and Asia; all Americans might look toward the Arctic regions and the threat of air attack from that direction. Such localized orientation is a great mistake and could easily lead to our taking wrong decisions. It is vital for us to consider the problem globally and as *one whole*, and then to get our priorities right. Unfortunately, a great handicap is that in the free world we have no global organization to direct political policy or military strategy. As a result, the dissipation of effort on the part of the free nations in the contest with aggressive communism, and generally in the cold war, is tremendous.

In my view, one of our greatest needs today is the creation of some organization which would direct our affairs on a global basis. At present we have only NATO. There is a small beginning in Southeast Asia, in that a treaty organization has been signed in that region. But we still lack the global organization, and we lack an agreed political aim on a global basis which is sufficiently clear to guide military strategy.

Financial limitations make it impossible to do all we would like or have all we want. We must therefore get our defense priorities right. Let me give you an example. For the first time in many years, the United States has a home defense problem: air attack over the Arctic. In the last two wars you deployed your great strength overseas. Today we see the United States and Canada with their forces deployed in peacetime in Europe. Some might think that with the growing threat of air attack you should concentrate on home defense and live securely with the Atlantic on one side and the Pacific on the other. But you must understand that there is today no sure air defense against modern aircraft or ballistic rockets. You can have a good, early warning system and the best air defense scientists can devise. But it won't give you 100 percent security. It is like try-

ing to keep tide back on seashore with a picket fence. A nation must be organized to "take it."

The best defense is the ability to hit back: the strong deterrent. If we lose that "chunk" of Europe to the forces of aggressive communism, that is the end of Western civilization for many years, and possibly for ever. We would not get back there again, as last time. Talk of "liberation" is dangerous; there would be nothing to liberate. Hold, not liberate. America is necessary to Europe for that "holding." But do not forget that Europe is necessary to you. No one can stand alone these days.

I am a soldier and the servant of the fourteen governments of NATO. Next year, with the Germans, the number will be fifteen. It has become clear to me since the late war ended that in the ideological conflict which is going on in the world today, the great priority, which is supreme and unassailable, is the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples. And the hard core of the problem is Anglo-American solidarity. We are a good example of two nations who once fought each other and are now the best of friends. It is vital we should remain so. If we quarrel among ourselves and drift apart, that is the end of both of us.

When broadcasting to Europe recently, General Gruenther said, and I agree with him, that it is a fact that peace in the modern world cannot be assured without military power. We have tried negotiations from weakness, but without success. Military strength is necessary, not only to resist aggression if we are attacked, but also to give our political leaders a firm basis from which to negotiate a working arrangement with the Communist world.

General Gruenther went on to say that one thing is certain, and that is that no nation in the world today can stand alone, whether it is the powerful United States or little Luxembourg. A nation must have friends and allies. Aggression will be resisted successfully only by the collective defense measures of the free nations.

Now let us look at the military picture. Going back to 1948, at that time we had few forces available and, if we had been attacked, the peoples and territories of the West would have been

overrun quickly. Today the picture is very different. We have considerable military strength at our disposal and an aggressor would not have it entirely his own way. Nor would we. There is still much to be done before we can say we have reached a satisfactory state of preparedness and security and are able to hold off an aggressor while we mobilize our collective strength. We cannot therefore relax until we have reached that desirable state of affairs. We must balance the military effort with practical realities and economic possibilities, and must build up armed forces and a civil defense organization suitable for modern times.

We are now moving into an age of great scientific progress, and certain changes will be necessary in the structure and organization of national forces. Absolute security against attack will be impossible in this future age. A deterrent, the means with which to hit back instantly and to give more than you get, is the surest way to make an aggressor think twice before he attacks. The West must build up such a deterrent, delivered by air forces.

Air power is the dominant factor in war today. The air force is now the decisive arm in battle. Without strong air forces no war can be won. Our goal must be to create great air strength, capable of responding at a moment's notice to the attack of an aggressor. Since we cannot predict when an attack might be launched, these air forces must be operationally ready at all times, i.e., in peace as well as in war.

We cannot depend on the mobilization of reserve air units if we are to have an effective deterrent and an efficient air force. In our defense organization we must be prepared, as in the past, for battle on land. A surprise attack by air, using atomic and thermonuclear weapons, would be accompanied by a heavy onslaught on land. In Europe it is vital that we should be able to hold off the enemy land armies long enough to enable the nations to spring to arms and mobilize their collective strength. And we must be able to control the seas. If we cannot deploy in Europe the power of the American continent, Europe could fall, and that would be a catastrophe from which it would be difficult to recover.

The Western nations must also retain the ability to absorb

atomic and thermonuclear attack, and must ensure that their means of instant retaliation is not invalidated by surprise or treachery. Now, as never before, real preparedness is vital. The nation that can organize itself properly in peace as regards its manpower, its production, its armed forces, and its civil defense, and can turn over easily and quickly from a peace to a war footing, taking the emergency in its stride and riding the storm—that nation will gain the initial advantage and will win. It is clear that modern conditions will require a most careful examination of the armed forces of a nation, its manpower structure, its mobilization procedure. In fact, the national war machine may need a different type of gearbox. All this must be examined so that a nation will get the military force adequate for its needs.

Among all the many essentials, the problem of the organization and training of reserves is one of the most important. No nation can afford to maintain on an authorized footing in peace the armed forces necessary in war. This is particularly the case with land forces. It can maintain only a shield; the balance comes into being on mobilization. Unless there is a first-class organization for the production *and* training of reserves, the nation may not survive. The efficiency of the reserve organization will be stultified unless a proper share of the defense burden is placed on the manpower of the nation after the drafted service is ended. In other words, service in the reserve organization of a nation and in the civil defense organization, combined with adequate periods of training, must be made compulsory by law for all able-bodied citizens up to a stated age limit.

Let me put to you what I consider to be the crux of the whole matter. The world is split by two conflicting ideological doctrines or moral codes. We are now living in the presence of two vast concentrations of power. The Communist bloc is centrally directed from Moscow. The free nations, the West, have no such advantage. We can offset this disadvantage only by certain other assets. The most important of these are:

Strength—political, economic, moral, and military
Unity—and with this must go unselfish solidarity
Leadership—from the United States.

I have discussed the factor of strength. Let us take a look at the factors of unity and leadership.

I have been working for the cause of Western defense for six years, beginning in 1948 in the Western Union, and from 1951 till today in the North Atlantic Community. And I am still working for the cause. The progress that has been made since those early days is amazing. And that progress has not been only in the sphere of the physical production of forces. There has been equal progress in co-operation, in mutual sympathy and understanding, in willingness to help each other. Things are agreed and done today that would never have been thought possible five, or even three, years ago.

In so far as there may have been any improvement in the international situation, my own judgment is that one of the principal causes has been our growing strength and unity within NATO. The more we can develop that strength and unity, the better will be the chances of peace. And in that collective unity, Anglo-American solidarity is vital.

It follows that the greatest act of folly we could commit would be to drift back into weakness and disunity. Our enemies will seek to divide us; we must never let them do so. If we quarrel among ourselves, we will merely expose ourselves afresh to the old dangers. I am full of hope for the future of the free world so long as we are united and strong. Given united strength and unselfish solidarity we cannot lose. If we drift apart we will disappear one by one. A great American poet once wrote:

All your strength is in your union
All your danger is in discord.

No truer words were ever written.

And now I would like to consider leadership. I want to put before you the situation as seen by me: an international soldier and the servant of fourteen governments, one of which is the government of the United States.

The leadership of the free world lies in the hands of your nation. You have not always been in this position. For many years

the British supplied world leadership and they have been dealing with world problems for centuries. Your nation has only the experience of decades. But today the leadership is yours, and has been yours since 1945. How have you exercised that leadership in the past? And how will you exercise it in the future?

You did well in the immediate postwar years. If it had not been for the United States and the attitude you adopted in strengthening the free world, first economically and later militarily, I firmly believe we might have been involved in a third world war. Your generosity and your leadership saved us from that catastrophe. To-day we find the nations of the West well on the way to regaining their former well-being. In consequence they are becoming more independent; fear of war has receded into the background; sovereignty and national pride are regaining their prewar positions; the nations are not so easy to handle as formerly; they can still be led, but cannot be coerced; some cannot now be influenced by dollars.

The present is, in fact, a most difficult time; I often think the next five years are going to prove far more difficult than the last five. I see possible changes in the nature of the Western Alliance. The nations of the free world may begin to think they can do without your strong right arm beside them and your support behind them. *They cannot possibly do so.* And no more can you do without them, however strong you may be; you want to get that quite clear. If the Alliance begins to crumble, that is the end for us all.

American help and leadership given in the recent past, and indeed at the present time, have been most helpful in settling some of the difficult problems around the world, and give promise of her steadfastness in meeting those problems yet to come. American leadership is discernible in the councils of the world; in Europe, where I am personally best acquainted, she has provided diplomatic and military leaders that have universal respect. All this must be continued; indeed, it must grow stronger every day.

When all is said and done, one essential and unassailable fact remains. It is this. If the nations of the West, the free nations, have so far come safely through some dangerous years, and if we are now in a better situation regarding defense, this is because there

has been in Washington what is, substantially speaking, a correct diagnosis of the world situation, followed by a resolute and far-reaching attempt to find a remedy. In pursuit of the remedy, the United States has rebuilt her armed forces in a measure unprecedented except in time of war. She has sustained the economy and nourished the military strength of her Allies. She has joined and, indeed, helped to promote the creation of a grand defensive alliance. And when our defenses were dangerously probed, first in Berlin and next in Korea, there was an unhesitating response from Washington.

There has not always been general agreement among the Western nations, and sometimes relations have become strained. But in those very disagreements we have all learned our lesson. What then, we may ask ourselves, is the action we must take to deal with the present trouble between the Communist world and the free nations? What is the long-term remedy? It is in calmness and confidence to meet strength with strength, will with will, and faith with faith.

In these circumstances, is what is called "peaceful coexistence" possible? Yes, I think it is; but the term must be rightly understood. If peace means simply the absence of major war, then "peaceful coexistence" in our time is not only possible but probable, provided—and only provided—the free nations maintain their strength and unity, and the leadership of the United States is convincing and is exercised with understanding. If, however, peace is something more than the mere absence of total war, if it is understood to mean a positive spirit of harmony and concord, then I consider that "peaceful coexistence" is not to be hoped for. Lenin said, The permanent coexistence of the Soviet Republic and the Imperialistic States is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end arrives, a series of terrible collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois nations is inevitable.

We are faced, therefore, with the prospect of a "peaceful coexistence" which means the absence of both peace and war in the full sense of both words, and which may last for years—perhaps

even for generations to come. It was well described recently as "coexistence with conflict."

We must expect that the Communist powers will continue to use every means, short of world war, to penetrate, to disrupt, and to dominate the other half of the world, probing the weak spots, and calling off the offensive in any particular place only if strong and effective resistance is offered. This is a grievous prospect. But it is not so grievous as total war, and not so grievous as surrender. It is a prospect which calls for vigilance, steadfastness, and the unremitting maintenance of unity and collective military strength. And it calls for a continuance of American leadership. You must understand that history will measure your success not so much by the quantity of your dollars as by the quality of your leadership.

To a Troubled Friend

JAMES WRIGHT

Weep, and weep now, but do not weep for me,
Nor, long lamenting, raise, for any word
Of mine that beats above you like a bird,
Your voice, or hand. But shaken clear, and free,
Be the bare maple, bough where nests are made
Snug in the season's wrinkled cloth of frost;
Be leaf, by hardwood knot, by tendrils crossed
On tendrils, stripped, uncaring; give no shade.

Give winter nothing; hold; and let the flake
Poise or dissolve along your upheld arms.
All flawless hexagons may melt and break;
While you must feel the summer's rage of fire,
Beyond this frigid season's empty storms,
Banished to bloom, and bear the birds' desire.

ISLANDIA REVISITED

by Kenneth Oliver

FOR a moment I would like to lay aside the formal aspects that one associates with being a "professor of literature" and address myself to other people who are also willing temporarily to give up being specialists in some phase or other of the hurly-burly of modern life. I want to express my enthusiasm about a book. The book is a novel. It is twelve years old, and it was never very widely read. It is a novel about the search for a way of life that can bring inner peace, and the date of its publication—1942—in the midst of world war, and just on the eve of America's plunge into full-scale participation in that war, was as unfortunate as it is possible for a book to face. Nobody had time or inclination to think about a personally utopian way of life just then. I want to stir your interest to the point where you will go to a good library, locate the book, and read it. Or, if you don't come quite to that point, I want you at least to know that such a book exists and to understand something of what it contains.

The author was himself a specialist in this complicated life of ours—a lawyer, or rather a teacher of law. But like Charles Dodgson, who also

was Lewis Carroll and the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, my author was two people, and seemingly two quite separate people (without being, in any disgraceful way, a "split personality").

The book is *Islandia*, a novel about people who never lived, in a land which does not and never did exist, doing things which everybody does yet which nobody does. Completely removed, in a sense, from reality, it gets closer to life between the covers of a book than most of us are capable of doing between the two extremes of birth and death. But first a word about the author, and then more about his work.

Austin Tappan Wright was trained in law, and became a teacher of legal studies, first at the University of California and then at the University of Pennsylvania. He showed much promise as a teacher, and was, according to Professor Leonard Bacon, a friend and (or perhaps I should say *but*) a competent judge, "on the threshold of becoming a great philosophical lawyer," when accidental death struck. He had not published *Islandia*. In fact, few people knew that he had written it. Even his closest friends were unaware that the

lawyer was enmeshed in literary creativity.

Wright had discovered *Islandia*, a land of fantasy, in his childhood daydreams. There is nothing particularly unusual in this. But *Islandia* remained an important facet of his life and grew with him as he passed from boyhood into manhood. He located his fantasy-world on an imaginary subcontinent in the southern oceans. He discovered its characteristics, peopled it, gave it friends and enemies, and wrote its history, its literature—a body of legends and fables—and its descriptive geography. I think we can say that no other author of a utopian novel has known the land of his creation as intimately as Austin Wright knew *Islandia*. Plato descended from the stratosphere of abstract philosophy to his Republic. He did not intimately associate with its inhabitants under the conditions of life which he had created. Other utopian authors conceived fantasy-worlds where one or another great principle—economic, political, scientific, etc.—arose to dominance out of nothing, as it were, and waved a magic wand that suddenly gave perfection to eagerly awaiting man. Lewis Carroll, who *did* achieve intimacy with his dream world, did not give it the full depths of import which derive from the perfect interweaving of the real and the imaginary in a total panorama of life.

Wright found time, somehow, even from his professorial life, to be himself in his imagination. More im-

portant—and more difficult—he found the means to interweave the world of reality and dream in such a way as to give greater magnitude to both.

The story of *Islandia* can be told briefly (though it has to be absorbed slowly to rise to full value). An Islandian comes to Boston to attend Harvard University. John Lang, an American, makes his acquaintance and after school goes to *Islandia* as consul, for *Islandia* has just now in a limited way opened its portals to the great world of trade. Lang fails as representative of the industrial United States, because he succeeds in understanding the people. He falls in love successively with two Islandian girls, is tantalized almost beyond human endurance by actions and attitudes which he does not understand. These actions suggest a more easygoing attitude toward sex than prevailed in Boston, yet they also demand a respect for it which we have not very generally achieved in our culture. The differences between New England attitudes and Islandian are subtle on the surface—until Lang begins to grasp the underlying principles on which Islandian life is based.

The first and most obvious principle is that principles prevail over rules. One does not tell other people how to live, either in particular or in general. The father of Dorna, Lang's first Islandian love, knows it is not wise for her to take an overnight boat trip alone with a strange young man (Lang). Dorna knows it

too. But it is what she wants. Her father asks her to consider, but leaves the decision to her. Everyone lives his own life, not in any high-flown will to be independent, but simply because that is the way things are, regardless of how we might want to change them. As Lang learns this, he becomes afraid of saying anything that might be interpreted as interfering, but in this, as in other things, one follows his own principles.

The second, and perhaps the overwhelmingly important principle of the Islandian way of life (it is so completely accepted that it never has to be stated) is that every man's life is his own artistic masterpiece, whether he will or no. All one's life, as one lives it, builds into a quality that is one's own. In order to make the most of this principle, the Islandians choose to take life at a leisurely pace. They travel a great deal, but they neither have nor want the rapid modes of travel of Europe and America. They want to ride or walk over the long trails in all seasons and in all weather, for only so do they come to have an intimate knowledge of the land, of the revolving phases of nature, and of themselves.

Islandia is an agricultural land. A farm is a lifetime's work of art, or rather the work of art of whole generations. When a visitor comes, it is to be taken for granted that the first thing he will want to do is to see what new shapes and colors have been added to the masterpiece. He will be taken on a tour so that he can observe how the fields have been

framed with fences and trees and the crops arranged for use and beauty. The highly efficient machinery which the industrial world wants to sell to these people is abhorrent to them. It would introduce unpleasant petroleum smells, noise, scarred landscapes. It would, of course, speed the work, and this interests the farmers. But speed to what end? Already every minute is given meaning, content, a relationship to the whole end and purpose of life. Would the machinery, in saving time, not also actually subtract from that time which makes the real meaning of life? Could one work with the machines and at the same time enjoy the very working in that deepest sense of enjoyment which derives from the intimate contact with the soil and with life itself?

At one point in the story John Lang visits a farm whose owners are almost complete strangers to him. He is given the tour of the farm, and on the next day, although a bit tired from a long overland journey, he is invited to work with a young man. The work consists of digging a ditch across a field. Lang feels that it is somewhat of an imposition, yet he knows that he is being treated like an Islandian. The two men dig, Lang ahead, his companion behind him, deepening the trench that Lang has started. Lang works hard, trying to keep ahead by a comfortable margin. His companion, Islata Some, gives evidence of concern, but says nothing that directly displays dissatisfaction. Finally Lang says,

"Tell me! Have you not been apprehensive watching me at work?"

"Yes," he answered, "a little. You thrust in the spade so hard. You would cut any root or bulb that was in the way. You would not feel them before your spade."

"Would you?" I asked.

"Why, of course," he answered.

"I could not possibly feel them," I cried.

"Wouldn't you know the soil and everything in it by the feeling in the handle of the spade?"

"No," I answered . . .

"I gave you what you are doing, because I thought it would give you pleasure to find bulbs and roots that have survived the floods."

By Islandian standards, the work was a pleasure. It gave a man contact with the life in the soil. To John Lang, in the early stages of apprenticeship as an Islandian, it was drudgery with no reward except perhaps relief when the job was finished. At least it was so that he regarded the task as he began it. Then he and Islata Some traded places. Lang was now digging where there were no bulbs, but more important, he began to sense the pleasure in the work.

I suppose I was tired [he tells us]. I ached in a good many places and my hands burned and were a little blistered, but I felt an unexpected power. There was a strong smell of earth. I was absorbed and content. Dimly I looked forward to the stopping time, to a bath and to supper, with an almost passionate but not impatient pleasure. From the trench where I dug, with my feet in the water, I saw the earthen bank in which the stream had cleft its V-shaped gorge and through that opening the wonderful, rich, deep-green of

a field. On either side the forest was close. Behind me the valley of the stream sloped down, the view outward blocked by the dark ridge of the woods.

I felt, rather than knew, with a sudden keen taste and appetite, what it was to be a farmer in Islandia. I sensed the absorbing interest of the immediate task that also is integrated with all other tasks of one's life into a rounded whole, because one's land and one's farm is larger than oneself, reaching from a past long before one began into a future long after one is dead—but all of it one's own.

Love is important in Islandia, as it must be wherever human life goes on. But in Austin Wright's land of that reality of life which lies too deep for external visibilities, there are four words for love. *Amia* stands more or less for what we term "friendship." *Apia* represents sexual desire. "We are closer to simple animal life than you are," Islandian Dorna says to American John Lang. She does not mean that Islandians are more given to indiscriminate sex love, but that they freely recognize the physical attractions that exist, and do not try to hide them from themselves, disguising them under one general term for love.

Ania represents the desire to marry. For this there must be some element of both of the foregoing types of love, but neither of them may be overwhelmingly strong. *Ania* is a recognition of worth, of the particular qualities of worth, and it is a desire to blend those qualities to your own and to create out of the blend a family which stands nearer to your desires than could anything

else. This is not to be taken in the sense of breeding stock. It is the recognition that every family is the fruit of minds and wills that have blended together, just as the farm is a work of art, always in flux yet never free from the qualities of the past which have gone into it. There is something about *ania* which is almost coldly calculated, and at the worst it might be just that. Incorporated with the other forms of love, it is clear that Wright thought of it as a solid basis for marriage—perhaps the best and most dependable basis.

Alia, the fourth type of love, is an attachment to one's own family and tradition, especially as these are rooted in the home soil. For a woman this may give cause for heart-break as she marries and goes to her new home. Dorna, with whom John Lang has a peculiarly painful, almost intoxicating romance, tells him of her intention to marry a man for whom she does not feel as much *apia*, clearly, as she feels for Lang. Her mode of thought is different from his, and she has a hard time making him see her reasons, her feelings. But she tries to explain:

My love (*alia*) for the Dorns and for this place demands that I, a woman, do what all Dorn women must do—take my love in my hands and yield it to someone somewhere else for whom I feel *ania*, and to carry into the life of those of whom he is one something Dorn. Women must do that here, John. Our love for home and for what home stands for is just as strong as a man's, but if we marry we must take it to a strange place. My love would not be

what it should be unless I could do that gladly.

Islandia was not written as a utopian novel in the usual sense of the word. It is only secondarily concerned with economic and political problems, though these receive some fine illumination. Wright's work is not propaganda, and it is a novel almost by accident. It grew as a dream in his boyhood mind and it matured with him. He did not claim to have discovered the best way of life for all the world to follow. He savored of life as he felt he would like to be able to live it—as, in the most thoroughly real sense, he *did* live it, for this book rises out of what is most real and important in the total life-quality of the author. *Islandia* is not a social utopia; it is a personal utopia. It presents the flavor of life by one of the rare ones who have learned to taste it, and who know it to be good.

Not all of his readers—perhaps very few—want to sail away to the southern oceans. It would be hard to give up radio and television and the morning paper with its account of the latest union or disunion of the Hollywood set. *Islandia* would hardly make a "good movie." It is intensely dramatic, but not superficially so. It is not in the pattern of the "best seller," yet it is a book that most readers would enjoy and many would come to love. It has the good qualities that come only as one shares the discovery of life at its richest and best with an earnest and altogether human fellow man. It is a book that deserves to endure.

OUTPOSTS OF FREEDOM

by Karl Harshbarger

THE SOLDIERS stood in platoons and the platoons in the morning sun cast shadows like rows of wooden dominoes. A top sergeant in bright red trunks stood in front of the formation counting cadence and everytime he said "hup" a squad of soldiers ran down the beach, stepping high until the waves tripped them into the water.

At this summer reserve camp in Florida on the Atlantic it was always recreation time between 1000 and 1045 because the general said so. He also said that there were to be six boats out in the bay to watch his soldiers, to keep them out of the breakwaters.

Today, however, there were only four boats on lifeguard duty. The lieutenant was pulling a canvas over two cases of beer in his boat, which was beached on the sand. A sergeant was walking onto the docks to take his boat out through the waves to the picket line, for he was never tardy. The lieutenant, who had been drunk in the night, called, "Sergeant, first you fix the motor in my boat."

The sergeant didn't like the lieutenant. "Can't," he called back from the dock. "Fix your own motor."

The sergeant stooped and began to loosen the ropes around the wooden posts. He was a big man, meant to do physical work, but he never had. He had an oval face, his eyebrows were rounded, nearly completing the oval.

The lieutenant hated the sergeant in the same way that he hated what the sergeant said he was—"a member of the peacetime army." He tied the canvas over the beer and ran toward the docks to step on the sergeant's anchor chain.

He was a small man, with wiry, clotted hair. His socks were loose around his ankles. He served twenty-three months of combat as an enlisted man and because he was then still alive, they had made him a second lieutenant. He had led an infantry platoon for

five more months. He was one of the ones left. That was the real army.

"You're not going with me," said the sergeant.

The anchor chain bounced and hopped under the lieutenant's shoe as the sergeant chopped the oars into the water. The lieutenant waded out into the water and held the side of the boat.

"Keep off," said the sergeant, wanting to sound decisive, but knowing, the way he said it, it didn't sound decisive.

The lieutenant lifted himself into the front of the boat.

"The orders say I'm not to carry any passengers."

"Screw the orders." The boat shook up and down with the lieutenant's weight. "You won't fix my motor. O.K. Row over to my boat. Get the beer. We will take it out in the middle and then if anything goes wrong, we can dump it."

"I won't," said the sergeant.

"You will," said the lieutenant.

The sergeant pulled against his oars; the whirlpools followed the blades. Out along the breakwaters by the lifeguard boats, great circles of sea gulls hung, wings straight, rising higher in the air. Because the sun was getting straighter up, it didn't make the long shimmer line on the water it had made earlier in the morning.

"You like this stuff, these orders and stuff," said the lieutenant squinting against the sun.

The sergeant leaned back and forth against the oars.

"Let me tell you something," said the lieutenant. "Do you good. In Pudzon there was this lieutenant named Weldon. Not a night went by his men ever left him without a foxhole. At Pudzon they dug him one between two hickory trees. Even with the mortars looping down on us, quartermasters would dump the rations in his hole, and Lieutenant Weldon would put the cans and boxes in openings between the roots. One night, Weldon was standing up throwing cans of food to his men. A mortar shell came whistling down. The only thing they found of Weldon was the next day. You could look out of your foxhole and see his helmet hanging between the two hardwood trees with a limb sticking right through the top.

"That next night, 'cause they loved their lieutenant, and against any screwing orders from higher up, Weldon's platoon moved out and cleaned out some machine gun nests. And the only casualties they had was coming back into their own area. Our guards shot 'em up."

"Look," motioned the sergeant.

Out toward the breakwaters a large rowboat with white oars moved toward them from the cluster of guard boats. The lieutenant saw a tall man in a white sun helmet sitting very straight.

The sergeant stopped rowing and swung the oars into the boat so the handles stuck out over the sides. The blades dripped water onto the slats in the bottom of the boat, and the waves slapped against the hull.

"Sergeant," the lieutenant said, "you cover for me."

The captain's rowboat slid alongside, and the two corporals leaned out and held the boats apart. The boats rose and fell alternately in the water. The man in the stern was tall, his khakis were starched, his face angular.

"Good morning, Captain," said the lieutenant.

The captain found a pencil, wet the end of it, raised his head, and looked at the lieutenant.

"Lieutenant, have you any idea of the time?" He had a deep voice.

"It's 1030, sir."

"Extremely interesting, Lieutenant."

The lieutenant turned to the sergeant. The sergeant was looking at the bottom of the boat.

"Lieutenant, at 1000 you were to appear at the regimental recreation meeting."

"What, sir?"

The captain made a notation in his book.

The lieutenant cupped his hands and pulled them against each other. He watched the captain's notebook.

"I didn't think it was today, sir."

The captain erased a notation and wrote over it.

"Sir, I figured I should be with my troops today, sir."

"Correct me if I am mistaken, but doesn't this morning make the fifth time you have been tardy from formation?"

The lieutenant didn't say anything.

The captain pressed the end of his pencil on his trousers. "One further indication of your lack of respect for authority, and I shall personally press for court proceedings to deprive you of your commission."

The lieutenant moved his feet against the slats in the bottom of the boat. The boats had drifted in close to shore and rose sideways together against the waves.

The captain put his pencil away and glanced at the heads of the swimming soldiers.

"Sergeant!"

The two corporals turned to watch the sergeant. They were both big men, not very smart looking. The two boats rubbed up against the sand.

"I had hardly taken notice," the captain said in his deep voice. "Sergeant, did you invite the lieutenant into your boat?"

The sergeant looked at the bottom of the boat. He flicked his cigarette off into the water beneath the slats and let his hands hang open from his knees.

The captain took out his notebook and pencil again.

"You are aware, Sergeant, that the general has issued orders exactly to the effect that you were to supervise in your own boat. Alone."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"Which meant no one else was to be in your boat?"

The sergeant kept looking at the place between his knees.

"Report to me at 1500 for punitive measures."

The captain wrote something more in his notebook.

"Ah, yes, now Lieutenant."

Both the corporals turned and this time watched the lieutenant. Their stares were large and formless, like their bodies.

"Lieutenant, I assume the reason you are riding in the sergeant's boat is resultant from yours being disabled."

The lieutenant smiled. "Yes, sir, that's it, sir."

"And how long does maintenance suggest it will take to fix it?"

The lieutenant pried one foot under the slats in the bottom of the boat. He squinted at the captain.

"You may walk by the way of the beach, Lieutenant, and join me for an inspection and survey of damage of your boat. Right now, Lieutenant."

One of the corporals pushed the captain's boat off the sand and it moved off in slow, strong jerks.

"Well!" said the lieutenant.

"Go to hell," said the sergeant.

Ahead of him, up along the beach, one of the corporals was helping the captain with his white helmet out of the boat. The other corporal was undoing the canvas on the lieutenant's boat. When the lieutenant got there, the captain was punching at the cases of beer which had been hidden under the canvas.

Suddenly there were sirens, and three Simonized white jeeps bounced between the palm trees and big rocks leading to the company streets. The jeeps wavered, saw the captain, then bird-dogged down the beach toward him. The siren, after some uncertain moments over the rocks, leaned out into long wails over the sand. One of the jeeps had a black star on the top of the hood.

The medicine balls stopped popping and the soldiers stopped swimming. Out along the breakwaters the boats broke cluster and took up what the manual called "proper interval."

The captain and the corporals flung the canvas back over the lieutenant's boat, tied it once or twice, and stood at attention. The lieutenant, behind them, came to attention, too. The sea gulls rose and fell and wheeled.

The jeeps parked in a row; the sirens stopped. The general allowed himself to step out. The black star on his helmet seemed drab, but it outflashed even the captain's white helmet. The drivers of the jeeps sat straight as if it were only a matter of minutes until they too would be Simonized.

The general was a middle-sized, small-town, business-looking kind of person, who didn't seem to want to be inspecting. He al-

lowed himself to be saluted by the captain, took off his glasses, returned the salute, and wiped the sweat off his glasses with a handkerchief. His face was pale, freckled, and the skin around his eyes made them seem emplacements, hardly living. The sweat dropped off his eyebrows in regular drops.

The lieutenant stood between his boat and the general.

"Company F, carrying on recreation as scheduled, sir." The captain stood very straight and the lines of his starched pants were straight and seemed a part of the straight line of his cap. A triangle shadow from his nose lay on his cheek.

The general put his glasses back on and rotated his field of vision over the bay of swimming soldiers, who now weren't swimming but watching the first general they had ever seen. The general took his glasses off again and wiped more sweat off them.

He looked up at the captain without raising his head as if he could see better through the sweat dripping off his eyebrows.

"Not much fun out there, Captain."

"Yes, sir," said the captain.

"Don't seem to be swimming," said the general.

"Yes, sir."

The top sergeant in red trunks ran off down the beach between the rows of brown piles of clothes and clumps of scrub trees to give the orders for the soldiers to have fun, splash it up.

"Let me see those," said the general to one of his majors.

He replaced his glasses and took a pair of binoculars from the attendant major, held them up to his eyes, and looked out over the ocean. Nobody looked where he was looking. They all watched the general hold up the binoculars.

"Major," said the general, and the major took a notebook and pencil out of his breast pocket. The general told him something on the side. The major started to write it down.

"Captain," said the general almost apologetically, "you did have posted special orders to the effect that there were to be at all times during swimming periods six boats in the bay per company?"

"What, sir?" said the captain.

The major said, "The general is referring to his six-boat order."

"Oh, sir. Yes, sir," said the captain.

"Uh, huh," said the general, taking out a handkerchief and wiping it against his brow. "How many boats do you see, Captain?"

The captain turned around and pretended to look. Really he didn't look any farther than the lieutenant.

"Five, sir."

The general told the major something else and the major wrote it down and put the notebook and pencil away.

"Sir," said the captain, indicating the lieutenant's boat, "this boat is Lieutenant Henderson's. It was out in the water all but five minutes before you came."

The general handed the binoculars back to the major. The soldiers in the water began to swim and yell.

"Captain, if I have the courtesy not to reprimand you in front of your men, you'll have the sense not to make public excuses. You may rest assured my aide will contact you for that."

The general turned and walked back to his jeeps. The drivers sat suddenly straight, as if they had not been slouching just a little. The general didn't walk very straight. He didn't seem to care.

"Lieutenant," the captain said softly, but coldly, like the starch in his uniform, "My thanks to you."

The lieutenant kept looking at the sand.

"My great thanks. My heartfelt thanks."

The lieutenant tried to think of something to say.

"You will report to the orderly room. We will there fill out the necessary preliminary forms for a court martial for keeping beer in your boat. At my convenience."

"Captain," the general called from his jeep, "you will please ride with me while we inspect your company area."

The jeeps sat still, glittering, the sirens wide open. The soldiers were watching their first general again. The captain ran and hopped into the back seat of the general's jeep and the three of them pounced forward and bounced over the sand and around clumps of scrub trees until the siren got over the rocks, then disappeared into the company streets.

The two corporals who had rowed the captain's boat were big

men and they stood with their hands idle, scraping boots back and forth on the sand.

"Gosh," grinned one at the lieutenant.

The lieutenant pulled three or four beer bottles out from under the canvas. "To hell with both of you."

The soldiers crawling out of the water formed boxes of platoons, waiting for dismissal.

The lieutenant walked past the corporals up the beach toward the palm trees and almost forgot to walk around one of the clumps of scrub trees that clung together near the water. He was halfway around it when he stopped. He looked at it. He leaned over so his head was gone and it was only possible to see him from the chest on down.

He eased himself out, dug the beer bottles into the sand, and began to walk back toward the docks. Then he ran. He passed a platoon of men doing a dress-right-dress as if they were part of a metal fancy pattern along the top of an iron gate and pulled the sergeant out of his boat. Together they ran back to the clump of trees. Slowly the lieutenant parted the foliage.

Inside the clump was a clearing of sand. In the clearing lay two corporals with shorts on. One lay on his stomach with his face sideways on a white towel. The other lay on his back with one hand shading the sun and the other holding a cigarette. The smoke rose from the cigarette unruffled.

"TenSHUN!" barked the lieutenant.

For a moment nothing happened. The one on his stomach rolled halfway over and looked back and forth from the lieutenant to the sergeant. The other turned his head but didn't take the hand down that was shading his eyes. Then the one that had been lying on his back got to his feet and stood with his hands to his sides. Sand hung around his shoulders. The other got to his knee, looked as if he'd forgotten something, and dug his cigarette out in the sand.

The lieutenant stepped inside the clearing and the sergeant followed.

"TenHUT!" barked the lieutenant, beginning to grin.

The corporal who had put out the cigarette stood up, too.

Toward the docks the platoons were being dismissed and the soldiers were drifting up toward the palm trees and rocks. Some were headed toward the clump of trees.

"A nice pair of soldiers," said the lieutenant. "See how they were lying there?"

"Yeah." The sergeant was grinning, too. "Nice captain's soldiers. I'll put it in the report."

The soldiers from the dismissed platoons began to push their heads through the foliage from the outside to watch.

"Sergeant," said the lieutenant without looking at the corporals, "you will see to it that these men are also punished for negligence while in the performance of duty."

"Sure," said the sergeant, his grin going wider. "All right, you guys. Names?"

"Thinks this here ain't the army," the lieutenant said, not at the corporals, but more at the soldiers. "I suppose maybe they never heard of officers."

The foliage was very thick, and it was difficult to see more of the soldiers looking in than their heads. The sun was almost straight up now, and all shadows dropped at one's feet.

The sergeant had a notebook. He was writing down what the corporals told him.

THE STORY OF YONOSUKE*

by Ryūnosuke Akutagawa

I HAVE something I'd like to ask you, Yonosuke."

"What is it? And why do you assume such a serious air, my friend?"

"Well, today is your red-letter day, and you're giving a farewell party celebrating your sailing for the Isle of Women, aren't you, Yonosuke?"

"Yes."

"But I'm afraid what I'd like to ask you will spoil the pleasure of the party and will be a little embarrassing in the presence of the courtesans."¹

"Then forget it."

"But I can't. I wouldn't broach it if I could."

"Then tell it to me."

"However, there are some circumstances that make it hard to do so."

"Why?"

* Translated by Takashi Kojima. The translator expresses his sincere thanks for valuable suggestions from C. G. Wells, chief writer of the Far Eastern Network.

Yonosuke is the hero in the *Kōshoku Ichidai Otoku* (Great Lover), written by Ihara Saikaku (1624-93), one of the greatest story writers and novelists in Japanese literature. Ryūnosuke Akutagawa (1892-1927) in his "Story of Yonosuke" essayed his psychoanalytical study of Yonosuke, a well-known character in Japanese literature.

¹ The original Japanese word for courtesan is *tayū*.

"Because it isn't agreeable to one who asks or to one who is asked. But if it's all right with you, I'll make myself bold enough to ask you this question."

"Well, again I say: What's the question?"

"Can you guess, Yonosuke?"

"Guess? Dear me, no. Go on with your question."

"Your serious look makes it all the harder for me to bring up the subject. Well . . . the book² about you, which Saikaku has just published lately, says, 'You have known women since you were seven . . .'"

"Hey, hey! Surely you don't intend to give me advice, do you, my friend?"

"No, I'm not. You're still too young, Yonosuke. The book says that to this day, your sixtieth birthday, you've dallied with 3,742 women . . ."

"Oh, you're being a little severe on me."

"Well, you're said to have dallied with 3,742 women and to have made a pet of 725 boys. Is that true?"

"Yes, true. True, but be as easy with me as possible."

² "The book" refers to the *Kōshoku Ichidai Otoku* mentioned in the title footnote.

"But I can hardly believe it. For all you say, 3,742 are only too many."^{2a}

"I see."

"For all the credit I give you, I can't believe in that figure."

"Then reduce the number, as you please. The courtesans are laughing, my friend."

"No matter how they are laughing, I can't leave the matter as it is, Yonosuke. Confess, or . . ."

"If you're going to pin me down as to the exact number of my loves, I'm afraid it will be impossible. Your figure and mine could never be the same, my friend."

"Do you mean to say that I have added an extra digit to my figure, Yonosuke?"

"No."

"Then what's the true figure? Don't keep me in suspense."

"You're being a bit prudish, aren't you, my friend?"

"Not that I'm being prudish, but I'm a man, too. Until you assure me what percent discount is to be made, I won't withdraw at the cost of my life, Yonosuke."

"An annoying person. Then at our parting I'll tell you how I figure it up. (*Addressing the courtesans*) Hey, stop singing your folk song of Kaga³ for a time. Hand me the fan with the picture of Sukeyoshi⁴ on it. And somebody cut the candle-

wicks. Now I'll start. But I'm going to give you only one instance. Mind you, that's all."

II

It was about thirty years ago, when I went down to Edo⁵ for the first time. If I remember rightly, on my way home from Yoshiwara⁶ I took a ferry across the Sumida River with two brothel entertainers.⁷ I forget the name of the ferry; neither do I remember where I was going. It doesn't really matter. But as I sit here talking, the memory of the trip comes slowly back to mind.

At any rate it was a cloudy afternoon in the flower season and the whole area along the course of the river presented a blurred and tedious sight. The waters glistened lukewarm, and the houses across the river looked as if they were dreaming drowsily. Looking back, I found the whole stretch of the riverbank bedaubed in water colors with the cherry blossoms half in bloom intermixed with pines. The fluffy mass of the blossoms looked unusually heavy. Under the unseasonably warm weather, with each bodily motion perspiration would ooze through the skin. Such being the weather, of course there was not a breath of wind over the waters.

There were three fellow passen-

^{2a} The first syllables of the four Japanese digits 3, 7, 4, and 2 in combination read: "mi-na-shi-ni" (all dead).

³ A province facing the Sea of Japan.

⁴ Possibly the name of an actor of the time.

⁵ The old name of Tokyo. The capital in those days was Kyōto.

⁶ From those days until recently prostitution was legal in the district of Yoshiwara.

⁷ The original word for a brothel entertainer is *taiko*.

gers: one was a puppeteer; another, who had her eyebrows shaved off and looked about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, was the wife of a tradesman; and the other was a sniveling apprentice who was presumably her follower. These people all squatted down knee to knee in the middle of the dirty boat. The boat was so small and narrow that we were greatly cramped. And probably because of too many passengers, the boat came near to dipping under the water. But the indifferent boatman didn't mind at all. Wearing a bamboo-blade hat, he cleverly made use of the pole right and left. The drips from the pole sprinkled on the sleeves of the passengers from time to time. The sullen stares of his victims affected him not in the least. There was one in the group who paid the boatman not the slightest attention. He was too absorbed in his own deportment. He was the puppeteer I mentioned.

He was dressed in a theatrical version of a Chinese costume. On his head he had a feathered cap and around his shoulder was thrown a multicolored cloth cape. As if he were scaling a castle wall to rescue a damsel fair, he took his position in the bow of the boat and immediately began to serenade the passengers with a song as strange as his fancy costume. I am not quite sure, but I would venture a guess that the full-blown black mustache he stroked in between his flowery gestures was the product of some wig-

maker. From the time our boat pulled out, he sang unconcernedly. Turning up his proud face with thin eyebrows and thick lips, he sang merrily: "At the foot of the bank of the Sanya⁸ there was an orphaned child left." The unmelodic theme of his song began to grate on my nerves and even began to affect the entertainers. They began to fidget and cough and snap their folding fans; finally one turned and in a low voice said, "This is the first time I've ever heard a Chinese folk song." The woman sitting face to face with me may have heard him. After giving a glance at the puppeteer, she immediately looked at me and gave an amiable smile, showing her black-dyed teeth. The moment her smiling lips gave a glimpse of her black and lustrous teeth, a shallow dimple formed. Her lips seemed to be rouged. When our eyes met, I was struck with a kind of shame as though I had done something wrong.

Now at this point I could end my story and leave you completely in the dark as to what followed, but fortunately I feel in the mood to continue. So, first let me go back and start at the very beginning. The whole thing started when I set foot in the boat. I had just finished enjoying myself with some women in the near-by *kuruwa*, or red-light district of Yoshiwara, and was sated of both women and food. Thus boarding a tossing boat was quite

⁸ The geographical name Sanya is not now identifiable.

a chore. But with a large pike to guide my unsteady hands and legs I finally climbed the gangplank and into the boat. As I descended into the bow of the boat, a faint and delicate odor began to tickle my nose. It was a perfume of aloes. As the aroma grew stronger, I began to look around for its owner. Very quickly my eyes located her.

Mere smell as it was, it oughtn't to be made light of. As for me, most things have to do with my sense of smell. By way of example, let me tell you how I felt as a child. On my way to and fro while learning penmanship, I would often be teased by mischievous children. If I had told my master, I'd have had to rue the consequence later. So gulping down my tears. I'd go on writing in my copybook. As you grow up, you forget the lonely, helpless feelings you had on such occasions. Or it becomes hard for you to recollect them. But the smell of stale ink revives such feelings in my heart, and joys and sorrows in my dear childhood enfold me once again. However, this is an irrelevant matter. I have only to tell you that the perfume of aloes suddenly drew my attention to the woman.

I noticed that she was a buxom woman wearing a black silk garment with its crimson skirt lining showing slightly. With her Chinese striped sash and a pair of combs on her elaborate coiffure, she had a more polished charm than ordinary women. As is described in Saikaku's

book, she had "a roundish face with a light pink complexion," although it was a little doubtful whether she had "a perfect, graceful set of features." She had some freckles visible under her paint. Her mouth and nose looked a little vulgar. But her attractive fine-haired brow made these faults hardly noticeable. I felt as if the aftereffects of the night's drink had suddenly left me, and I sat down beside her. At that point my story begins. The story is that my knees touched hers.

I was wearing a yellowish-colored silk garment. For underwear probably I had crimson silk. We had to tuck up our garments, and I touched her knee; not her clothed knee, but her bare knee. I felt her soft, round knees coated with a fat, smooth skin.

Cracking jokes listlessly with the brothel entertainers, I sat still knee to knee to her, with a feeling of expectancy. Of course in the meantime the delicate odors of aloes and Kyôto paint tickled my nose. Moreover, soon her warmth came over to my knees. Words are inadequate to describe the kind of ticklish transport I felt at that time. All I can do to explain it is to translate it into my bodily action. . . . Closing my eyes lightly, and enlarging my nostrils, I breathed deeply. All the rest I must leave to your imagination.

My sensuous feeling immediately aroused a little intellectual desire. Was she feeling the same way I was? Was she feeling the same sensuous

pleasure? So, looking up and feigning nonchalance purposely, I stole a look at her face. Instantly I could see that under her apparent indifference she was affected—because I found an affirmative answer to my question in the relaxation of the muscles of her little perspiring face and the slight quivering of her lips. In addition, I could see that she knew what I felt and that she was feeling some satisfaction in knowing my feelings, too. A little ashamed, I looked toward the entertainer to conceal my confusion.

It was at this juncture that she said, "This is the first time I've ever heard a Chinese folk song." It wasn't a mere accident that the woman smiled at the puppeteer's folk song and that we exchanged glances in spite of ourselves, and that a kind of shame came over me. No, this isn't altogether the shame I felt at that time. It was a shame a man feels in such a case toward all people including the woman concerned. That's why, in spite of the shame I felt, I could gradually embolden myself toward her.

Making all my bodily senses as keen as possible, I enjoyed her in the manner of a person who appreciates incenses. This is what I do toward all women. Probably I told you this before. I smelt and enjoyed the skin of the little perspiring woman and the delicate odor emanating from her skin. And I enjoyed her fresh eyes that responded to the delicate intricacy of sensa-

tions and sensibilities. I also enjoyed her charming flexible fingers joined on her lap. And I enjoyed her full, rich, and elastic flesh on her knees and loins. If I continue on this theme, there would be no end. So I'll give up. Anyway I enjoyed her body in all respects. It's no exaggeration to say in all respects. I made up the deficiency of my senses with my imagination. I even exercised my reasoning to confirm my sensations. She satisfied each and all of my senses—sight, hearing, smell, touch, warmth, and pressure. Nay, she gave me more than sensory pleasure.

Later I heard her say, "Don't forget your things." Her words drew my attention to her white throat, which I hadn't noticed before. It's needless to say that her coquettish nasal voice and her powdered throat gave me some stimulus. But I was much more impressed by the way in which she moved her knee, to communicate enjoyable sensation, as she looked toward her apprentice. I told you previously that I had felt her knee. But now this was not all. Anything and everything that made up her knees—the muscles and joints—gave me as sweet sensations as though I were enjoying the flesh and seeds of a bergamot orange with the tip of my tongue. You'd have to admit this if you knew the final occurrence that took place immediately afterward.

By and by the boat got to the quay. As the bow bumped against

the pike, the puppeteer was the first to jump on the bank. At that moment, pretending purposely that I was tripped by the lurch of the boat—such being the case when I got in, I thought this would also seem natural—I reeled and grasped the hand of the woman on the gunwale of the boat. "Pardon me," I said to her, with my waist held by the brothel entertainer. What do you think I expected at that time? I looked for a pretty strong stimulus from this contact. Probably I anticipated that my experience with her would get its finishing touch. But my expectations were miserably upset. Of course I felt a smooth and rather cold touch of her skin and the resistance of her soft and yet powerful muscles. But that was no more than the repetition of my experience with her. However, the same stimulus decreases in effect with its repetition. Furthermore, my expectations were too great. With a lonely disappointment, I had to withdraw my hand quietly. Unless in my experience I hadn't appreciated and enjoyed her completely, how could such disappointment be explained? I sensuously knew the length and breadth of her body . . . I had to come to this conclusion.

This may also be understood by comparing in my mind the courtesan, with whom I familiarized myself the day before, and the woman concerned. To be sure, with one I had talked in bed all night long, while with the other I had only a short ride in the same boat. But this dif-

ference is, after all, only skin deep. Which gave me greater pleasure, I can hardly say. Accordingly, my attachment to them (if I had any) would be altogether the same. I felt as if I heard the strumming of the strains of the samisen with my right ear and the flowing of the waters of the Sumida River with my left. I felt as if they were striking up the same tune.

At any rate this was a disillusionment. On the whole, nothing can make you lonelier than a disillusionment. I was overwhelmed with loneliness and disappointment as I saw the woman crossing the pier after the puppeteer. Followed by her apprentice, she was mincing along under the banks of cherry blossoms. Of course it wasn't that I was enamored of the woman in any way. But I'd say that she felt toward me nearly the same way as I did toward her, because as we parted I grasped her hand tightly, and she gave my hand a gentle squeeze.

What? The courtesan in Yoshiwara? She was a little doll of a woman quite unlike the woman on the boat.

III

"That's my story of the woman, briefly told, my friend. Including the woman like the one in question, you might say I've dallied with 3,742 in all."

"I see. That sounds plausible, Yonosuke. But . . ."

"But what?"

"You're a dangerous fellow. Women and girls shouldn't go out carelessly."

"If dangerous, that's true. So there's no help for it."

"Then, Yonosuke, the government may possibly issue an ordinance banning men and women sitting in company."

"Yes, under the present state of affairs, it may. But by the time it's

out, I'll be on the Isle of Women, my friend."

"You'll be a butt of jealousy."

"Well, on the Isle of Women things will be much the same as here."

"Maybe, yes, if you figure up things like that, Yonosuke."

"At any rate all is transient and evanescent. Now let me hear the folk song of Kaga once again."

INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY AND INDIAN SOCIETY

by D. V. Gundappa

IT WOULD be surprising if India were not eager to adopt the science and technology of Europe and America for her industrial and economic regeneration. Not only is she appreciative of the benefits of technology; she also realizes the necessity of technological development for her very safety amid the world conditions of today. She has to industrialize if she would survive, and industrialize she must on a large scale too.

But she is apprehensive of damage from industrialism to the serene and soul-nursing tenor of her way of life. Prizing economic prosperity and material comfort as much as any other nation in the world, India would yet assign the first place among life's values to the things of the spirit. The soul—or the inmost principle of life in every creature—has certain interests as distinguished, and even as contradistinguished, from the interests of the body and the bodily senses. Those interests of the soul must have precedence over all others; they are best fostered by certain kinds of self-discipline, and this requires certain types of social environment. External life should be ordered not only with a view to the securing of external well-being and the satisfaction of the hungers of the

body, but also with every possible regard for one's internal felicity and the upward progress of the soul. The nation, the caste, the sect, the clan, the family—all these are concentric circles into which the self, or the active and experiencing aspect of the soul, is trained to expand like ripple-rings on the surface of a lake when a pebble is dropped into it. These several institutions serve to dilute the sense of self or ego which nature has implanted in every living being. Life in the family and in society is a process of moral education. Domestic affection makes for the transmutation of self-love into care for the kith and kin. Citizenship teaches the habit of sharing advantage and responsibility with one's compatriots. Every form of group life is an exercise in the soul's expansion into a larger realm than that suggested by the body-self complex.

To ask that one's self should embrace the whole of humanity in its workings without distinctions of country or caste or group or family is to state the ideal. It is so high and difficult an ideal that, if you would have the ordinary man ever reach it, you must provide him with a ladder of easy steps. The family, the caste, the sect, and the State are such aids to one's ascent to the goal

of unselfish feeling and altruistic acting as merged in the play of the universe. Mankind is for the ordinary man a thing too vast and too remote and too impersonal to kindle intimacy of emotion. It is the magic tie of kinship and fellowship that can make that abstraction concrete and available for living relationships. The family, the caste, the sect, and the State divide humanity into little bits and present to the view a bit at a time put in a frame as though it were a photograph. But the man who, sitting in his room, would acquire a view of the Himalayas or the Pacific Ocean must needs look at one sectional photograph after another in a series and then at last try to piece them all together in his mind. To the man of average intelligence and average imagination, the customary divisions of humanity into sections which he could easily recognize and grow familiar with, are so many framed phases of an immense body of reality of which he is but a tiny speck and of which therefore he could otherwise form no comprehension. The essential point is that when looking at the parts, one should be careful not to forget that they are but parts and that there is a larger whole in which they are all joined as one. This in brief is the philosophy of Hindu social organization. Its central purpose is the facilitating of the soul's education in shedding the narrowing instincts of self-concern and blossoming by stages into life universal.

The Hindu polity began as, and

until a hundred years ago practically was, a composite religio-socio-economic organization. There was no separation of the three different realms of being. Such indeed was the state of all communities in the beginning, when all life was one undifferentiated whole. Among the Hindus, the religious faith designed the social order and assigned different economic functions to different members of the body politic. Such mixture or nondifferentiation of religion, social order, and economic utility, which is a feature of the early stages of organized living, continues undisturbed so long as there is no incursion of a foreigner into its domain. It begins to break up only when there is an attack made upon it by an alien power. The Hindu polity suffered a violent and radical shock for the first time when Western science and Western industrial and commercial techniques invaded India. Doubts came with it to be felt about the validity of the old faith and the worth-whileness of the traditional mode of living. The novelty and the glamour of the new civilization won converts. It took us two world wars to find that the glamour was a thing of the surface and that it concealed germs of illness beneath. India is now coming to see that her old heritage of culture is not all tin and that her import from abroad is not all gold. She has now to re-examine both and think of a synthesis of the durable elements of both.

Caste is a unique feature of Hindu

social organization; and because it is unique, it is misunderstood by outsiders. Caste has two aspects, one associational and the other gradational. On the associational side it is a professional or occupational group, the truth of heredity and of the influence of environment being taken generally as a determinant factor. What man *is* and what he *does* have reference to each other. Character and function react upon each other and shape each other. Society benefits by the preservation and promotion of aptitudes and skills transmitted and cultivated hereditarily. Such in general is the idea behind the caste so far as its associational aspect goes; and there is little to cavil at here. It is the gradational side that gives rise to trouble. The Brahmin, or teacher and priest, was placed on the top rung of the social ladder; the warrior, or Kshatriya, next to him; the trader, or Vaisya, the third; and the body laborer, or Sudra, was the last. Such a hierarchical arrangement is known to have existed among some other ancient communities also. And in India no one saw anything wrong in it until the European Christian missionary discovered in it a good stick to beat the Hindu with. He was later on assisted by those who were influenced by the glamour of Western modes of living and Western science. The social grading is interpreted as the perpetuation of inequality. But the gradational side has been rendered inoperative now by the secular character of the State and its doc-

trine of equality. What today remains of caste is merely its religious side—particular ceremonies and rituals and disciplines—and these are a purely “private” affair, not affecting general public interests in any manner. Choice of profession is free and all public positions are open to all alike under the Constitution. Caste is now an indoor affair, and its significance is only to him that has faith in it. It has no sanction of the State or of law behind it, and its observance is entirely optional. It touches even the believer only in his purely religious life.

In the limitless wilderness of world humanity, where no one is anybody in particular to anybody else—even in the Indian-delimited fraction of humanity—it is caste that assigns one to a definite locus and gives one a field for the play of personal intimacy. One gets there a few fellow beings to count as one’s own and who count one as their own. Without such feeling of *ownness* on the two sides, there is no call for personal affection and allegiance and no warmth of intimate fellowship in joy and sorrow. Where there are no ties of personal intimacy, man is a wandering monad, without home and without history. What the definition called “nationality” is within the vast expanse of humanity, so caste is within the fold of nationality. It is a convenient intermediate stage between the individual on the one side and the far too unwieldy aggregate called the nation or the State on the other.

Caste has survived for some thousands of years because people have all along accepted its fundamental ethic, which is that one should place the community's advantage above one's own status, and that superiority and inferiority of status do not count where the function to be performed is one essential to the community's well-being. In short, the economy of the whole body politic determines the position of the individual. It asks for self-suppression from the individual in the interests of society. Here is socialism based not upon rights, but upon duties.

A matter inseparably connected with an organization of society so motivated by soul-regarding considerations is the influence of agriculture and its economy. Agriculture is a pursuit that calls for patience and fortitude, for co-operation in effort and contentment as to result. Its ways are pacific and conducive to calm reflection on life and nature. Its chief merits, apart from the directly economic side of its working, may be counted under three heads:

1. *Disciplinary.* — Agriculture is not an occupation to be carried on by anyone singlehandedly (as practiced in India). It needs the joint labors of many. A large family is thus an advantage. The undivided or joint family is therefore a feature of agricultural economy. And the virtues fostered by the joint family are the subordinating of the individual's self to the common good, the spirit of give-and-take, the attitude of sharing good and bad, the ethos

of democracy. It infuses the warmth of human feeling into life's relationships and sublimates moral and humanistic values.

2. *Vital.*—Open air and sunshine are great agents for health and so is food fresh and hand-prepared. Experience shows that food-grain and vegetable passed through mechanical heat undergo changes in their internal structure and are not so good as before in nourishment values and digestibility. Tinned foods are worse. Articles of food pounded or ground by hand power and cooked by slow-burning firewood heat are more wholesome. The Hindu believes that the quality of food has a great deal to do with a man's temperament and outlook upon the world. The mind is the man and the food is the mind. Simplicity of living and living as close to nature as possible are therefore to be preferred to artificial and sophisticated pleasures.

3. *Psychological.* — Agriculture keeps man in constant and continuous companionship with nature in both climatological and biological aspects. He learns to put up with the uncertainties of rain and weather; he watches life spring into being from where it was not—seed bursting into leaf and leaf into bud—and he experiences the satisfaction of finding his hand creative. He realizes his potency as a distinct being and cannot at the same time help recognizing how utterly impotent he is too, without the play of cosmic energy around him as through him.

He is both something and nothing. His significance arises only when he is in collaboration with forces around him. He finds himself not the master but the servant of the situation, although the servant of an invisible master readily responsive to the appeal of his service. Here then are Individuality and Infinity in coexistence and communion.

Agricultural civilization—so conducive to a life of serene contemplation and the understanding of the processes of creation which include both pain and joy, both summer and winter, and both spring and autumn—is helpless against the rivalry of technological civilization. Industrialism's chief weapon of assault is cash as against the mere corn which is an agricultural community's chief measure of value. The attraction of the factory to the laborer is in the ready money it holds out on the appointed day of the week or the month as against the precariousness of yield from the land. The agriculturist sees money only for a week or two in the crop seasons of the year. The factory man finds money in his pocket all the year round. Who can resist the temptation? Soul values are impalpable; current pleasures seem real. "Take the cash in hand," says the village lad, with Omar Khayyam.

Industrial and technological progress, bringing us new riches in the form of health and comfort to the body, comes full of threat to the tranquilizing and soul-nourishing milieu of India's social constitution and ag-

ricultural economy. The main forms of attack are the following:

1. *Desertion of the village.*—The lure of a regular cash wage draws away the more energetic men from the countryside, and agriculture is to that extent made the poorer. With the severance of one's link with the native village evaporates the sentiment of attachment to one's place of birth and boyhood which is the beginning of patriotism. Henceforward a place is of interest to the man only as the venue for a wage. He belongs to the wage and goes where it takes him. A citizen as much as anybody by law, he is in practice no better than a homeless nomad. The nation thus comes in large part to be a conglomeration of nomadic tribes, with no feeling of "ownness" or loyalty to tie one down to any spot on the wide earth. Long and loud as may be the reformer's idealization of a casteless society and a classless economy, the industrial laborer is sure to form a new class of his own, and he will have no way of raising the standard for his son and grandson any more than he had for himself.

2. *Disintegration of joint family.*—Migration to the city slackens and may even snap the family tie. The cash earner and his wife regard themselves as superior; and they also develop comparatively expensive tastes. They lose sight of relatives left behind and live for themselves. There is thus a break-up of the old joint family. The ancestral estate comes to be broken into fragments; and as it is too small to be self-supporting, a frag-

ment is sold away to someone outside the family, and this may lead on to land litigation and disputes of many kinds.

3. *Social promiscuity.*—Away from the family seat, the man is beyond the watch and voice of the caste or the social group into which he was born. He becomes a part of the miscellaneous concourse of the industrial colony and loses all marks of a distinctive personality. He keeps floating adrift on the surface of life for a while, and then, when he has daughters to marry or must retire from his job, he finds that he has no roots in the soil anywhere at all and that there is no one to welcome him back as his own.

4. *Attenuation of home life.*—The home of an industrial worker is a camping inn rather than a real home. The best part of the day he spends at the factory and it is not rarely that his wife also has to go out and work for a wage. And when they return home in the evening, they are so tired in body and mind that all they are able to do before going to work the next morning is to recoup and prepare for it. Religious observances and sacred festivals are all abandoned or greatly abridged, and that constant practice of the presence of the Divine which is the central precept of Hinduism becomes a thing nonexistent even in the home. Of other kinds of danger to the peace and sanctity of domestic life in an industrial town, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. When large num-

bers of men and women, of unknown antecedents and unverifiable characters, hailing from all corners of the country, are thrown into close proximity in factory and warehouse as fellow workers and partners in responsibility, it is not easy to be sure that temptations will not arise to levity in marital loyalties.

5. *Commercialization of human relations.*—It is cash that draws the man from the field to the factory; and cash to him is therefore the highest of values. Of everything he thinks in terms of money. When the father is ill, all he feels is due from him is a remittance of money to meet medical bills. When he feels like being religious, it is enough if he puts some money in the priest's hands. When he is expected at a marriage, he sends a money present. When a bridegroom is to be chosen, he bids with his money and is bidden for with money. Even friendly courtesies are strictly calculated—a visit for a visit, a show for a show, a fig for a fig. All life is a series of cash-nexus transactions. He is "businesslike"—even with his children and his God.

6. *Physical wreckage.*—The artificial conditions of living in a labor colony—the packed food, the patterned recreation, the brick-and-steel structures and the fan-regulated temperature—stunt the man's growth and affect his physical condition even as they delimit his mind's horizon. Medicine becomes part of the daily diet for his household. This must affect the bodily vitality of the com-

munity. And that must have its reactions on its intellectual and moral life.

7. *Mechanization of life.*—Life becomes a treadmill routine and lacks spontaneity. It knows no outburst of joy or enthusiasm. From dawn to dusk it is an unceasing round of prescribed duties that offer no scope for personal initiative or the unfolding of talent. Even pleasures become mechanical, like Saturday cinemas and Sunday picnics.

8. *Banishment of idealism.*—Life is to the factory hand no more than animal existence alternating between labor and languor. He has no psychological time in which to seek and enjoy the things that can refresh the mind and renovate the spirit. Governments in our day have developed a sudden enthusiasm for what is termed "culture." Whether they are aware of the need of a certain kind of "atmosphere" for the cultivation of literature and music and other liberal arts is a matter very much in doubt. Factory legislation may secure holidays and may even provide libraries and theaters and museums. But these too must become mechanical and insipid after a time. The milieu that can induce the mood for self-cultivation can be created only by conditions of natural and habitual mind-contacts among equals of kindred tastes and common aspirations. Such company it is in the power of no factory management to ensure. And lacking such culture-interested companionship, leisure is to the

worker merely time spared from drudgery for dissipation. In the traditional Hindu way of life, there is usually a ray of idealism illuminating the path of even the poorest. He cherishes the dream of going on a pilgrimage, or building a resthouse for the wayfarer, or feeding the poor on a sacred day, or conducting worship in a temple on a festival occasion, or getting the scripture read and expounded, or performing some such act of spiritual merit (*punya*). Such idealism can find no foothold in the mind of one whose whole world lies between the machine and the manger.

9. *Breakdown of the caste.*—The hold of caste among the Hindus will be weakened, and so may the hold of religion weaken among all. Inter-caste and interreligious dinings and marryings will become common. Indeed, marriage may come to be viewed as a contract or arrangement of convenience rather than as a sacrament that lasts for life and beyond. Reformers may rejoice over the breakdown of caste; but they may not be rejoicing for very long. While mixed alliances of all sorts, dictated by youthful impulse or calculation of advantage, may take place in the industrial colony and in urban fashionable houses, caste will persist in the rural and agricultural areas. Among its secret promoters is likely to be the democratic politician who finds a caste and communal electorate handy for propaganda and will certainly not scorn to seek its vote.

The supposed breakdown of caste will thus be merely the addition of a new subdivision to the body politic—the casteless or mixed caste. This must mean increase of disharmony and tension, particularly between the caste adherents and the caste discarders.

10. *Dissolution of personality.*—Man anywhere in the world is but a grain of sand in the Sahara. But he is a feeling and thinking grain in his village farm. Amid factory surroundings he has neither the nerve to feel nor the respite to think. In agriculture he has both company and solitude. He is alone when plowing and sowing, but he has a crowd about him when reaping and winnowing. He reflects and understands when he is by himself, and he joins in the talk and the song and the laughter when he has fellow laborers about him. Similar is the case with the journeyman carpenter and the artisan in a town workshop. But not so with the factory hand. Never in solitude, the factory hand is never in company. The moving machine holds him all for itself and he may steal a look at his neighbor only at risk to his limb and his job. He is an automaton and his sensibilities are atrophied. He has secured the apparatus for living at the cost of the freedom to live.

In spite of these and other threats to India's ancient culture and traditional way of life, she cannot and will not decline to welcome industrialization and technology. To re-

fuse additions to knowledge and power is indeed not her traditional way at all. She was glad to cultivate both cultural and commercial intercourse with faraway countries in the past; and she had sanction for it in the old Vedic teaching that there can be no *Brahmanya* (moral and spiritual excellence) without the support of *Kshattrra* (material resources and instrument of social justice). Technology and industrial efficiency are merely a part of the responsibility of the *Kshatriya*, or the government of the State.

What then is needed is the devising of measures to counteract and mitigate the evils feared from industrialization and technology. This is not an impossible task at all. India's best minds should take the task in hand and bring both the public and the organs of the State to see the need for measures such as these:

Government should first of all fix, on the advice of experts, a general ratio of population that should irreducibly be kept engaged in agriculture in the interests of the nation. Self-sufficiency as regards the staple foodcrops is the first condition of well-being, and this must be secured by all necessary special encouragement given to the agriculturist—by diligent attention to his occupational requirements, such as wells and water tanks, roads and bridges, by the regulation of prices of agricultural commodities, and by the provision of urban amenities like the cinema, reading room, and radio in his neighborhood.

Measures should also be devised to maintain some degree of parity between the agricultural laborer and the industrial laborer as regards wages and general economic conditions. The standard cannot be absolutely the same for both. But the difference should not be so great as to discourage the agriculturist.

The industrial worker should be encouraged, by means of leave and travel concession, to visit his country home at least once every year and spend at least a couple of weeks there. This will help to renew his home associations and keep him within his social fold.

The plan of employing the laborer for half the year on land and the other half in the factory may also be tried. If feasible, such a plan would benefit both agriculture and industry. The change-over time at both ends may be one of some dislocation, but that cannot take more than a week or ten days for the whole year.

Facilities should be given by the factory to each social group among its employees to build up its own cultural center and its own place of religious devotion. The facilities must include reasonable free time as well as money grants for a clubhouse, prayer hall, library, etc.

Concentration of factories in any one area should as far as possible be avoided. The choice of site for a factory is governed naturally by considerations of nearness of the place of raw material, water facilities, climate, railway and road con-

venience, etc. These must no doubt continue to be the paramount considerations. But not less important is the consideration due to conditions of living to be created by congestion of population. Factory promoters are sometimes impelled by a blind or misguided gregarious notion. Government should examine each case before permitting the formation of a new factory in any locality.

Industrial factories and agricultural farms should not be far apart from each other. They should on the other hand be in close neighborhood so that the monotony of each is lessened and so that the agricultural and the industrial may not crystallize as two separate communities. Interchange should be promoted by all possible means.

Briefly, agriculture and factory industry should be regarded as one integral whole and not as two separate and unconnected economies. The chief obstacle to such an integrational view is the cupidity of the industrial capitalist. He fears diminution of profit for himself if his enterprise gets mixed up with the other economy. It is here that the State could legitimately interfere.

The Toynbee Hall in London embodies a great psychological principle, that the way to bring about better living among working people is not to preach or to patronize, but to live the better life in their midst so that they can see and follow. It is quiet, silent influence that tells in matters of mind and character; and example is the best kind of influence.

There must be an agency, not inspired or controlled by government or by factory owners, to arrange for close and frequent contact between the labor mind and the better cultivated mind of the community. University teachers, scholars, artists, authors, philanthropists, and social workers should be invited now and then to industrial colony centers and to agricultural rural centers to spend a week end there giving their informal company to the workers. Lectures and demonstrations there might be; but even more important would be conversation and discussion and participation in games and recreation. Taste for clean simple living, gentle manners, and kindly relations all round is best promoted by observing the ways of the true elite; and their companionship therefore is an invaluable means of education for the decencies and higher values of life.

One fundamental concept of Hindu economy that deserves wider application is that the possessor—whether of wealth or of knowledge or of power—is a trustee for the community. He holds his possession not for his self-enjoyment, but for the benefit of all. This concept combines incentive for one's individual effort with the duty of one's sharing benefits in common with one's fellows. The practical working of this is co-partnership between employers and employees in industry in certain defined fields. The system of profit-sharing is being worked satisfac-

torily by certain large firms in Europe and by firms like the Tatas in India. A larger development of this idea would be a sure way to industrial peace. The "strike" mentality for which modern legislation provides some sanction is repugnant to the notion of industry as a duty toward the community even more for the worker than toward himself. In asking for justice for himself, he ought not forget the justice that is due to the community. If the employer is avaricious or inequitable, it is for the State to act both on behalf of the community and on behalf of the workman. A fairly permanent solution of this problem would be in making workers eligible to a share in the surplus yield of their work. Mr. Gandhi used to put great emphasis on the "trust" idea as a solvent of disputes between the haves and the have-nots.

From the point of view of peace among the nations and their self-development, each along its own line, for collaboration in tasks of common benefit to all mankind, further advances in technology are to be desired, for two reasons:

1. Better machinery and more machinery in industry will mean the release of more men and women for employment on land. Agriculture will be a gainer; and that means more food and more raw material for clothing—the two prime needs of human life.

2. More production of consumer goods in each country will mean less

tension in international markets. It is competition for markets and the profits of export trade that account for a great part of the world's unrest, particularly outside Europe and the United States. Every nation wants to raise the standard of living for its own nationals, and that can be secured only at the cost of some other nation and only by the exploitation of the less advanced nations. Technological progress, by augmenting the strength and resources of agriculture, will keep the basic necessities of life in plentiful supply for all; and to that extent the strains of rivalry in the export market will be reduced.

The problem of engrafting a secular-democratic-technological economy upon a religio-social tradition-elite-ruled agricultural economy must naturally involve many complex issues and call for many unusual experiments in adjustment. But the challenge must be faced if what is of value in the old should be preserved in a living and growing form for the use of the new. The world is in need of such a renovation of civilization by a judicious synthesis of the old and the new; and if India does not face the challenge, she would be placing herself among the copyist nations and not among the leader nations of the world.

JUDGES' STAND

by Constance Crawford

JUST LIKE on every other Saturday and Sunday of the summer—which are, of course, race days at the Club—I followed my twin brothers and my father down to our dock on the lake shore to make the *Antonina* ready. Sometimes I carry the *Antonina's* jib, but usually, like this day, just her battens. The Boys pulled the Star in from her moorings, fixed her to the side of the dock, and my father walked out beside them as though he was going to help, but really, I think, just to see the Boys and the boat better. He smiled then, and there were no wrinkles in his tan face, even though he is over fifty and has trouble with his heart now so that he has to walk up hills slowly. At noon on race day, there aren't ever any wrinkles in his nice dull denim jacket and pants, either. My father is so tall and his shoulders are so broad that people call him Big Bill, Big Bill Jarvis.

But Wally and Jack, as they rigged up the *Antonina*, were the sight to see. It always seemed sort of a miracle that there should be two of them. They don't look exactly alike—Wally is almost as tall as my father and seems older than Jack somehow. But anyway, I couldn't ever decide which one was handsomest. They both wore T shirts and had arms as strong and beautiful as any man's, and they padded up and down the white deck, and swung around the mast with their great big hands.

I thought I could help Wally with the jib and I stepped over onto the deck but my feet looked as wide as paddles, even without shoes, and the prow sounded like a drum and lurched so Wally had to grab a stay. "For God's sake, Tass," said my father. "The Boys are in a hurry today. Try to be a little more——"

He was right, like always, even though we were two hours early, and so I just stood on the edge of the dock with my arms hanging. I tried to think of things to hand the Boys, fiddled with the stays,

and held the *Antonina's* black sides away from the dock when speed-boats went by.

My father does the same as I do, really, except that he makes suggestions to the Boys. They listen to him, too, because although he doesn't sail himself, he's on the Judges' Committee and knows a lot. Even today, when we were all excited because if they won it meant the Sunday Cup almost for sure—even today my father pulled carefully at a stay and squinted up and said, "Yep, I think she's rigged a little forward."

Wally and Jack stopped working and squinted up the mast, too—and then so did I. "Nope, Dad, she'll do, she'll do," said Wally, who is the skipper. "Last time we beat Lattimer by three minutes. What more d'you want?"

"O.K., you know best, Boys, it's your race." If either one of them had been close enough, my father would've patted them on the back. Sometimes it seemed to me that he cared more about the races than any of us. "But don't worry about the Lattimers, Boys. The old man's a fool and fools always trip themselves up sooner or later." My father smiled his beautiful white smile; he looked up and down at our boats, and bent his knees, springing his weight on the end of the dock to feel how sound the air drums were underneath.

The smile jumped clear across his face again when my mother's voice yoo-hooed down the hill. When other kids' mothers yoo-hoo to the docks it sounds silly, but even though I wished mine wouldn't do it, I must admit that she made it sound sort of pretty. We all turned to look up at the house, which is built long on the hill so that little pieces of the terrace show at different places through the pine trees. There stood my mother on the part that opens from their bedroom. With one hand she held the big, floppy, ribbony white hat on her head to keep the sun off, and with the other she waved and blew good-luck kisses to the Boys. She only did this for special races. The silky sleeve of the bathrobe thing she wore until the afternoons fell back when she waved, and her arm, even from where we stood, looked as white as any sail—although I think that if the

sun didn't give her a headache and she came out more often in the daytime, she would turn brown like everybody else.

"There's Mom," said my father, and we all waved and they called for her to come down.

The *Antonina* began dipping and rolling in a set of waves and I bent over to hold her off since nobody else seemed to notice.

I had never liked the name Antonina for my mother, but for the Star it was perfect. I always sort of suspected my mother of liking her own name too much. She loved people to know that her father was Italian—and I can remember for a while when I was little she used to try to get me to call her Antonina. Luckily, it was too hard to say then, or I might've.

I wished my mother would sometimes come to the races, though. It would have made her proud to see how beautiful her namesake was when she was really flying. The Boys had painted the Star black on purpose to match my mother's hair and she had clapped her hands and run down to the dock, hanging on to my father and laughing, she was so happy when they surprised her with it.

It must have been because I had dark hair that my parents named me Theresa, but when it was perfectly obvious that I wasn't going to be like my mother—I'm nearly a *foot* taller, for pete's sake, and can sometimes almost beat Jack at Indian wrestling—it was just as well that the Boys or somebody had already started to call me just by the name of Tass. You can't name a boat Tass, though, and have it sound like anything.

"You know, we should really go up and *carry* Mom down here," said Jack. "She sure brought us luck *last* year."

Wally yelled the same thing so my mother would hear, and she sort of screamed and clenched her hands like she was in the movies and begging them for mercy. I thought they might even actually go up and get her but they didn't. They just laughed.

Then, when everything was ready, my father climbed into the speedboat. My mother called, "Be careful, remember, Bill." He shook his head and muttered, "Silly little——," and smiled up at her and waved. He was always that way about his heart trouble. But mostly he minded her O.K.

Then he started the motor and, as usual, with the gear grinding almost in reverse, he looked at me and said, "Want to come now, Tass?"

I somehow always have to answer the same thing. "No, thanks. I think I'll wait and come over later with Kendall Murray in the putter." Kendall Murray, who was about nine and had a two-horse-power motor on the back of a rowboat, sometimes actually did give me a lift when he was around—it made him feel sort of big-time. But mostly I went by the trail which was over three miles—and the reason seemed so silly and kidlike in words that I could never have told my father and the Boys.

My father backed around, the line was fastened, and the *Antonina* was towed out into the lake. When they were clear, I waved once, then turned around and walked up the gangplank, slowly, without looking back. I saw my mother wave good-bye with both hands, grab her hat as the wind caught it, and then she went back into the house.

Every time when I get to shore, in the trees, I have to run like crazy if I don't want to lose sight of the Boys as they go around the point. Because this is what I have to do—I don't know why—keep them in sight and watch everything they do for as long as I can keep up.

Luckily, the trail right at first is pretty well worn and there aren't many rocks. It's hard to be a good runner, though, when you're as big and overdeveloped for your age as I am. Everything seems to bounce up and down instead of going frontwards and my arms keep getting scratched by the branches of those damn alders. The alders make a good screen, though, most of the way.

The mast of the *Antonina* just came into sight over the yellow canopy of a big dock ahead when I barreled around a boulder and nearly crashed right into Mrs. Rolph who stood square in the middle of the path, still as a statue, smiling at me as though I'd called her up. Her face and her thin, thin legs were so dark and shiny in the shadow that it looked like she had sweated grease as she lay all those mornings on her dock in the sun. She had her megaphone and dark goggles and I knew she was on her way to the race. She

had begged and begged my father to put her on the Committee, because she'd like to "do things for the kids," until finally he said she could drive around in her boat and watch for fouls at the buoys. Somehow nobody ever took Mrs. Rolph very seriously, and Jack had an imitation of her that all the kids thought was a riot. It was true her hoarse, cracky voice didn't carry very well over the water, even through the megaphone. But she never missed a foul, either.

I didn't say much about it to anybody, but Mrs. Rolph was a friend of mine. God knows where *Mr.* Rolph was; he sure wasn't around.

I was beginning to think I'd just have to be rude and walk off the path to get around her when she said, even slower than usual, "Hurry, Tass honey, hurry. They might even leave you behind sometime. You might get left to be on your own. Wouldn't that be a tragedy?" Her smile got wider, showing flashes of gold, and she stepped off the trail into the trees to let me go by.

When I go and sit on her dock or in her smoky living room during the week, I have time to try to figure out what she means by things, but now I was sure I'd lost the Boys and I started running right away, not caring about Mrs. Rolph. But, of course, I had to trip about the third step, and flopped along all bent over until I got my balance. That was one thing about Mrs. Rolph, though; she never told me I was going through an awkward stage; she never even seemed to notice.

When I finally got to the end of the point, I stopped dead with relief. There they were drifting in the channel not far offshore, talking to Dr. St. Claire and his wife who were passing in their big old tub of a Garwood. It was as though they'd been waiting for me.

Then my father snapped his hand up to the visor of his blue denim cap in his nice farewell salute, and they moved on again. The shore is pretty straight for a while then, and by walking, jogging, walking, jogging, I could just keep up with them. My father always seemed to enjoy this ride because he went slow, he and the Boys waving at everyone they knew.

Every once in a while I'd almost run into some string of people shuffling along, gawking at the fool scenery, and I'd have to climb

up off the trail. Those poor tourists didn't know that I could've been riding out there in our big boat with my brothers and that the only reason I didn't was that if I were Wally and Jack I'd think there was nothing worse than a little sister who tags along waving at friends who aren't hers. But then, tourists didn't even know Wally and Jack.

Everybody was out that day. All the docks were weighted down with people, all the umbrellas were up, fringes skittering in the wind, and the little kids were splashing and squawking in the shallow water. And there were so many boats that the air roared and the troughs rolled the *Antonina* like a toy. The open water and high wind belonged to her—here, in close to shore, was the place for those damn motorboats.

My brothers' hair—golden like my father's must once have been—shone in the sun even from as far away as I was. They had so many friends to smile at. Sometimes I had to admit to myself that I didn't know which I really wanted to be—like Jane Trapp and the rest of those girls, because Wally and Jack went to see them, or like the Boys themselves, really like them.

But by this time I'd gotten to where the shore dips in and the boats have to go out around the second point. I had to start running again and looking over my shoulder at them as they got smaller and smaller out in the water. Finally I had to stop and stand with sweaty eyes and my head banging to watch them go out of sight, waving to somebody around the point who I could not see.

I went around to Kendall Murray's dock, but the putter was gone. Then I had to keep remembering to walk the next two miles slowly so that my father and the Boys would not know.

After a while I got to the sifted white sand of the Yacht Club beach and scuffled across it so I would look bored, but when I came to the gangplank I stopped in amazement. There, under the blue and white canopy of the dock, with reflections of the sun shining and shaking all over them, stood Dave Goldman with my father and the Boys. I had never seen them all so close together.

Dave Goldman, who was new that summer, looked as good as Wally or Jack in a T shirt, and he was about a year younger than

they were, about eighteen, I guess. He had on his big sombrero with the brim all unwoven, and he held a cigarette down so the smoke coiled up his arm, following the veins. Even though Dave had a very loud, fine voice, his back was to me, and I couldn't hear what he said. They looked so good, standing there all together.

The rest of the Judges' Committee bustled around the table in the corner, but my father was not paying any attention to them. A few other people were sitting in the swings, tipping back in the canvas chairs, or walking out to the boat slips and back, but it was still too early for much to be happening.

I stood there just looking at the four of them, and then a strange thing happened. They were saying my name. I thought I heard, "Tass," then I heard it again, positively, "Tass." They hadn't seen me, they weren't calling me and yet I kind of felt they were. "Tass, Tass." I walked out to them.

"Here she is. My God, so quick?" said Jack. "Listen, Goldman's crew isn't going to show and it looks like you're the only one around. You could go, couldn't you?"

I couldn't *say* yes, so I nodded even before he was through. Dave was looking at me. He had black eyebrows that almost came together when he drew them into the big frown that must mean he was kidding.

"Are you guys, *sure*? Come on, she's probably never been in a boat, I know you guys." He talked very fast and his fine voice boomed.

"Of course she knows how to sail—she's not a Jarvis for nothing," said my father sternly, and his brown face looked as handsome as I'd ever seen it. "And remember, Goldman, you're a non-member and only in these races because the kids say they want more Stars sailing." He looked at his big watch, which was a calendar and stop watch and chronometer, too, whatever that meant, and turned back to Dr. Paulson, the head of the Committee, who needed him for some advice.

"Yeah, Tass is a good crew," said Wally. "She's the strongest girl I ever saw. I practice a lot with her. Huh?"

This last was directed at me, and I said, "Sure," very calmly.

Dave clapped his hands over his heart and his chest gave out a great hollow thud. "But if you *knew* how much this race meant to me——"

He sort of sobbed it out; I guess it was very corny but I felt like laughing my head off, it sounded so funny to me. But Jack just said, "Come on, man, climb off it." Jack was usually the one who made the big funnies and you can understand his not laughing.

He walked away and Dave followed. "O.K., O.K." Still talking, he twirled his sombrero around on his head as he passed a bunch of girls who got out of a speedboat, pulling down the sides of their bathing suits.

"Just don't get *too* damn good for him, Tass," said Wally, smiling, and went after them.

"Don't worry," I managed to say, and then went over and sat on the edge of the dock with my feet in the water and my back to the people gathering. It had happened so fast. I was going to crew for him.

I might as well admit now that when I wasn't doing other things that summer I thought a lot about Dave Goldman. Since his father had bought a place across our bay, I could watch him from our dock all the time and people thought I was just looking out at the scenery like everybody does. I guess I even thought about him at night, as girls my age do. I didn't take it too seriously, though.

Aside from this, I am pretty good about thinking the truth, usually. Some girls I know go around believing—*believing* all sorts of peachy things about themselves. The year when I was fourteen I did that kind of thing—I was very religious that year, too. But this year I'd just come to realize that I'm the kind of person who has to think the truth about herself or get so mixed up that seeing herself in a mirror is a huge shock.

But on this Sunday—I just sat scooping up big splashes with my feet and thinking, thinking so fast my head must have made noises, and I didn't stop to separate out what was true. Suddenly I decided that for this one day at least, I could forget about the truth.

All the slips on both sides of the dock were filled and when some hotshot boy roared out in his speedboat the tall masts of the Stars tangled and untangled in the air. A lot of little kids with their Skimmers, too late to get a slip, as usual, shot around like water bugs out in the bay, yelling at each other. One wing of the dock was awash because the skippers of the Flatties were holding a meeting. Air puffed the canopy like a pillow, and I knew the wind would be high.

Then the judges started out toward their speedboat, Dr. Paulson loaded up with the shotgun and megaphone and the red, white, and blue signal cones, trying to rush the others along. Miss LeBarge, the bucktoothed secretary who was at the age where she shouldn't have worn shorts but did, followed along behind them all, taking little steps so that it would look as though she were hurrying, but going slow enough really to let everybody see how official and big-time she looked with her record book and two pencils, one red, one regular.

My father came over to the Boys—he knew the Committee would wait for him—and put his hand on Wally's shoulder. I couldn't hear what he said but Wally nodded, and Jack answered, "Righto!" as always and kicked his heels in the air.

"Aren't you coming out with us today, Tass?" Old Norm Burgeon was one of the judges, and he loved sitting up there on the stand and firing the gun and making jokes about Miss LeBarge which she didn't ever get.

"Nope, I'm crewing today—the *South Wind*," I said, and sort of flipped my hand at Dave Goldman's boat beside me.

Then they were off, the five of them going slowly and importantly in the speedboat out to the judges' stand on the point, making a mountainous wake which nearly swamped the Skimmers.

"Well, le's *go*, le's *go*," said Dave Goldman, handing me the paddle with a bow, not so much at me as at the people standing around.

"Righto!" I said, but didn't dare try to kick my heels together, even though I felt good enough.

When we were out in the bay, I surprised Dave right away by

how quickly I got the jib up. The main slid up, cracked open in the wind and we heeled over, righted, and left Jane Trapp's Flattie behind us in our hissing wake.

I finally looked back at Dave. His toes were clenched around the tiller, steering, and he held the mainsheet in one hand lightly, and a cigarette in the other. He was singing a song.

There were just two things that had always bothered me about Dave a little when I thought about him; one was that with the *South Wind*, which is one of the fastest boats in the fleet, he'd only done fairly well, just getting one second and a third in the whole summer. I think that was because he was always horsing around—steering with his feet, and overshooting the buoys just for laughs, and dressing up in funny clothes—like that sombrero, or a holster with cap pistols, and one time a red sarong. Of course, since he was a nonmember, he couldn't have gotten the cup or even pennants, anyway. But I knew that he could have been a wonderful sailor if he'd try.

And that's the other thing that bothered me about him. The Goldmans didn't belong to the Club yet, although I knew Dave was crazy to. He couldn't even come to the Junior Yacht Club meetings, and he always had to drive along the docks in the new Chris-Craft his father had bought for him and ask kids what went on at the meetings. Their not being members was a thing I could not understand. But as I looked at Dave sitting there in the stern with one strong knee drawn up and the brim of his sombrero bent back with the wind, nothing bothered me any more. The only thing I wished was that I hadn't painted my toenails, right foot green for starboard, left foot red for port. But Dave didn't seem to notice.

We were off the point. The signal cone and race flags fluttered from the pole on the white stand high above the water. The judges had put the umbrella up over part of the little platform for Miss LeBarge. I could see all the judges—except my father—looking at their watches and old Norm Burgeon holding the gun ready to fire the ten-minute warning. My father had his binoculars on the *Antonina*. Dr. Paulson held up a card with the course number on it—Number 3, two laps. It was the longest course, a huge triangle,

and the second angle was the Rossitter buoy, clear at the other end of the lake, where the wind was stiffest. I clenched and unclenched my hands on the line.

We tacked back and forth, shorter runs each time, nearer and nearer the starting buoys. Dave and I were always in the middle of them all and sails blocked out the sky. The wind was roaring, masts creaked, rigging banged, and we kept having to yell at the little kids to keep the Skimmers out of the way. We boiled by Mr. Lattimer and his son in their Old Number 2265, and their faces were both looking like a funeral. They were always holy terrors at the start and hated Wally and Jack because before we got the *Antonina*, the 2265 used to be the big winner. But he was still a good sailor, there was no doubt about it, and sometimes during the series I worried because the Boys didn't seem to know how close the Lattimers were in points.

Dave and I came about for another run past the starting line and there was the *Antonina* alongside. We passed under the judges' stand with the blue-green foam from our bows splashing together. My father stood up there with his hands resting on the white railing, his face dark tan under the blue of his hat, just watching us, his three kids, race by. He had to bend over to hear something Dr. Paulson said and then he let out his big, white smile. Up against that blowy, bright blue sky and with the sun beating and sparkling all around him as though the wind carried it, my father looked as though he would see us, see into us as we moved around anywhere on that course. Even the Rossitter buoy was not too far away for him to raise high up and squint his blue clear eyes and see everything we did, even everything we thought. I knew he was smiling about us, my brothers and me, and even when I had to turn away from all that blue-whiteness around him, I felt it on my back, like the sun.

The one-minute signal went up. We came sharply about, and, as I scrambled under the boom, I caught a glimpse, between the luffing, cracking sails, of Mrs. Rolph standing up alone in her speedboat to watch for fouls at the start. She whipped up her megaphone and yelled, "Good luck, Tass," so I'm sure everyone could've heard.

But nobody even noticed, luckily, because the gun went off and for a minute it seemed that all eleven Stars must crash together, tangling masts, for the stupid Jolson kids were going the wrong way and tried to come about in the middle of everything. From behind, somewhere, I heard the Lattimers bellowing like a couple of bulls, but I didn't look at anything but my own jib, yanked tight against the stay. We dived ahead and the rest were suddenly left to leeward, for Dave had come about at the perfect time and only the *Antonina* showed us her black stern.

"Good start, *perfect* start!" I yelled and didn't care that I'd made such a noise.

"Yeah, not bad," said Dave Goldman, as though he didn't particularly care. But he didn't sit back and steer with his foot, either. Then he bent over and took a long look under the boom at the rest strung out beside and behind us. "They're all too low," he said, not to me especially. And then, "Come on, dammit, keep her pointed up." This *was* to me. Watching him, I'd let my jib sag an inch. He ripped off his sombrero and threw it down in the bilge. So he *would* be different today! "If we can get this damn buoy in one tack we've got it made." He was yelling, too, by then. He kept swearing at his boat but he needn't of, the *South Wind* pointed like a dream—she didn't cost three thousand for nothing.

Dave's hair, which I'd hardly ever seen because of the sombrero, was very black against the glaring sail. And with that black hair whipping all around his head, his shirt plastered to him with the wind and the showers of spray, and his tight, bulging hand on the tiller, he made me feel like we were flying, a hundred miles an hour, it seemed, caught together and blowing a hundred miles an hour. My teeth got cold from smiling into that wind.

The first buoy was far up in a narrow bay where the pines grew tall, close to the strip of beach, and the water was glassy near the shore. At the windy mouth of the bay I watched the *Antonina* ahead, but as we came in and the wind slacked off I had to concentrate on my own jib and the Boys fell below us, out of sight behind our mainsail.

We slid around the buoy slow and quiet, neat as anything, in one

tack. I couldn't help grinning at Dave as we picked up speed, and then I looked for the *Antonina* ahead.

"I'll be damned," said Dave, quieter than usual. I craned my neck to look under the boom. It was the *Antonina*, but behind us, just easing up to the buoy. "They had to tack," said Dave.

We had passed them! passed them with me not even watching.

They came around, and I could see Wally and Jack hanging way out over the side, yelling at each other, struggling to make up what they had lost. But Dave and I were out of the bay by then, rounding a point, and I thumped up to the prow quicker than ever before and got the whisker pole set in the jib for the mile-long run downwind.

But it was so strange to look backward at the *Antonina*.

Then we really flew—as though the sails would pull us up out of the water. I kept my eyes on the *Antonina*, closer in to shore with her sails tense and bowed out, rushing along against the dark trees, the spray dashing off her black sides. The rest of the Stars were strung out behind, as small as toys, and the Flatties and Skimmers were just little dots disappearing in the glare. It was we four, ahead of them all. Sometimes the Boys drew up in a spurt of wind, and then Dave would get us ahead again—but it didn't matter, then; it was just important that we were together, the Boys, and Dave, and me.

But Dave sang to himself as though I weren't there and he wished he had somebody to talk to. He made so much noise, though, I couldn't think what to say—I couldn't even think about *anything*. When we weren't close enough to yell at other kids in boats, he kept singing, louder than anybody I've ever heard. With the noise of the wind, it was sort of nice, although I did get tired of one song that he repeated every time we tacked—something, something, "on a fa-aa-ar Pa-ci-fic isle," were all the words he seemed to remember and he filled in the rest with booms and la-das which might have been an imitation of somebody, but I wasn't sure who. He never said a word to me except telling me to pull the jib tighter, or "Dammit, get a move on!" so I was sort of bowled over when he stopped in the middle of that song one time through, and said, "My

old man worked on the picture that had that song in it. Crummy, isn't it?" He actually looked at me with his black eyes and waited for what I would say.

I waited too, and finally, "Oh, I don't know," came out. Numb-skull. Then I was so afraid he'd quit talking to me that I asked him what his father did in the movies. This must've been a bad question, because Dave shrugged and said, "Some damn fool thing—production—you know how the movie racket is."

The only thing I knew was that I'd never seen his father's name on the screen even though I admit I looked in every movie all that summer.

We came up through a bunch of Flatties that were sailing a shorter course, and there was no time to talk because Dave knew everybody and had a message of some sort for each one, nearly, even if it was only, "Ho, *Bill-bo*," with his arm thrown up over his head. Most of them waved back but some didn't, and whenever this happened Dave began to hum and fiddle with the tiller and check his position. I tried always not to watch him then. The year before, I'd yelled like crazy to every boat in sight. Then I found out that because you know who somebody is doesn't make him a friend of yours, and I got so cowardly about those times when they didn't answer that I quit yelling at all. I wondered where Dave got the courage.

We came around Number Four buoy which was out in the raw, dark blue, choppy water by the dam. One of the Flatties had capsized and drifted with its sail flat under the water. Mrs. Rolph was putting around in a circle, getting the towline ready. The wind was as heavy as I'd ever seen it; we'd only done the first leg of the big triangle course, and already my hands ached. I forgot about that right away, though, because Dave took us at a sharp angle up through the other boats which hadn't rounded Number Four yet—and there was the Lattimers' 2265, a bad fourth behind Barney Nettlesworth who *really* had an old crate. Both of the Lattimers looked straight ahead and the son was practicing on getting a frown as deep as his father's.

I wished that my father could see the Lattimers' faces, but the

judges' stand was only a white speck now, and I knew that even my father's big binoculars could not move his eyes close enough to see their frowns.

It was too bad because my father always got a big charge over the Lattimers. He always told the story—especially to the Boys—about how one time when Lattimer had gotten to be a big cheese (he had the biggest house on the lake or something, then) he lost his shirt in some stupid business deal or something and had to move to the south shore. It was about then that my mother and father built *our* house at the lake, which is right near the old Lattimer place. I don't know the story well enough and so I can't make it funny, but I must admit, even though I don't say so to my father, of course, that sometimes I feel sorry for old Lattimer. I think I'd frown too if I were stupid enough to stay around where everything and everybody reminds you that you're a kind of a halfway flop. I didn't know of any time my father or even the Boys had ever failed at anything, though, so it's no wonder they couldn't guess how Lattimer must feel.

Suddenly, I came to and realized that Dave had stopped singing. We were running close to shore, now, along a crowded fringe of docks. I turned my back to the people, knowing they'd all watch Dave and me race by. He was quiet, squinting ahead—he looked so handsome with his mouth not singing or yelling. I just watched him and knew he was going to say things to me. Like a fool, I had all his words made up in my own head and ready to answer in a sort of cute way.

I don't know why it was my mind had to lie to me then, on that day when the truth should have been enough.

Dave licked his lips, staring past me, and then yelled, "Ho, Mo-na!" with his arm thrown straight up.

I looked, and, of course, there was Mona Jessup sitting out on her diving board, swinging her legs. Dave had put off tacking so he could wave to her.

After a minute, Mona unpropped one of her arms and waved. "Hi, Tass, hi, Dave," she said, not very loud, as we passed.

And then we just *had* to come about or we would have hit the

shore. Dave was quiet, going away, and then he said, "I suppose *she's* all dated up for this dance?"

At first I didn't understand that it was a question. "I don't know," I said. "How should I? I don't know her very well."

Dave shrugged. "Well, she said 'hi' to you—and she's hot for your brother, isn't she? I mean he's a big wheel around here."

"Which?—Jack's head of the Junior Yacht Club—but I don't know anything about it. I don't know about Mona." Then it came to me that Dave was asking me as though he thought I knew more than he did. It was a strange thing to do. I just sat there looking at my big, square knees.

Because Dave had tacked so late, the *Antonina* had come closer and hung behind us like our shadow. Dave kept looking back. "Your old man would probably be mad as hell if we *won* this damn race." Again, it was partly a question, even though he didn't look at me. It was something I hadn't thought of before, and I didn't know what to say. "Well, there's another lap after this," I said finally, feeling sort of jumpy. Dave didn't sing for a while. We didn't stop working hard, though.

But the day was changed for me; I didn't watch Dave so much any more.

The wind was even heavier and I didn't wave when Mrs. Rolph plowed by to tow another Flattie to shore. There were gray sides to the choppy waves and back of us a white line of thunderheads was coming up over the dark hills to the south. Back there, too, were the Lattimers, moved up to third place but still far away.

Then all the Stars, with us in the lead, came leaning around a point, too close to where the wind dashed the waves into the rocks, and we were headed into the wide gray bay where the Rossitter buoy was, too far away yet to see. It was the only place on the lake where there were cliffs coming down to the water. No wonder there weren't many docks—it was a windy, ugly place.

I looked under the boom just in time to see the judges' stand, little and still glaring white in a piece of sun, go out of sight behind a rocky cliff. This was the only place on our course which my father couldn't see from his perch above the water.

So, what if Dave and I did win, and the Boys got second, and maybe lost the series; what would my father say? I thought about it for a while and then I saw that Dave just didn't know my father very well when he said he'd be mad. One thing I was sure of—I would never underestimate my father.

Ever since my father had his heart attack, the year before, my mother rushed around the house in those long, floaty bathrobes of hers, closing doors, shushing people—especially me, because I do make more noise than anybody—sending away people who came from the office; and all this with sad eyes and her hand sort of clenched up around her neck. I personally thought she overdid it, and that she would drive me crazy, going on like that, if *I'd* had the heart attack. But my father must've liked it, because pretty soon he was up and around, even back at the office in the spring. But still, it was only when he had that big smile that my mother would ever relax. I think my mother would have paid money for that smile.

But the point is that she underestimated him, because to keep him looking happy, she'd try to keep him from seeing things as they really were. Like one day we were sitting in our patio of the Beverly Hills house, and a man with a twitching nose and a sort of creepy walk came to see my father from the office to explain about some mistake he'd made, lost some money, or something, I guess.

My mother stood behind my father and patted his shoulders and kept saying, "No, Bill, no, dear, we don't want to talk about that." Even though she fussed around in that high-voiced way, I thought she would have shot that man if somebody had handed her a gun. But my father only put out his hand and made her be quiet so he could hear the truth. When the man was finished my father gave him a really terrific bawling out, not even raising his voice too much. But, boy, I'd be surprised if *that* man ever showed his twitchy nose again.

How did my mother think my father had gotten to be such an important man, anyway? But after the stranger had gone away, my father pulled my mother down on his lap and called her a string of names, as though she were a doll. She did sort of look like one,

too, trying not to laugh. My mother looked pretty, O.K., but my father knew what was real.

The cliffs were up around us and the painted pole of the Ros-sitter buoy loomed in the gray water ahead. Then I stared only at the mainsail yanked tight in front of my nose. All of a sudden I knew Wally and Jack were there on the other side, closer to us, and closer, until I could hear the *Antonina* whish and spank through the water. Oh, man, it was going to be a real race.

"Shove over, Goldman," called Jack, but so close that I felt his face was just on the other side of the sail. "Look out, there won't be room. You'll foul yourself out, Goldman!"

I couldn't choose, I couldn't choose what I wanted to happen. So I just did what I had to and held my jib in tight. Dave held his course but I could see him look back and forth, opening and shutting his hand on the tiller. "Jesus Christ," he muttered. "I don't want to *win* the damn race, but——" He kept looking up at me as though I could tell him what to do. But I just stared straight into the sail.

The *Antonina's* shadow crept up our own sail, close but still behind. Those daredevils would try to crowd us out—"For God's sake, Goldman, look out—luff off, you'll foul. You God-damn ——" Even Wally was yelling.

And Dave had just begun to let the mainsheet go, when the *Antonina* hit us, midway behind the mast. The two boats fell off, hesitated, and shivered together as though fastened side by side.

"Oh, you bloody, God-damned *fool!*" bellowed Jack and this time I could tell it was aimed at Wally. They had fouled; the Boys were out of the race. And the Lattimers, still far back but coming, would take the points. I was as disappointed as though I'd been watching the Boys as usual, over my father's shoulder.

"Oh, you *guys*. God damn," I said and bent to look under the sail to show them that Dave and I would do our best to beat the Lattimers. But the *Antonina* had slid around the buoy and started away ahead of us.

As Dave came about, my arms suddenly ached to my backbone and the jib seemed to be pulling me right out into the water.

I reached into the bilge, hauled up a dripping red rag. We'd have to fly it from the stay for the rest of that bloody, God-damned race to show that somebody had fouled. I'm not the weepy type but I swear I felt like bawling—and for Dave too; he hadn't wanted to make them foul out.

But all of a sudden, there was the *Antonina* alongside again, to my back this time. Her sails were luffing, making big loose cracks and snaps. The Boys were waiting for us.

"Wait a sec, Tass," said Wally, almost in my ear, it seemed, and I turned around to look at him. His blond hair, wet with spray, was standing up all over his head and his sunny, squinty eyes were smiling at me in a way that any other time would have made me feel good for hours. "Don't put up the flag, Dave. We want to talk to you." He motioned for Jack to take up the luff and the *Antonina* heeled over, picked up speed and kept beside us. I turned my back, shivering in the shadow of the *Antonina's* sail.

"Dave, what say we sort of forget about that little bump? I mean, it couldn't make any difference to you, and we have to get this race. You know how those Lattimer bastards are——"

I turned to look back and the Lattimers' boat was small in the distance. They probably hadn't even been able to see.

Dave said, "Yeah, I know, but ——"

"Look, you're not really *in* this race, when you come right down to it . . ." Then Jack must've leaned under their sail, too, because his voice came loud. "As a matter of fact, I'm not even so sure that the rules say you *can* foul anybody, not being a regular member, or anything. C'mon, pal, give us a break?"

"Yeah, sure, sure, I know the whole story. Old Lady Rolph's probably putting around here somewhere—then I would be out on my ass. And it wouldn't look too good for——"

"Use your eyes, man," said Jack's voice. "She's clear the hell out there. Anyway, she has that bottle and is probably *blind* by this time. Nobody saw."

I looked, and Mrs. Rolph's boat *was* far out. But Jack was wrong about her. Sure, when I went to visit her, I knew that my lemonade and hers came out of two entirely different pitchers—

she didn't try to hide anything. But she never had had any when she was judging; she told me so. I imagined I saw Mrs. Rolph standing up and watching us even while she circled among the Skimmers. Turning my back seemed to be the only safe thing.

"I'd like to give you guys a break, but——" Dave ducked to look under the sail, behind us, ahead, and finally at me.

Jack spoke in a quiet voice, but so close that he must have been leaning clear over to us. "As a matter of fact, Goldman, I've been thinking it's a damn shame you're *not racing for points*—you'd make the competition a lot better. *You know, more fun.*"

A gust came and shot the *Antonina* ahead of us and apart. Dave swore and said, "Come on, dammit, stay with 'em." But *I* couldn't do any more. Wally turned the *Antonina* a little into the wind and we drew up with them, but farther apart. Then, coming around the cliff we were in sight of the judges' stand again. Jack had to make his voice loud, and what he said came to us in little broken pieces. "Look, we'll have to break this up—been working on this deal to get you into the Juniors anyway, Goldman—Hell, I'm president, they'll listen——"

Nobody said anything, then, for quite a while. I didn't dare look at Dave. Finally, he said, "Yeah, sure, I'd like to help you guys out. But what about——?" He must've jerked his head at me.

"Oh, *Tass*," laughed Wally. "I never even thought about *Tass*. I knew we could trust her."

I turned around and looked at him smiling across. "You do *understand* about this, don't you, *Tass*?" said Jack.

"Sure she does, don't be a dope," said Wally. "We're counting on you, *Tass*. Thanks, Dave."

The *Antonina* drew away from us slowly. One of the Boys waved. The *South Wind* picked up speed, and I knew all of a sudden that I was a part of the three of them, only now it was really the four of us. I told myself that nothing mattered but that I do things their way, that I be like them. And I can remember that for a minute, just for a minute, I felt that in that secret between the four of us was all the adventure in the world.

But all the way to the next buoy, Dave and I were as quiet as if we'd each forgotten the other was alive. Then he turned his black eyes at me and yelled, "Ready about, dammit!" and was quiet again, scowling into the water.

I was too tired to move quick, and we had fallen way behind Wally and Jack. I didn't know what had happened to my old muscles. Now the wind was cold and clouds had come up over half the sky and taken the blue out of the water. But there was still another lap to go.

So on that run I looked all around at things and noticed them and tried to think something about them, but I guess I knew that the judges' stand was coming and I'd have to look up at my father.

There he was, with his arms folded and his cap pulled down as though he were cold standing up there in the wind. He leaned against the railing, and, with the biggest smile you ever saw, was nodding toward the *Antonina*, already well on her way to the first buoy again.

And I knew, even when I saw him smiling like that, that I couldn't cheat him, that he would rather know that the Boys had fouled than go off thinking that they'd won when they didn't. We couldn't make my mother's mistake. I wondered how we'd ever been so dumb as to forget about him.

"Dave," I said, before I remembered that he couldn't possibly understand about my father. But I had to finish. "We should put up the flag."

He twitched his head around and stared at me with his black eyes screwed up to narrow slits and his mouth open a little. "What in *hell* are you *talking*——?"

"It's my father. We just can't do it because of my father."

He looked like I was a lion trying to back him into a corner. "He doesn't *know*, does he? I mean, how could you tell——? How could he find out? Now look, let's not get hysterical."

"He *doesn't* know. That's not the——"

"Well, then. Put your damn shirt back on." He slumped back a little but still kept watching me.

And then what I'd been trying to say just came into my mouth like magic. I knew it was what I'd meant, because it felt sort of like coming up after swimming the whole width of the dock under water. "It'd be wrong not to tell him the truth."

I guess he understood that, because he sat still, holding onto the tiller and the mainsheet like things he'd forgotten. He ran his tongue around his mouth and said, "It's too late to think about that now; forget it, will you?"

"No, the Boys———" I began, and suddenly he held the tiller with his knee, reached down where that red rag slid back and forth in the bilge water, and, just as quickly, held it overboard and let go. "Besides," he said, "we haven't any flag."

We were quiet until we got around the first buoy and I had to get up to fix the jib. I stood on the prow, hanging onto the stay with the jib flapping and stinging my leg; I waved the whisker pole over my head and yelled as loud as I could to Wally. But they had pulled so far ahead that they did not hear. Neither of their heads, dark against the *Antonina's* sails, turned to listen to me. Even if I live until everybody else is dead, I'll never forget teetering there on the prow with that stupid whisker pole and realizing all of a sudden that the Boys were going to cheat. The *Antonina* seemed to have carried them so far away that I thought I'd never be able to see or talk to my brothers again.

Finally, Dave swore at me so loud that I fixed the pole and came down. A little later, the Lattimers passed us. Dave didn't say a word the whole time.

We finished the race fourth if you counted Wally and Jack as being in.

We eased into a slip in the dock, our sails cracking in that crazy, rainy wind. As quickly as I could I jumped out onto the dock, but Dave stood up and grabbed my arm. "Now, what———?"

"I have to talk to my brothers." I jerked my arm free and backed away from him.

"You heard what Jack said, you fool—nobody saw," whispered Dave and looked as though he were screaming it at the top of his voice.

"That's not the point, I told you," and I started away.

"O.K., maybe—but don't tell 'em it was *my idea*," he said to my back, so quietly I almost didn't hear. I had to turn to look at him. He stood there by his nice expensive sailboat with no sombrero on his head and a mixed-up frown all over his face, and I really felt sorry for anybody who would want to get into that measly Yacht Club so much. I probably wouldn't think about Dave Goldman at night any more—but I felt so sorry for him.

I ran up the dock, past all the same old people talking their heads off, down the line of moored boats to the *Antonina* where the Boys were fixing the sails and bailing her out, talking back and forth with everybody who passed.

I knew right away that it was probably too late, but maybe I'd been wrong about them, maybe they'd listen. I banged down on my knees to wait to be alone with the Boys. Wally stopped in the middle of a sentence to turn and stare at me.

Finally, the people, whoever they were, went away. I leaned over and hung onto the *Antonina*. "Wally, we've got to tell him."

"Now, what's the matter?" he said and Jack turned around and stood on the dock between me and the people.

I said it again.

"What does *he* have to do with it; he doesn't know. Now, Tass, come on."

"Mrs. Rolph doesn't know, does she?" asked Jack very quickly, bending over to look at me.

All I could do was shake my head. "It's only Daddy——"

"Now, Tass," said Wally again, but gently, and he waved Jack to shut up. He reached over as though he would pat my shoulder but I moved back. "Now, Tass, Dad would understand."

"We're cheating and he'd never understand."

I kept saying it and saying it and they wouldn't listen. "We'd never have *trusted* you, Tass, if we'd known." They put a sponge in my hand and made me start getting water out of the *Antonina's* bilge. They kept talking to each other, and never stopped saying "Hi" to people who passed, but they sounded worried, and even mad at each other. I didn't care what they said any more. Wally

stood right above me as though he were afraid I'd jump up and run away.

"Besides, Tass," he said after a long while. "It's too late. Everybody already knows we won." He laid his hand on me. "Think how bad Dad would feel if you made a big stink about this. Come on, we're all in this together."

Then Jack said, "And you wouldn't want *Goldman* to get thrown out by some stupid rule, would you?" I guess he thought that was pretty smart.

I wouldn't look at them, but beyond them, out across the bay on the point, I saw the race flag dip down. The last boat had finished and they were ready to come over.

"Come on, promise, Tass?" Wally kept saying. "Honest injun?" as though I were ten years old. I just kept sopping the water, wringing the sponge over the side.

Soon the judges came up the dock, Dr. Paulson with a lot of little kids running beside him yelling at each other, at him, about "starboard," and "windward," and "foul."

"Yes, yes, yes," he said holding his charts above their heads. "We'll get it all straightened out—wait a———" The rest of the judges followed him back to the desk under the canopy, but my father got himself through the crowd, shaking hands only twice, and came to see the Boys.

"Well, looks like another cup," he said. "Good race, you guys." He had such a big smile. He told them how good they had looked and how glad he'd been to see them come around the point ahead of Dave. Wally slapped my father on the shoulder and turned him back toward the dock, away from me. But I didn't open my mouth, I couldn't say a word.

"For a minute,"—my father lowered his voice and spoke to them behind his hand like he did when he was going to tell a joke about somebody—"I thought you were going to get beaten by a *Goldman* and I was ready to trade you in on a new model." Wally and Jack laughed, but as if they didn't think it was very funny.

"But it's *Tass* I thought we couldn't trust any more." My father turned and pointed at me, laughing. "Doggone if I didn't think

you were too good a crew to lend out. But I guess you knew when to drag your feet over the side, huh, Tass?"

The Boys turned him away and they started walking slowly toward the canopy, my father in the middle, with his arms around their broad, tan shoulders. The Boys didn't have to worry then, though. I couldn't have opened my mouth, with his pride in them—and even in me—out that day for everybody to see.

How can the truth be such a hard thing to say? I knew I'd have to wait until we got home, until maybe the Boys and I could tell him together. But I knew really that even this was a lie to myself and that I'd have to do the telling alone.

Even though the *Antonina* was bone-dry by this time, I stayed there, with the floorboards digging into my knees, pretending I was still bailing so I wouldn't have to go with the rest and hear them all yammering about the race.

So it was just as though I'd been waiting for her, when I was the first one to see Mrs. Rolph, towing in the last ratty Skimmer through the gray water around the point. I watched her the whole way with my heart thumping. She finally landed and came up toward the canopy with her bony shoulders hunched up in her jacket and her thin legs, turned black by the sun, looking cold in that funny gray light of clouds. And it was terrible because she was my friend. I bent over, working at nothing in the bottom of the boat. But those black eyes I really thought sometimes were magic, like a bird's or a lizard's, and of course she saw me. I heard her flopping sandals stop at the prow of the *Antonina*.

"Oh, *hi*," I said.

"Hi, Tass honey," she said, and then my name again with a big question sort of beginning in it. "*Tass*——?" But she looked at me and didn't finish. "Well, never mind, honey," she said and shuffled on up the dock.

I turned around and sat with my back to the canopy part, but still I could hear them, one huge yammer. What was worse, I could even imagine what they were saying, as though I were standing around in the middle of them listening over their shoulders as I used to do. As though I'd never be able to get that crummy Yacht

Club out of my ears. All for one little race and what was so important about it, anyway? But each one of them had to tell what *he* saw and what *he* did as though it were the biggest thing in the world—even though it might not even be true. And each one with his special hat or his fancy faded denim stuff that just came from the store. What a fool *I* was. Why didn't they come so we could go home and get everything straightened out?

I guess it was then I noticed that the noise had died down, except for a few voices, as though they were all listening. I got up and went nearer, as though somebody had called me; I couldn't stay away.

A big row of backs was turned toward me as I came up. It was quite ironical how well I'd gotten to know people's backs around that Yacht Club. And then, over their shoulders I could just see Wally's arm gripping the edge of the desk as he bent over, then his head shaking at Dr. Paulson who kept wiggling his glasses, twiddling a pencil. Wally was telling! But Dave came up, I could see the peak of his sombrero, and—why was his voice always too loud?—he said something, something, "No, he headed off just in time"—"Sure, it might've *looked*"—"Yes, sir, that's how——"

Somebody sat down and I could see Mrs. Rolph standing with them, looking at the Boys and Dave with her dark, lizard's eyes.

"Well, Doc," said my father's voice. "if that's what the kids say, that's it. You *were* pretty far out, Mrs. Rolph?"

But even though I couldn't see him, I knew how anxious his face must be. My mother if *she* could have seen him, I guess, would have driven everyone away and not let anybody say a word more. Maybe she would have been right, too, I didn't know.

"Well, yes, I guess so," said Dr. Paulson, pulling at his little mustache and the hair by his ears. "But just for the record we'd better——" He was always so nervous about his record. Miss LeBarge, the secretary, tore some paper from her notebook as though she were the most official official in the U.S.A. They all muttered together and Mrs. Rolph bent over the desk to write what she had seen. The Boys stood around with their hands sort of propped on their hips as though this happened every day.

Old Lattimer and his son leaned against the railing opposite me, staring at all that went on and looking like they wanted to smile.

Then Wally bent over to write, and in a minute they would all have to sign. We would all ride home, my father believing their black lie—*our* black lie because it *was* just as much mine—and whenever he trusted us again, it would be wrong, and if he ever found out afterward it would kill him.

I was too big to get through those people without bumping a lot of shoulders, stumbling against bare feet on the way. Then the last few saw me, and moved, whispering, to let me through to the open place in front of the desk. And so Jack saw too. He turned on me sharply with fierce eyes, but couldn't say anything. I looked straight at him and wondered what had become of the brothers I remembered. I even tried to pretend they weren't my brothers, that I didn't even know them. But Wally and Jack stood there, looking so much like my father must once have looked—only afraid. They were still my brothers, and I was going to betray them.

I stepped close to Wally and whispered very fast, so as not to cry and make fools of us all. "We've got to tell him."

I think one of them grapped my arm, then, and dropped it, but I don't remember exactly because I was turned around to look at my father. I forgot about everything when I saw him; like we were together alone in a big watery room. My father stood there, tall as he ever was, with his blue hat shading his eyes like always, but with his look at me so full of hating and so full of being afraid that he and his sons had never looked so much like each other as at that minute. He didn't want to hear the truth; he would hate whoever told it to him.

Even I must've looked like them too, then, because *I* was afraid, maybe more afraid than any of them. Whatever I did had to be because of only myself.

After a long, long time, I came up close to my father and I said to him, "The *Antonina* did hit us, about midway behind the mast. It was a foul and we all lied about it."

My father did not move, he only stared. And yet he was different, everything was different. I didn't know who was the traitor.

I heard Dr. Paulson say, "Well, Tass," in a gentle way, and ask me some question which I answered, and then everybody was talking and pretty soon Dr. Paulson stepped around and waved everybody away.

Most of them must have gone finally because I could hear the wind. Dave talked to them, the judges, not loud. I don't know what he said. So did the Boys.

My father began to move around again, and he said once, "Well, Boys, that wasn't—in the spirit—even though Goldman wasn't really *in*———" Then he said to the judges that of course they had to be disqualified from that race, and Dr. Paulson said it was a good deal more than that, didn't he think so?

Once Mrs. Rolph came by me and dug her fingers into my shoulder. She said, "Tass, honey," and waited for me to look up, I guess. But when I didn't, she just said, "We're all better off for knowing the truth about things." There wasn't any whisky on her breath.

We started home, towing the *Antonina*, when it began to rain. We passed Dave Goldman sailing home alone, hunched down in the bottom of his boat, his mainsail streaked with wet. Nobody said a word until after we'd docked and Wally jerked off the *Antonina's* sails. When the runners jammed, he yelled out a string of words I don't even know and yanked the runners free.

Then the three of them were gone, each one by himself, climbing the hill.

I turned slowly, looking across the boards of the dock, in the seats of the speedboat, on the wet white deck of the *Antonina*. They had left me nothing to carry.

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Commanders in Chief from 1948 to 1951.

His books include *El Alamein to the River Sangro*, *Normandy to the Baltic*, *Forward to Victory*, and *Forward from Victory*.

JAMES WRIGHT

("To a Troubled Friend") appears for the first time in the *Spectator*. He is a graduate student of English at the University of Washington, and his poems have been published in the *Kenyon Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Western Review*, *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, the *Avon Book of Modern Writing*, *Interim*, and the *Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards* anthology (1954).

KENNETH OLIVER

("Islandia Revisited") is chairman of the Department of English and Literature at Occidental College, and is vice-chairman of the Educational Council of a seven-college Intercollegiate Program in Graduate Education, an experiment in the education of college teachers which is supported by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. He has written articles and given lectures on comparative literature and general educational interests. He last appeared in the 1953 Winter issue of *The Pacific Spectator* with a poem "The Circus Cats."

LT. KARL HARSHBARGER

("Outposts of Freedom") is stationed with the 1st Student Officers

Company, Fort Eustis, Virginia. He attended the University of Oregon, and is working on a novel set in Oregon and San Francisco. His home is in North Liberty, Iowa.

RYUNOSUKE AKUTAGAWA

The late Ryūnosuke Akutagawa ("The Story of Yonosuke") is best known in this country for *Rashomon*, which was translated by Takashi Kojima and published by Liveright Company, New York, in 1942. Critics say that "The Story of Yonosuke" is one of Akutagawa's best, and that it is also one of the most representative modern Japanese short stories.

TAKASHI KOJIMA

(translator, "The Story of Yonosuke") is an assistant professor of English at Meiji University in Tokyo. He translated "Rashomon and Other Representative Short Stories by Ryūnosuke Akutagawa," and his translation of one of the most popular Japanese juvenile stories, "The Tales of Santa, the Japanese Tom Sawyer," will be published next summer.

D. V. GUNDAPPA

("Industrial Technology and Indian Society") has been active in the public life and the cultural activities of his country for over forty-five years. He has edited newspapers and journals in English and Kannada—the regional language of the State of Mysore, South India—and has been a member of the legislature of My-

sore and of the Governing Council of the University. For the last six years he has been engaged in building up the Gokhale Institute of Public Affairs, which is devoted to the promotion of public education for democratic citizenship.

CONSTANCE CRAWFORD

("Judges' Stand") has been in Paris

since February of last year. She finds that buckling down to work is difficult amid the many pleasant distractions of that city. She has, however, finished a long story which will be published in the near future in *Mademoiselle*. "Judges' Stand" appears in the book *Stanford Short Stories*, 1955, published recently by the Stanford University Press.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 129)

position to know, is a dangerous chimera: if five or six or a dozen of the most powerful bombs can cripple a nation—or its adversary—of what significance are the hundredth and the one hundred and first? Clearly, there has been "a revolution in military concepts," as President Eisenhower pointed out in his budget message, putting "an extra premium on military leadership"—and, indeed, on all leadership. For traditional concepts of national power, international alliances, and balance of power can scarcely be wholly relevant to the new world context. We suspect that the philosophy of international relations needs total re-evaluation.

It is with utmost propriety, then, that President Eisenhower has recently appointed Mr. Harold Stassen

his special assistant in charge of disarmament planning. We question whether any appointee in history has faced such a difficult challenge; indeed, one can scarcely imagine—in view of current world tensions—how Mr. Stassen should go about his job. But as a first step, we commend Mr. Stassen to Professor Bendre of Sholapur who, in his plea for uncontaminated earth and a river bend and a hill for watching the stars, speaks for the whole world of us. Man, in his pursuit of knowledge for ends both good and bad, has hemmed himself in; the earth itself is fast becoming a different sort of self-imprisonment camp from which no one can escape without his brother.

Robert C. North



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IN ITS cold war diplomatic fencing the United States has displayed, at times, an uncanny weakness for tripping over its own foil. Seldom has this disposition been more embarrassingly revealed than at the conclusion of the Bandung conference, which should remind us—now that the Russians are talking in terms of neutrality and disarmament—that anticommunism, as an inflexible stance, can prove awkward or even dangerous.

The Bandung conference of two thousand delegates from twenty-nine African and Asian nations (representing more than 1.3 billion people, or roughly half the population of the world) had been opened by Dr. Sukarno of Indonesia, who cited Longfellow's poem "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" and hailed the date as the anniversary of "the opening of the American war of independence, the first successful anti-colonial war in history." Later, the spirit of this unprecedented gathering was further shaped by General Romulo of the Philippines, who said "The success of this conference will be measured not by what we do for ourselves but what we do for the entire human community."

In consequence of a luncheon conversation with Romulo, Nehru, Sukarno, Prince Wan of Thailand, and U Nu of Burma, the Chinese Communist delegate Chou En-lai—for whatever motives—announced to the conference that Communist China was "willing to sit down and enter into negotiations with the United States Government to discuss the question of relaxing tension in the Far East and especially the question of relaxing tension in the Taiwan [Formosa] area."

Whether or not Chou En-lai was sincere we can only speculate, but such staunch anticommunists as General Romulo and Prince Wan believed that he was, and if they did we may be sure that many

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THE AUTHORS

JOHN J. JOHNSON

("The New Latin America and the United States"), an associate professor of history at Stanford University, is spending the summer of 1955 in Mexico doing research on his forthcoming book, which will be concerned with the political role of the middle classes in Latin America. During 1952-53 Mr. Johnson was on leave from Stanford to serve the State Department as acting chief of the South American branch in the Division of Research for the American Republics.

PETER VIERECK

("The Conservative Case Against McCarthyism") is at present at the University of Florence lecturing on American poetry and civilization in a new chair created for that purpose. Besides teaching Modern European and Russian history at Mt. Holyoke College, Professor Viereck has published several volumes of prose and poetry; he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1949. "The Conservative Case Against McCarthyism" is excerpted from his forthcoming book "The Unadjusted Man," which Beacon Press will publish in the autumn of 1956.

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ELLSWORTH TAYLOR

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FLOYD W. MATSON

("In Defense of Compromise") is a lecturer in speech at the University of California at Berkeley. He is co-author of *Prejudice, War and the Constitution*, a study of the Japanese-

American evacuation of World War II, and has written several articles in the political and social science field. He is currently working on a study of social welfare and security provisions for the blind.

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("The American War Novel: An Affirming Flame") is an associate professor of English at Purdue University. He spent 1951-52 in Cairo, Egypt, on a Fulbright grant to teach American literature. He is now at work on contemporary American fiction.

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THE NEW LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES

by John J. Johnson

THERE are two Latin Americas today. One is the traditional Latin America, the other new and changing. The traditional Latin America is the one from which evolved the stereotypes which still serve to confuse our thinking.

The traditional Latin America is associated with vastness—one-sixth of the earth's inhabitable surface, immense tropical jungles, barren deserts where average rainfall means nothing, millions of acres of rolling plains, and a 5,000-mile-long mountain chain. This Latin America recalls the half-Christian, half-pagan religious rituals of the Indians of Guatemala and the Negroes of Haiti. It suggests meaningless revolutions and dictators who would border on the ridiculous were it not for their absolute power over their cowed subjects. The traditional Latin America brings to mind debtor republics that seemingly have become habituated to dependence upon loans from abroad.

The new and, to the United States, vitally significant Latin America is represented by Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Uruguay, which contain within their borders two-thirds of the land surface of Latin America and two-thirds of its population of roughly 170 million. It is in these five of the twenty Latin-American republics that one finds much of the region's new dynamism; its new self-confidence; its desire to create; and its very conscious groping to achieve self-expression. These are the nations of Latin America that, for better or worse, have most fully experienced the impact of technological change during the past quarter century.

Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Uruguay have been accepted as leaders by the people of their sister republics, people who have come increasingly to measure progress in social and economic terms. Bolivia's turning to Argentina or one of the others for ideas

may be deplored as a case of the halt leading the blind. But it is a fact that Bolivia will do so, as will the other less developed and more politically immature republics. And facts must sooner or later be dealt with by nations that would live together.

Anyone with even a superficial knowledge of the five republics is well aware of the myriad of differences among them. Despite these differences, they have one important feature in common: they are all in the throes of a profound economic and social transformation. This transformation has already noticeably influenced both the political process in the republics and their attitude toward international relations.

In short, the overwhelming fact is that the power which a well-entrenched and unbending conservative elite formerly derived from the mere ownership of vast landed estates has passed to the newly emergent laboring, industrial, and middle-class groups in thriving urban centers.

The shift in political power is above all a manifestation of the social and economic change that the republics have undergone since World War I. Between 1920 and 1950, banking, industry, and international and internal commerce expanded, and public services, including communications systems, were notably improved. These developments resulted in the transfer of the concentration of wealth from rural areas to urban centers.

To the extent that wealth became concentrated in the cities, so did the population. The flocking to the cities, which has been going on at an increasing tempo for the past three decades, is one of the major phenomena of the twentieth century in the more materially advanced Latin-American states. Today there is an axiom that in Latin America the larger the city, the more likely it is to prove attractive to those who are restless and moving about. Greater Buenos Aires, with 4,500,000 inhabitants, is the largest Latin city in the world, and contains 26 percent of the total population of Argentina. One out of every eleven Brazilians lives in either Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo, which have a combined population of five million. Seventeen percent of all Chileans live in the capital city of Santiago, which has a population of well over one million.

Mexico City, with over three million inhabitants, is home to 12 percent of all Mexicans. In Uruguay, three out of every ten persons live in Montevideo, a city of over 700,000. Although Latin America is basically an agricultural and mineral-producing area, one out of every fourteen of its 170 million inhabitants is found in four cities—Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Mexico City.

The expanding cities have presented a real challenge to certain traditional institutions of the area, notably the family and the Catholic Church. The “extended” family which reached out to include cousins, and second and third cousins, and frequently godchildren and godchildren’s parents, and through which political control often was exercised, is rapidly disappearing under urban conditions. One of the more obvious considerations is that the *Casa Grande*—the Great House—of the rural estate, in which dozens of relatives could be called together to be fed and then given political instruction by the patriarch of the family, can seldom be duplicated in the cities. As cities have become more congested and inhabitants have been forced into cramped apartment living, it often has become difficult to hold even the immediate family together. Sons, and increasingly often daughters, spend less and less time at home. They consequently develop new interests and new loyalties and come to depend less upon relatives and more upon their own resources.

In the cities the challenge to the Catholic Church has come in the “extra-religious fields”—education and entertainment—the very fields the Church has traditionally depended upon to strengthen its hold over its members. The State is rapidly replacing the Church as a purveyor of knowledge on all academic levels. In the field of entertainment, the motion pictures, radio and television programs, sports events, and public beaches compete successfully with the Church’s festivals and pageants for the leisure time of the urban population. The labor leader’s order that a member attend a union meeting is respected, but the admonitions of the parish priest to attend mass often go unheeded.

Politically, the shift of wealth and the rise of the great urban centers has meant a vastly broadened political base. Articulate and aggressive commercial and industrial working elements have been

swept into the millrace of politics. The salaried middle sectors, roughly equivalent to the white-collar classes in the United States, have expanded greatly and have grown tremendously in political stature. Small and medium-sized commercial and industrial establishments have multiplied, adding technicians and managers to the middle-income groups.

The emergence of working-class and middle-class elements as power groups has given a new meaning to politics; has produced a new set of national concerns; and these in turn have led to new leadership requirements. Issues that formerly were contested by different segments of a narrow ruling clique, in which all power ultimately resided, have been superseded by issues brought to the surface by the new power groups. On the national level at least, essentially politico-religious controversies have given way to basically socioeconomic ones.

The candidate for office who would offer a family name in lieu of a national policy is rapidly becoming a thing of the past in the more mature republics of Latin America. The new leaders are ordinarily upstarts in that they lack family background, as that term is understood in Latin America. Some have been the newly rich of commerce and industry, as for example Miguel Alemán, president of Mexico from 1946 to 1952. Others have used the armed forces as stepping stones to power, as did Juan D. Perón, president-dictator of Argentina. Still others have worked their way to the top from within the bureaucracy, as did Ruiz Cortines, the present chief executive of Mexico. Regardless of the route they have traveled, they have as a group lacked social prestige in a society which by preference would rely heavily upon the guideposts of the past.

The new leaders must be, or give the appearance of being, the spokesmen of the masses. Their goals and techniques, consequently, must appeal to constituents who vote their pocketbooks. The new leaders speak in terms of larger loaves of bread and shoes for unshod feet. They offer simple and direct solutions to vastly complex socioeconomic problems, while studiously avoiding political and religious abstractions. They are masters of the art of repetition. They ask that they be measured by their success in winning

for the new groups a greater share of the benefits, both material and cultural, which twentieth-century technology makes possible.

Although the new groups have received only a small part of what they feel they are entitled to, efforts to satisfy their minimum demands have wrought remarkable changes in the republics with which we are most immediately concerned. Democracy, which in the past was thought of only as a theory of government and which usually was more nominal than real, has been expanded to include economic and social democracy. Some of the most advanced legislation to be found anywhere in the world has added social guarantees to individual guarantees. The exaggerated individualism of the nineteenth century has given way to an emphasis upon social solidarity. The rigid separation of politics and economics so evident in an earlier era has been replaced by a new philosophy, one which not only views politics and economics as interdependent but has made economic problems the fundamental political problem.

The State as a passive organism, limited to maintaining order and collecting tribute with a minimum of interference with its citizens' freedom of action, has been supplanted by a "Vital State"—a State charged with leadership in the economic and social fields as well as the political. In the process of change, social justice has become more important than legal justice, social equality more significant than political equality. The masses have reached the point where they prefer what appears to them to be good government to self-government as they have known it.

As the State has taken on added responsibilities, the influence of individual leaders, private and semiprivate organizations, and lesser governmental entities over social and economic life has declined precipitously. This is what the Latin American most often has in mind when he observes that individualism is giving way to collectivism. The urban worker has lost his individual identity as he has been absorbed into State-controlled labor movements. In the three largest republics of Latin America—Brazil, Argentina, and Mexico—the State either directly or indirectly controls all legal labor organizations. In Argentina, two formerly world-renowned newspapers, *La Prensa* and *La Nación*, have become little more than

propaganda sheets. The State has replaced private enterprise or become its partner in many basic economic endeavors. Railroads have nearly disappeared as a field of private investment, and public services are rapidly becoming a government monopoly. In several republics the State possesses and freely exercises the power to declare a field "saturated" and thus closed to further investment.

The Catholic Church traditionally has been the great dispenser of charity in Latin America. Today the Church, its funds for charitable purposes meager alongside those of the State, has been relegated to a secondary position in the welfare field. Many municipalities have surrendered their tax powers to the national government, thus becoming dependent upon that agency for "gratuities" and "advice." Primary education has lost much of its individuality as national governments have replaced the states and municipalities in the field of education. In San José, Costa Rica, garbage is collected by an agency of the national government.

As the several states have added to their functions, their bureaucracies have increased correspondingly. At the present time an estimated one out of every five of the working force in Uruguay is on the government payroll. George I. Blanksten in his recent volume, *Perón's Argentina*, states that in 1951 one-half of Argentina's five million salaried laborers were employed by the State; their assignments ranged from running powerful agencies to sweeping streets. But more important than sheer growth in numbers is the fact that today the bureaucrats exercise a larger measure of control over Juan Pueblo than ever before—deciding what he learns, hears, reads, and writes, and what he may or may not buy. The situation is in some respects made to order for the man with pretensions to power, the Hitler who possesses little or nothing himself but aspires to manage the wheels of industry and commerce.

State intervention in social and economic matters has not proved a panacea. There is still much poverty and sickness, and considerable inequality and injustice. Probably in Latin America as a whole, eighty-five million people, or approximately one-half of the total population, are both poverty-stricken and sick. And because they are sick they are terribly inefficient. Millions of workers, even

in the most economically advanced republics, live near subsistence levels. In Chile, Brazil, and Argentina, the working classes may not be so well off as they were immediately following World War II; certainly they are becoming increasingly restless.

Traditionally one of the favorite devices used by leaders in Latin America to divert attention from realities has been to appeal to the nationalist and antiforeign sentiments of their followers. Nationalism and antiforeignism are not new to Latin America; the new development is that appeals to them are currently directed not to the elite groups but to the masses. Also new is the shift in emphasis from political and cultural nationalism to economic nationalism. It is an undeniable fact that economic nationalism has become in Latin America, especially in the more materially advanced portions, the collective demand of every frustrated people for direct action by the State. The appeal of economic nationalism today is so great and widespread that it is used in varying degrees by every significant group that seeks political office.

What does the new Latin America mean in terms of the area's relations with the United States? It means that the objectives of the United States and those of a major part of Latin America are at least as far apart as they have ever been. The United States thinks and will continue to think of Latin America primarily in terms of the defense of the hemisphere, as an appendage militarily, and as a source of irreplaceable strategic materials. These views, needless to say, are and will remain highly repugnant to Latin-American nationalists. Moreover, the United States may be expected to frown upon Latin America's great faith in state capitalism.

The instability inherent in the shift of political power from one group to another requires that the United States be prepared to deal with urban-controlled governments of all types, from the extreme left to the extreme right. In Mexico, the new groups created a single party which through control of the nation's electoral machinery has exercised almost unlimited power for a quarter century. During that period those in political control have moved more or less steadily from an extreme left to a center or center-right position. In Argentina, power over internal matters has been surrendered

to a single man, dictator-president Perón. He offers his people the choice between silence, imprisonment, and exile. In Brazil the new groups are engaged in a free-for-all with the old elite, but the struggle is waged under rules laid down by the moderately nationalistic armed forces, which are always near the surface of the nation's murky political waters. Only in Chile and Uruguay have the new groups been reasonably successful in ruling within the democratic framework. But in Chile, plagued as it is by a frighteningly dangerous economic instability, the forces of moderation are being increasingly harassed by both the extreme right and the extreme left.

The United States should recognize that contrary to its own experience, the fact that leaders are coming from the middle classes in Latin America gives absolutely no assurance of their political moderation. Political leaders of middle-class background have shown time and again that they can embrace democracy or cast it aside. In general they seem to have adopted the proposition that political democracy is an economic luxury, and that except under unusually favorable circumstances it may not be worth the price. And there is abundant evidence to prove that in Latin America leaders from the middle classes are capable of using demagoguery for political advantage.

Concern over social and economic maladjustments has made the present generation in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Uruguay introverted. The people in those republics, and to only a slightly lesser degree in the other nations, are more inclined than formerly to direct their total energy to internal problems. Unlike an earlier era, when the Latin Americans prided themselves on being "universal-minded," their most able men now ordinarily shun diplomacy and international law in order to concentrate upon what they consider to be the more vital domestic issues. Thus oriented, they cannot be expected to play a major role, or perhaps at times even a responsible role, on the international level. The most that can be hoped for is that they will fit international issues into the framework of national internal policy.

The people of Latin America, particularly in those republics

that are undergoing a relatively rapid transformation, not only suffer from social instability or "imbalance" but are often frustrated. Their frustration results ordinarily from their failure to attain social and economic goals which at the time of their inception were unrealistic. In their frustration the Latin-American people have shown a strong inclination to shift the responsibilities for their failures to others. The United States is now, and in the foreseeable future will remain, the most likely target. To the unsure millions of the area there can be no such thing as a United States policy of nonintervention in Latin America. To those millions, United States nonintervention is a legalistic fiction, since anything the United States does or fails to do in regard to Latin America is intervention.

More than at any time in the past the masses of the population in the republics of Latin America have a voice in deciding who will represent them on the national level. And like the average voter in the United States, the average voter in Latin America chooses his congressman and senator on the basis of their stands on local and national rather than international issues. This means that as in the United States, legislators in Latin America by and large become foreign policy experts only after they have been elected. It follows that "foreign policy experts" in the Latin-American republics are as capable of fouling up national foreign policies as are some legislators in Washington. Also, legislators in the various capitals of Latin America, like legislators in Washington, tend in congressional debates to weigh proposals of international consequence in terms of what they mean in votes "come the next election."

The United States cannot expect that the people of Latin America will accept its version of the threat that international communism is to the free world, for several reasons. First, the USSR's heroic stand against the "barbarian" German during World War II won communism the respect, if not the support, of many intellectuals. Second, the progress that the USSR has made since the end of the war has been associated with the Soviet's political and social organization; anything so successful cannot be entirely bad, or so many Latin Americans believe. Third, the communists have

not made themselves offensive in Latin America. Their approach has taken the form of subduing the identity of the communist movement itself in favor of exploiting indigenous tendencies hostile to United States interests. Their propaganda aims, to a point, closely coincide with the demands of rising political groups, notably the nationalists.

Furthermore, many influential Latin Americans take a certain delight in seeing the USSR and its satellites harass the United States. These leaders will say in all seriousness, "Ah yes, the Soviets are a threat, but it is well for us that the United States needs friends in the world." And they will also say, "The United States deifies free enterprise and exalts the virtues of competition, but it is unwilling to bid with the USSR for our strategic materials." The USSR may or may not be interested in large quantities of Latin America's strategic materials. We do not know because at no time since the war has the USSR been given an opportunity to purchase such materials in quantity. The Latin Americans, or at least many of them, believe that the USSR would, if permitted, buy at higher prices than the United States is willing to pay.

However, to find the core to the differences between the Latin-American position and the United States position in regard to world communism one must go back to a point made previously—namely, that the people of Latin America are today far more concerned with internal problems than with international ones. They are so engrossed with unsatisfactory conditions immediately at hand and demanding attention that they sometimes lose perspective on international issues. They see no reason why the Western world cannot live with communism while they give their serious attention to correcting local ills.

Because the Latin Americans, generally speaking, are not as concerned with communism as are the people of the United States, they will sometimes appear to ask an exorbitantly high price for suppressing communism. And this price will rise if the policy of the United States government continues to encourage the impression that the people of the United States are prepared to contribute more toward destroying the influence of ten thousand communists

than toward helping to lift ten million underprivileged to a level of common decency and self-respect. This is simply to say that sooner or later the hemispheric objectives of the United States must be satisfied through a long-range policy which either replaces the present "episodic" policy or parallels it.

It might logically be asked whether the rewards of friendly relations with Latin America are worth the price. The answer would seem to be yes. The price of friendship is rising and will go higher, but the stakes are also large and are getting larger. The primary responsibility of the government of the United States is to defend the people of the United States. Our defense system includes and will continue to include the entire hemisphere. In the event of open conflict, adequate protection of the Panama Canal alone would require airstrips, radar installations, and the like in half a dozen Latin-American republics.

In a major military emergency the United States might become almost solely dependent upon Latin America for such strategic materials as petroleum, tin, and copper. Venezuela is currently the largest exporter of petroleum in the world, producing approximately 650 million barrels of crude in 1953. Also, Venezuela has in the last year become a major exporter of extremely high-grade iron ore. Bolivia would be the only significant source of tin available to the Western world should Southeast Asia fall to enemy forces. Chile produces roughly 20 percent of all the world's copper.

To those who believe in the United Nations, the role of the Latin-American republics in that organization is of supreme and continuing import. The "Latin bloc" can, if it is so inclined, provide twenty votes toward an absolute majority of thirty-one in the General Assembly. So far the republics have almost always voted with the United States, or failing that have abstained. Were the United States to lose this support, its position in the United Nations would be little better than the present position of the USSR. The United States would have to exercise the veto more or less regularly, and rather than do that it might prefer to see the United Nations collapse.

Trade between Latin America and the United States is now

running at about \$3.5 billion a year. This makes Latin America a more important market for the United States than either Europe or Asia. Similarly, the United States is the most important market for Latin America. It was reported at the Inter-American Investment Conference held in New Orleans in early March that last year 40 percent of all private capital sent abroad by United States investors was put to work in Latin America, and that 40 percent of all income from United States foreign investments came from Latin America.

Latin America's population is increasing at the rate of 2.5 percent per year, or approximately 4.25 million annually, making it one of the fastest-growing regions in the free world. In 1952 a responsible agency estimated that by the year 2000 Latin America would have a population of 500 million, or roughly twice that of the United States and Canada combined. The estimate also showed that this population, at reasonable rates of economic growth, would have a level of living comparable to that of the people of England today. Allowing for an error of 10 or even 20 percent, the conclusions are of such a nature as to make a diplomat's hair stand on end. Half a billion friends at our back would be one thing. Half a billion indifferent or actually hostile people at our back could spell our ruin. It bears repeating, then, that if the price of Latin-American friendship is great, so are the possible rewards to come from that friendship.

THE CONSERVATIVE CASE AGAINST McCARTHYISM

by Peter Viereck

THE normal, middle-of-the-road, educated American whom you meet in literary and academic circles assumes automatically that Senator McCarthy is a fascist, out to establish the storm-troop dictatorship described in the sociology textbooks based on European history. At the risk of dissenting from that majority view of McCarthy (the majority of a tiny minority: book readers), I view McCarthyism as so dangerously seductive to Americans precisely because it is partly so different from fascism and other European analogies.

A true fascist would exalt the executive and army prerogatives rather than exalt, however insincerely, the legislative prerogative against both of these. McCarthy is too little of an ideologue to be a fascist. To understand this, one has only to think of the complicated, doctrinaire ideologies (Alfred Rosenberg and Gentile) of the Hitler and Mussolini movements with their very real philosophical roots in Hegel, Richard Wagner, and the rest.

Basically McCarthy is a type of left-wing Populist or Jacobin agitator who, by an infallible instinct, has been subverting those institutions which are the most organic and conservative. As the revolutionary of the "plebs" (and "plebs" include certain primitive millionaires of the West) he satisfies the resentments of his followers because his sincerest hatred is always against the oldest, the most deeply rooted, and the most patrician aspects of our society. His attacks have ranged against the Constitution, our most decorated military leaders (Marshall, Eisenhower, Taylor, Zwicker, even MacArthur), the most ancient of our universities, the leaders of our most strongly established religion, and finally members of our best educated families (Lodge, Conant, Acheson, Stevenson).

McCarthyism, or authoritarian nationalism, has two special

native roots which make it uniquely American. Jake Arvey, Democratic boss of Chicago, unwittingly disclosed one of these in his description of the 1952 presidential election: "The suburbs beat us." Mr. Arvey did not go on to answer the question raised by his four words: What made them want to beat us? A partial answer to this question may be found in the authoritarian nationalistic attitude of those newcomers to the suburbs who are more than "just folks" but less than Social Register. In most cases, their parents were manual laborers and voted Democrat and New Deal. The sons, changing to Republicanism and sometimes even to Episcopalianism, have left the parental immigrant proletarianism far behind, and wear their white collars as a matter of course. Insecure about their nonsuburban or even foreign origins and eager for acceptance among their new neighbors, the radicals of prosperity overassimilate. They become not 100 percent but 200 percent patriots, or what might be called ersatz middle-class Anglo-Saxons. They become more intolerantly and more aggressively anticommunist and nationalistic than any of their old-stock neighbors.

By changing their votes to the Republican column, they have switched their surface ideology, though not really their deeper impulses, from genuine radicalism to the imagined respectability of Republicanism. Perhaps such a switch helps to bolster the self-esteem of these sons of Democratic urban laborers whose status rose too suddenly in Republican suburbia. Why too suddenly? Because here for once is a radicalism expressing not the platitude of unbearable poverty but the paradox of unbearable prosperity: their social standing has not kept pace with the increase in their real income.

These sons owe that rise in the economic world to the same New Deal for which they show such ironic ingratitude every time they cheer Nixon and Dirksen, or, on another level, McCarthy. Here is not "twenty years of treason," but "twenty years from rags to riches." Perhaps these unthankful sons are so eager to associate the New Deal with Alger Hiss because they do not want to admit the association it really suggests to their minds: Horatio Alger. Never is the new suburbanite more fully a creature of the masses he despises than when he is in the act of despising them.

He is like a human boomerang hurled into space by the fast tempo of American industrial life; and the further he departs, the further he is really returning. In the American wonderland, is not the real mass man the fellow in the Buick who buys his mass-produced "popular edition" of *The Revolt of the Masses* because he feels so superior to them? So in one generation there has been a shift from a left radicalism to a right radicalism without any intervening phase of moderation, that is, of a balanced liberal conservatism.

Aside from the suburbs, McCarthy's chief support has been from urban manual laborers. This supporting group, though largest of all, is less dangerous than his suburban followers. Most urban manual laborers are motivated by a sincere anticommunism rather than by the anti-intellectualism and anti-free-speech of the social-climbing suburbanites. This sincere anticommunism is associated with McCarthy, an appalling error which is mainly due to the presentations by the dishonest tabloid newspapers of the McCarthy charges at Fort Monmouth, his bluff about the "eighty-one card-holding Communists" in the State Department, and all of his other cruel hoaxes.

The manual laborers (50 percent pro-McCarthy according to a 1954 Gallup poll) are not intentionally anti-civil-liberties. In contrast, the suburban supporters of McCarthy are not being deceived; they know what they are doing today just as much as the anti-civil-liberties followers of Father Coughlin knew what they were doing. The Coughlinites, the Christian Fronters, and the flag-waving isolationists of 1939 all represent the second special and native root of authoritarian nationalism.

What figure represents the transition, the missing link between the often noble, idealistic Progressive (such as La Follette) and the degeneration of that movement into something so different, so bigoted as McCarthyism? According to my hypothesis, that missing link is Father Charles Coughlin. All liberals know that Coughlin ended by defending Hitler in World War II and preaching the vilest anti-Semitism. They sometimes forget that Coughlin began by advocating social reforms which were left of the New Deal. His connection with Populism and western Progressivism is his use of

the old Populist panacea of "free silver" as a weapon against Wall Street bankers, eastern-seaboard intellectuals, and internationalists—three groups hated alike by democratic Populists and by semifascist Coughlinites. Coughlin's right-wing, fascist anti-Semitism sounds word for word the same as the tirades against "Jewish international bankers" by the left-wing egalitarian Populist, Ignatius Donnelly.

On the surface senators like Wheeler and Nye (originally Progressives and campaigners for La Follette) seemed to reverse themselves completely when they shifted—much the way Coughlin did—from "liberal" Progressives to "reactionary" America Firsters. Another example is Senator McCarran, who died in 1954. McCarran ended as a McCarthyite Democrat, hating the New Deal more than did any Republican. Yet this same McCarran had been an eager New Dealer in 1933, voting for the Wagner Act and even for the NRA. But these were not real reversals: basically these men never changed at all. They were consistently Anglophobe, isolationist, and anti-eastern-intellectual, first under leftist and then under rightist pretexts.

McCarthy was originally associated with the Democratic party and the Progressive party in Wisconsin, and in 1946 he was supported for the Senate by Wisconsin communists against the Progressive La Follette. His opinions and voting record changed after 1950 to coincide with the right-wing nationalistic (midwest plus Texas) group, whose leader he became in that fateful year. His voting record, which was neither particularly anti-labor nor isolationist before 1950, became just that. For such a disembodied *élan vital*, blissfully innocent of ideology, such reversals are normal and do not even require the surface gesture of rationalization.

No one, as yet, has convincingly explained why the right-wing American nationalists, as well as the turncoat Progressives, have united behind such an *outré* caricature of anarcho-syndicalism—why him of all people—instead of choosing a genuinely bourgeois Dirksen or a real Colonel Blimp like Bricker. Perhaps part of the explanation is that the isolationists of the Chicago Tribune type, loathing Eisenhower's internationalism as much as that of his for-

mer Democrat commanders-in-chief, are so desperate that they will back simply anybody who can restore their lost power and whom they think they can use. The migration from slums to suburbs, the switch of the old-time Progressives and Populists to right-wing radicalism, and the support given McCarthy by unscrupulous newspapers all contribute to the American confusion between genuine Burkean conservatism and the pitiful would-be conservatism of the authoritarian nationalists.

The subversiveness of McCarthyism may or may not be halted by its true opposite—a Constitution-preserving New Conservatism—but it is clearly not being halted by the current sleepwalking of conventionalized liberals. Personally I have never considered McCarthy to be the danger into which he was inflated by the fears of many liberals, who would fatuously debate the false issue of whether he was as dangerous to the United States as Malenkov. As if these were real alternatives, instead of being two aspects of the same universal disease: mass authoritarianism. That disease is an industrial-age version of Jacobinism and Bonapartism, a radicalism of both left and right; that is to say, it is an egalitarian dictatorship-by-plebiscite, leveling down all minority rights.

The McCarthy threat can be fruitfully discussed and effectively fought only by those who are fully aware of the security threat of the real communist infiltrations. The real ones, the real Fuchses and Rosenbergs, are shielded by two complementary panics: McCarthy's distracting pursuit of the unreal ones, and the counterpanic of too many liberals who indiscriminately witch-hunt all security tightenings as "witch-hunts," even where, as in the Hiss case, the witches really existed. Liberals are certainly aware of the more obvious right-wing root of McCarthyism, but they are all too often blind to the left-wing supporters.

As of now, though not necessarily in the future, the Republican party has failed to evolve a responsible, mature, and world-minded conservatism. Already prior to the 1952 election, this writer analyzed the Gilded Age roots of this Republican failure in a chapter called "Take Conservatism Away from the Conservatives" (*Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*, Beacon Press, 1953). That plea was

intended ironically, as a parallel to Edmund Wilson's vain plea of the 1930's to "take communism away from the communists."

The present rampage of nationalist demagoguery would perhaps never have happened if liberal intellectuals and New Dealers had made themselves the spearhead of American anticommunism. Their plain duty was to do so with exactly the same unequivocating fervor they showed when they were spearheading antifascism in the 1930's. Only because the intellectuals defaulted that duty of leadership against both kinds of tyranny were the present demagogues able partially to fill the vacuum and turn the cause of anticommunism into their own thought-control racket.

To halt a foe, you must understand his real nature and fight him accordingly. Not fascist terror, not the sudden death of all academic freedom and free speech, but the gradual osmosis of McCarthy methods into reputable circles is the danger of the present national climate. What are these methods? Some readily demonstrable ones are his mad logic (the logic of the Moscow trials), his retroactive substitution of evil intentions for evil consequences, and his brilliant paranoid manipulation of such sophisticated amalgams as "objective guilt" and "Fifth Amendment Communist." Although McCarthy is declining in personal popularity, the opposite is true of his methods. They are seeping into the non-McCarthy world, both conservative and liberal. They are being used in politics against, let it be noted, as well as for McCarthy, and also in literary and even personal arguments.

At a time when Soviet Russia uses every scientist it possibly can, whether communist, capitalist, or nazi-German, our own administration deprives America of the services of a top scientist who admittedly has been anticommunist and democratic for over a decade. Alienation of our anticommunist and anti-McCarthy scientists by concessions to McCarthyism can lead to Soviet atomic victory. In such a context, how would a Republican administration defend itself against a 1956 charge of four years of treason? The charge would be slanderously false, but perhaps no more false than Mr. Brownell's original wording of his charge against Truman's "knowing" promotion of spies, and certainly no more false than

McCarthy's charges of disloyalty against Eisenhower's friend and appointee, Charles Bohlen.

If only to protect itself against a future accounting over Indochina, over American loss of the use of the knowledge of scientists like Mr. Oppenheimer, and over the aid given to the Kremlin by letting McCarthy disrupt Fort Monmouth and the Voice of America, the Republican administration had better establish the precedent that error is not the same as deliberate treason. If the dishonest, demagogic bracketing of unintentional errors (Truman) with intentional treason (Hiss, White) has not yet boomeranged against the Republican party, that is merely because of a temporary circumstance in the politics of both of our parties, namely that the present leader of the opposition party is an honorable gentleman. But there is many a reverse McCarthy in the Democratic party (as proved by the New Deal slanders against even the most innocent Wall Street businessmen in the 1930's). I tremble at the fate which the extremism of the Republican party is preparing for itself when "twenty years of treason" over China will come back as "four years of treason" over Indochina and over subversive infiltration by McCarthyism.

Unless this trend is reversed, the Republican party will become the most antitraditionalist, anticonstitutionalist major party in our history, moving out of the traditional Bill of Rights framework into a recklessly innovating radicalism of the lunatic-fringe right. Since Americans, in time of prosperity, are middle-of-the-roaders, instinctively detesting radicals of left or right, this development would soon make the Republican party as extinct as the nineteenth-century Whigs. Upholders of parliamentary government, even if voting anti-Republican, should fear this development; they should work for the survival of the Republicans as a major party. Our kind of freedom partly depends on the countervailing checks of two-party government.

Jet Plane

ELLSWORTH TAYLOR

Overhead, something is sudden. High silence dies
Hard, slashed to flat shrieks by spaceflinging
Sabers of sound. This whistler down the skies
Swoops the horizons like a garden swing
Slung from the stratosphere, man or beam flown,
Fueled with distance, jeweled full of flash
To levin up a fortress or a town
And rain it gently on the landscape ash.

Each instrument, instant to serve the flame,
Frees the divine robot of the pilot soul
From this harsh work of flying, but for one aim,
Which, held by safe screen watching ground control,
Along converging beams of brutal will
Sanctions the guiding brain to make it kill.

IN DEFENSE OF COMPROMISE

by *Floyd W. Matson*

IN HIS celebrated essay "On Compromise," written in 1874, the English author and statesman John Morley developed a set of definitions which have had a lasting, if controversial, effect upon the language of politics. The book makes its intention plain in the opening sentence: "The design of the following essay is to consider . . . some of the limits that are set by sound reason to the practice of the various arts of accommodation, economy, management, conformity, or compromise."

Here are several senses of the word *compromise*, the least ambiguous and most significant of which are those suggested by *accommodation* and *conformity*. If it is not at once apparent it soon becomes abundantly clear that compromise for Lord Morley is a threat to principle, and principle is what must be preserved at all costs. There are qualifying phrases here and there, but the dominant impression left with the reader is that which is conveyed by these final sentences:

A principle, if it be sound, represents one of the larger expediencies. To abandon that for the sake of some seeming expediency of the hour, is to sacrifice the greater good for the less, on no more creditable ground than that the less is nearer. It is better to wait, and to defer the realization of our ideas until we can realize them fully, than to defraud the future by truncating them, if truncate them we must, in order to secure a partial triumph for them in the immediate present. . . . What is the sense, and what is the morality, of postponing the wider utility to the narrower? Nothing is so sure to impoverish an epoch, to deprive conduct of nobleness, and character of elevation.

In fairness to the author, it should be said that this pompous peroration was intended to apply not so much to group conduct of social and political affairs as to individual conduct in thought and action; more precisely, to the conduct of individual Englishmen. It is important to an understanding of Morley to remember that he

was addressing Englishmen in the glacial period of Victoria, when they appeared (to critics both foreign and domestic) more than ever a nation of shopkeepers. That there should be among the English people "a profound distrust of general principles" Morley accepted as "an inveterate national characteristic," but what he especially regretted was the tendency of his own age toward "a growing predominance of material, temporary, and selfish aims, over those which are generous, far-reaching, and spiritual; a deadly weakening of intellectual conclusiveness, and clear-shining moral illumination, and lastly, of a certain stoutness of self-respect for which England was once especially famous."

Morley's essay, then, was a manifesto spurring Englishmen to the defense of principle and the protection of morality, and an end to compromise with evil. On the personal level, as spiritual or psychological advice, these are good words for any time; but extrapolated to the social and political level they only confuse the issue and mistake the reality. "Those who would treat politics and morality apart," said Morley in another work, "will never understand the one or the other."

To this it may be answered that those who would treat politics and morality as inseparable are unlikely to be successful at either. For politics, as the art of the possible, is most successful—and even most respectable—when it has achieved a *modus vivendi* among the diversity of competing principles and interests. Moreover, while there may be no place for compromise in morality there is definitely a place for morality in compromise. The whole meaning of conciliation, as Edward Crankshaw has seen, is that of interaction between two or more firm points of view. It requires self-understanding as well as knowledge of the other side; and it calls for the wisdom to know when to give ground and when to stand firm. Compromise, let it be plainly stated, is not the sacrifice of principle but the recognition of principles other than one's own; it is a denial of omniscience and infallibility, and a reflection of the spirit of toleration. Compromise in fact is only toleration doing its work; and its dangers are the common dangers of toleration. If toleration in the area of thought and expression always carries with it what Laski

described as "a certain penumbra of contingent anarchy," toleration in the field of political action carries with it the risk of being outmaneuvered. It follows that whenever, as in our own time, men's attention becomes fastened on the risk, rather than on the end for which the risk is taken, both freedom of speech and freedom of negotiation are imperiled.

The purpose of the present essay is to argue that for democratic society a politics without the spirit of compromise—an uncompromising politics—is neither desirable nor in fact possible. The case would need little pleading if there were a general acceptance of the necessary role of compromise in political life; but, at least in our own country and at the present time, the contrary is more nearly true. On the level of international politics especially, the time-honored methods of arbitration, conciliation, and mutual concession—even the cardinal principle of negotiation itself—are currently threatened by a jealous and parochial intolerance which condemns all efforts at conciliation as "appeasement" and summarizes its case in the hypocritical pronouncement "You can't do business with (those) dictators." We shall come back to the question of appeasement later on; here it may be sufficient to underline the observation of Crankshaw that "this horrible word, a dubious label for cowardice in face of a bully, now shows every sign of driving from our language and our thought one of its finest and most sturdy flowers: the word conciliation."

The sturdy flowers of *conciliation* and *compromise*, however, have been badly stained by ambiguity and could stand semantic pruning. *Compromise* especially has taken on some strange mutations. To Webster it suggests both a peaceable settlement of differences and an exposure to danger and scandal; Roget finds it synonymous with such dissimilar words as *endanger*, *taint*, *pacify*, and *atone*. These conflicting connotations are, of course, not so incompatible as they seem. Whatever else it may imply, compromise means giving up something, and there is always reluctance and frequently danger in that. As the *Britannica* crisply observes: "From the element of danger involved has arisen an invidious sense of the word, imputing discredit, so that being 'compromised' commonly

means injured in reputation." The inference would seem to be plain that the invidious meaning is secondary and residual, if not downright illegitimate, while the proper meaning is that of mutual concession and agreement.

No lengthy argument should be necessary to demonstrate the intimate relationship of compromise to democratic government. It is no less true today than in the time of Burke that "all government,—indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act,—is founded on compromise and barter. We balance inconveniences; we give and take, we remit some rights, that we may enjoy others." Even in the most despotic regime a variety of concessions must be made by the ruler to the needs and interests of his subjects. But it is in democratic politics that the function of compromise, as the daily and deliberate adjustment of competing demands, is most significant.

In our own country its operations are especially apparent in the field of parliamentary action, where the passage of a law almost invariably represents a compromise between the various demands of interest groups and power blocs; there is no room, as Roland Young has said of Congress, for any group which holds out for the whole hog or none, which insists that it must define the rules or it won't play. In a broader sense American party politics may be regarded as a continuous exercise in compromise; compromise has been institutionalized in the party convention, mythicized in the image of the smoke-filled room, and stereotyped in the campaign speech.

The improvisation and frequent disorderliness of a political process based on compromise is not always, of course, a happy spectacle, and demands for the organization of our parties on a more coherent basis are often heard. "There is admittedly something nerve-wracking," commented the editor of *Harper's* a few years ago, "about an Administration which plays by ear, shifting from one key to the other in an effort to harmonize with the theme songs of conflicting interests within its own party." But, as he went on to point out, "the alternatives might prove to be either the multi-party system which is so cacophonously exemplified by

French politics or the one-party system which is so harmoniously achieved in Russia. Neither is particularly attractive."

Despite our domestic cultivation of the art of compromise, it is not surprising that among the Western partners in the cold war it should be America which is most uncompromising, and Britain which is most conciliatory; nor is this fact to be explained simply in terms of British weakness and American strength. At the high noon of the empire, when there was scarcely any foreign field without some corner forever England, Lord Morley was to be heard complaining of that "English feeling for compromise" which had led his countrymen to muddle through so ungracefully, and to gain their empire in a fit of absence of mind; and he quoted the observation of a foreigner that "it is not easy, humanly speaking, to wind an Englishman up to the level of dogma." (He might equally have appreciated the comment of another foreigner, Wilhelm Dibelius, that "the English state rests on two specifically English assumptions, common sense and the transformation of the antagonist into a privileged colleague.")

The spirit of compromise, by contrast, has never been a notable component of American diplomacy. While the nation was adolescent, we feared to be hoodwinked or bulldozed in our dealings with stronger powers; since we have come of age we have largely preferred to bulldoze on our own. While we have consented to arbitrate disputes of minor importance, as Thomas A. Bailey has seen, we have repeatedly declined to arbitrate important cases where the issue of war or peace hung in the balance. "One can scarcely point to a single instance," observes Professor Bailey, "when, if we had lost, we would have been seriously discommoded."

The traditional American distrust of diplomacy is closely associated with what Charles Burton Marshall has called "the notion that perfection was for the asking and that anything less than perfection was failure in international dealings." The singular good luck of the American nation through its first hundred years, when its universal ideals coincided almost fortuitously with both its national interest and the interest of the foremost world power, tended to obscure for many Americans the hard realities of international

politics in which perfection, or even one's own way, is rarely to be had completely. Thus a foreign policy conceived, as Marshall puts it, "in terms of good principles destined for inevitable triumph over evil" has had more appeal for Americans than one "expressed in terms of interests susceptible of compromise with interests of others."

Recent years have witnessed the growing ascendancy of this moralizing temper, which carries over into the affairs of states the absolute standards of right and wrong. It has come more and more to be accepted that in diplomacy as in war "there is no substitute for victory": a victory which must be total, entailing a surrender which is unconditional. What was once a conventional transaction between states comes to be viewed in terms of "ideological warfare," in which truth and justice are the exclusive province of one's own side, and concessions of whatever kind are tantamount to appeasement if not to open treason. Burke warned us long ago of "the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians"; more recently George F. Kennan has said of the modern concept of total victory that "there is no more dangerous delusion, none that has done us a greater disservice in the past or that threatens to do us a greater disservice in the future."

This intransigent philosophy has reached its climax in the diplomatic freeze of the cold war. The familiar specter of appeasement is once again invoked (by much the same groups, ironically, which ardently supported the policy that first gave meaning to the term), and it walks abroad in the land, striking fear in the hearts of loyal Americans and driving from their thought the old-fashioned concept of conciliation. As Max Lerner noted in the first stages of the cold war, the sense in which the term *appeasement* has come to be used covers any sort of concession or conciliation between the polarized powers of the U.S. and the USSR. But, he went on to say, horse-swapping is not appeasement; when major concessions are made by both parties to a dispute, "what you have is a form of conciliation or compromise, and compromise has always been considered a basic element of the democratic process and of international peace."

Compromise is indeed a basic element of the democratic proc-

ess; and in this age of mass communications it is well to remember that its success has traditionally depended upon the preservation of an essential privacy. It is a truism of government that compromise cannot be pressed in public; the open forum of the parliamentary floor is well designed for ideology and rhetoric, but the real areas of agreement are more often to be found in committees, corridors, and cloakrooms. This fact has a special significance for international relations, where prior to 1918 the locus of decision was the comparatively closed and confidential conference of ministers and diplomatic staffs. The importance of privacy has been well emphasized by Sir Harold Nicolson, who points out that in state affairs "a negotiation is the subject of concession and counter-concession: if the concession offered is divulged before the public are aware of the corresponding concession to be received, extreme agitation may follow and the negotiation may have to be abandoned." Sir Harold echoes the injunction of the French diplomatist Jules Cambon: "The day secrecy is abolished, negotiation of any kind will become impossible."

The high principles of Woodrow Wilson, however otherwise inspiring, did the cause of international agreement no good by insisting that diplomacy "proceed always frankly and in the public view" toward "open covenants openly arrived at." At the time of its pronouncement as one of the Fourteen Points, this dictum was a justified reaction to the excesses of the secret treaties; but its long-range effect has been to throw the spotlight of publicity upon the most intimate and involved negotiations of governments, and to transform the quiet conference room into an auditorium. The tremendous acceleration of the mass media over subsequent years has greatly assisted this transformation, and diplomats in modern conference are compelled to address themselves, not to the other side of the table, but to the world in general and their own national publics in particular. In the interest of propaganda advantage, common values are minimized and differences exaggerated. More and more it happens that the conflicting parties find that they have gone so far in pushing their demands that they cannot compromise for fear of "losing face." Whenever a nation's leaders become "bidders of an

auction of popularity," advised Burke, they will be turned into "flatterers instead of legislators. . . . Moderation will be stigmatized as the virtue of cowards; and compromise as the prudence of traitors."

These remarks serve to point up the crisis which arises from the contemporary distrust of compromise: i.e., the paralysis of communications between East and West, symbolized in the iron and silken and bamboo curtains which have been successively rung down between the opposing camps. It may be that already ideological differences on both sides have been too sharply drawn, and considerations of prestige become too powerful, to permit any repairing of communications and restoration of understanding. But if the failure is one of understanding, surely its solution short of hot war is possible only through renewed efforts at cultural and political contact: efforts which imply a spirit of toleration and a willingness to compromise. It is possible that all such attempts will be summarily rejected by an uncompromising East; but to those who say that understanding must be mutual at the outset it is enough to answer with Crankshaw that "there is no must about it. It would be very nice if it could be mutual, because then there would be no more problems of this kind. But although it takes two to make a quarrel, only one is necessary to avoid a quarrel." And in defense of compromise, finally, there is still no sounder argument than Burke's reminder to a very young gentleman at Paris that it is action and counter-action which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests . . . interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolutions. They render deliberation not a matter of choice, but of necessity; they make all change a subject of compromise, which naturally begets moderation . . . [and renders] all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power, in the few or in the many, for ever impracticable.

THE AMERICAN WAR NOVEL: AN AFFIRMING FLAME

by *Chester E. Eisinger*

We must love one another or die.

May I . . . / Show an affirming flame.

W. H. AUDEN, *September 1, 1939*

THE EASY generalization about American novels of the Second World War had it that they all conformed to a single pattern: they imitated some archetypical war novel, assumed by many to be a compound of *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *Three Soldiers*, and *The Enormous Room*, with *The Waste Land* added for sour and spice. The same warmed over, forlorn pessimism, the same old nihilism, newly clothed perhaps—these attitudes, we are told, were almost the sole ingredients in the formula for the war novel. An examination of some eighty such novels, however, has convinced me that this judgment is less than a half-truth.

For a considerable number of war novels speak out boldly in the language of religion and love and in the accents of moral consciousness. In many of these books are to be found patterns of affirmation which substantially refute the con-

tention that futility and self-destructive horror absorb the war novelists. A determination to face the religious or philosophical issues brought to the surface by war marks all the books in this group. The American writers I have reference to have been turning in upon themselves in the Kierkegaardian sense, confronting the problems of personal identity and of man's relation to God. Or they have been probing the mysteries of man's inner resources in an effort to discover the springs of personal growth and individual and moral survival in periods of crisis. It is the novels by these writers that I shall discuss in detail, novels that deal with man's capacity for growth, endurance, nobility.

Two preliminary observations are necessary before turning directly to the novels themselves. First, it must be made clear that there are at least three kinds of war novel. In addition to those of deep pessimism and

those of moral and religious affirmation, already mentioned, there are those that deal primarily with public and ideological issues.¹ This variousness of approach to the war may have arisen because writers had available a number of established literary traditions to draw upon: Dreiser's naturalism, Hemingway's *nada* in the 'twenties, Dos Passos' social criticism in the 'thirties, the revival of the Jamesian ethical and imaginative preoccupations (the new fiction) in the 'forties. Or this variousness may be the typical *mélange* of a transition period, if indeed the 'forties were transitional—and I think they were, because I think these war novels of affirmation are pre-eminently transitional in character and because the new fiction was emergent then but not dominant, as it may be in the 'fifties. The novel of affirmation is itself a mixture—a mixture of the ethical sensibility of the new fiction, in the tradition of Hawthorne and James, and of sociopolitical themes, an obvious part of the war experience, in the tradition of the ideological fiction of the 'thirties. Most of these novels of affirmation, however, make

a critical examination of individual reaction to social problems with the focus upon man, not society, and upon morality and philosophy, not sociology. In most of them both the interior experience of man and his social experience are treated, but frequently as if the individual personal experience were by far the more urgent matter.

Emphasis upon the individual human spirit, and optimism about it, such as we get in the novels of affirmation, seems almost an act of perversity in a world where, if we listen to sociologists like David Riesman and C. Wright Mills, the individual is losing his identity. During wartime, of course, the drift toward collectivist anonymity is accelerated. In such a period, we come, says Quincy Wright, to a regimented and impersonal existence that necessitates disastrous sacrifices of human values. The second observation is a question, then: Where, in view of the disorder and sorrow of the war period, does the writer find the intellectual sanctions and moral strength to write the war novel of ethical sensibility and affirmation? And the answer is to be found in good part, I think, by referring to Kenneth Burke's notion of *circumferences* (which is, incidentally, a notion also useful in accounting for the multiple response to the war).

Burke argues that "a man is not only in the situation peculiar to his era or to his particular place in that era. . . . He is also in a situation

¹ Examples of novels of futility, which John W. Aldridge claims were the only important products of the war for the young novelists, are *The End of My Life*, by Vance Bourjaily, *Casualty*, by Robert Lowry, *The Brick Foxhole*, by Richard Brooks, and *The Street of Seven Monks*, by William Woods. Examples of novels dealing primarily with public issues are Albert Maltz, *The Cross and the Arrow*; John Hersey, *A Bell for Adano*; Irwin Shaw, *The Young Lions*.

extending through centuries; he is in a 'generically human' situation; and he is in a universal situation." Burke continues by observing that in times of adversity

one can readily note the working of the "circumferential" logic, in that men choose to define their acts in terms of much wider orbits than the orbit of adversity itself. The "solace of religion," for instance, may have its roots not in a mere self-deception, whereby one can buoy himself up with false promises or persuade himself that the situation is not bad when it is so palpably bad; but it may stem from an accurate awareness that one can define human nature and human actions in much wider terms than the particularities of his immediate circumstances would permit; and this option is not an "illusion," but a fact, and as true a fact as any fact in his immediate circumstance.

In some novels the characters grow in stature as a result of the war. Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny*, for example, regards the war as a maturing experience, and the young hero, Willie Keith, ends as a man. More is involved in the theme of growth, however. Some novelists saw the war releasing such vital energies in man as to reveal him as the noblest work of nature. These writers are in the humanistic tradition—even Ira Wolfert, whose *An Act of Love* seems to rest upon psychological determinism. Underneath the rather tedious analysis in this novel lies Wolfert's conviction that the act of love is the indispensable enabling act, releasing man from all the claims of guilt and un-

certainty and making it possible for him to love passionately and to live fully. Harry Brunner, accidentally cast out of the war, sinks into lethargy; but he voluntarily re-engages himself in the conflict, moved in part by the example of an unknown soldier who had died deliberately that others may live. Brunner performs the act of love, that is of heroism, which carries him beyond man's desire for mere survival on the physical plane. In so doing, he attains the knowledge of love and the wisdom one may enjoy only when the mind is free of fear. Just as the war experience may create patterns of cowardice and guilt, as it does in this novel and in others, so it may dissolve them.

Brunner, accepting involvement in life once more, reaffirms both its value and the power of man's will as the creative agent in it. Pfc. Jacob Levy in *The Wine of Astonishment*, by Martha Gellhorn, follows a similar course. Although a Jew, Levy had never sought to understand the meaning of Jewishness, and he is cut off from the religious and cultural relationships that Judaism could offer him. In the war, in his own confused Battle of the Bulge, he seeks only to survive, and for his own sake only. His favorite daydream is of a shack by a stream in the Smokies where he will be self-sufficient, alone, and independent: he will have no responsibilities to other people or to society. But in the course of the novel he finds himself inevitably involved with the

people and in the events around him, and he develops a sense of responsibility. He experiences a growing loyalty to his colonel, a passionate love for a simple Luxembourg girl, and an overwhelming consciousness of the enormity of the Nazi crime against the Jews. He recognizes finally that in love he owes obligations to his girl, and that in sharing humanity and Jewishness with Hitler's victims he owes a social responsibility to men.

Again these themes are repeated in the most moving and successful novel of the war to deal with the Jew, *The Wall*, by John Hersey. But of course *The Wall* is not a Jewish novel; it is about the indestructibility of the universal human spirit. Hersey's point, I take it, is that it is possible for men to achieve their full stature as human beings under the cathartic effects of deep suffering and deadly peril. This achievement is charted in the growing sense of responsibility felt by the characters of good will for the survival of the group as a group and as a Jewish group. The course of such growth varies with the characters. Rachel Apt moves in a straight line from troubled insignificance as the ugly duckling to girl guerrilla leader, fulfilled in love as well as in leadership. Dolek Berson, the drifter, undergoes a long process of trial and error before he finally awakes to his courageous destiny. Pavel Menkes, the baker, clings to his atomistic individualism for a long time before he is willing to accept

the burdens of united action. Felix Mandeltort, in a sense in the service of the Germans, begins by betraying his own people; later he attains peace of mind and composure, although under dreadful tension, because he learns to understand that he must accept collective responsibility. Thus he returns to the ghetto when he might have escaped, and there he dies a hero's death.

The regeneration of man is not entirely the result of crisis in *The Wall*. Hersey resorts to two traditional institutions as aids to this process: the family and religion. Since the Germans have killed so many people in the ghetto, or deported them, real family units are pretty well destroyed. People of congenial interests therefore come together in groups corresponding to the family and participate in the reciprocal relationships necessary to such a group. The warmth of these human associations is increased by the religious ritual that many such families engage in. For many of the characters religion is a new interest, and their spiritual renaissance is a cause of the new human dignity they claim. This search for strength in the ancient religious tradition lends a significant coloration to Hersey's book with respect to the ethical emphases of transitional fiction.

As Hersey's people oppose traditional Judaism to the Nazis, so Glenway Wescott opposes to the Nazis traditional Greece and Greek values. One would suppose that

Wescott, who had never been in Greece, chose Greece as the setting for *Apartment in Athens* because its values are most completely antithetical to the Nazi way. Thus the conflict between the Greek and German characters is lifted to the plane of conflict between polar ideas of civilization. Wescott's most illuminating instruments in the treatment of this contrast are classical symbols and myths. When ailing and ignorant Mrs. Helianos, a plaintive *bourgeoise*, stares out of her window at the Acropolis after her husband's arrest, she is inspired by the grandeur and stubbornness of that citadel, and her own figure quite unconsciously takes on an attitude expressive of its qualities. The bare rock of the Acropolis, which has stood for centuries, gives Mrs. Helianos a feeling for the eternity of Greece. Remembering what her husband has told her about it, she is sustained by the sense of tradition, of intellectual pursuit, of beauty emanating from it. At another point in the novel she tells her children the story of Procrustes and of the demon of nightmare and the Furies. It is a recall, in mythic form, of the fierce spirit of the Greeks. Out of the past come those violent, barbaric conceptions which temper the reasonableness of the modern Greek and which promise resistance to tyranny.

From such sources comes the strength of the Helianos family, whose members were not meant to be strong. For although they are essentially unheroic, paradoxically

enough they give in the end a heroic account of themselves. Aided by their tradition, they fall back upon the resources of the inner being. Even in the performance of routine tasks as they retrench under the whip of the Nazis, their spirit expands. Helianos is a timid man, averse to physical action and willing to compromise. He is ready to give the devil more than his due. He cannot engender the righteous indignation Ruskin so much admired. Yet this quiet, intellectual little book publisher, falsely accused and expertly tortured, goes to his death like a martyr in the heroic tradition of the resistance. His hypochondriacal wife emerges from her traumatic experiences with a re-educated mind and a strengthened body. At the end she is planning to betray a German major to his death and to throw her own children into the resistance movement. Greece is resurgent in her and her daughter Leda. And Wescott has made his humanistic reply to Archibald MacLeish's cry of irresponsibility. For he is clearly a writer who has defended the civilization of Western society against the onslaught of fascism.

Notice, however, that it is not a political defense, but one in which individual character reveals itself as ultimately the product of a traditional value system. To be sure, one can discern a political and propaganda motive in the book, but the emphasis is on the individual capacity to expand. The war and the army, understandably enough, also

raised the problem for novelists of the capacity to survive, of the individual capacity to retain a meaningful life. In *Welcome Darkness*, Leon Statham faces the problem of man's survival, using the war as an occasion for a novel about a man's effort to discover his own identity. It is the problem of Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and in fact the resemblance between the two books is close. Statham begins with a quotation from Ortega y Gasset: "Man is constantly getting lost; but being lost is actually a dramatic privilege and not an evil. When lost, the man who has faith turns himself into an instrument of orientation to guide him and to return him to himself." Very similar is Stein's dictum in *Lord Jim*: "In the destructive element immerse." Jim's salvation came only when he had subjected himself to the supreme test: when he had been able to give up his life to sustain his notion of his own identity.

In Statham's novel Omar Mills welcomes darkness, the destructive element, as the testing time. He feels guilt and fear, for he has murdered a man; and he must face the problems of pride and leadership as well as the imminence of torture and death. From his trials, his darkness, he emerges as a whole man who knows himself because he has been able to expiate his sins. So intense were these trials which he survives that he is now equipped to live even in the modern world, for he can face any darkness. While the social as-

pects of this novel are subterranean, it is clear that Statham conceives of life in society as barbarous and killing. The group of officers in the story who try to escape together from the Japanese-held Philippines may be taken as a microcosm of society. The group dissolves in petty jealousies and hatreds and reveals the insubstantiality of co-operative social action which men resort to only when it is necessary for the survival of life. Statham wishes to say, I believe, that social patterns have collapsed and man can continue to exist as man only by virtue of his inner resources.

It is the moral and psychological crises that are important in this novel. They are resolved in a way suggestive of religious solutions, especially since Mills's principal act of expiation is to assume, in all humility, the Christian duty of saving another man. Yet when Mills finally casts off the darkness, he is not in a triumphant mood. He soberly recognizes the high cost of self-conquest and the need for the hard, interior strength that man must bring to life.

Self-knowledge is also sought in Saul Bellow's *Dangling Man*. This novel is so seriously introspective that it begins with a thinly veiled attack upon Hemingwayism, finding that the code of the athlete and the gentleman which stipulates hard-boiled reticence, banishes self-examination as sentimentalism, and substitutes violent action for feeling and thought is quite inadequate in

dealing with the problems that really matter. The serious problem here is how to live the life of reason without recourse to any outside power. Bellow finds that man cannot create a life out of himself alone; the quest for independence of mind and will is fruitless. Bellow's Joseph knows that men are afraid of freedom and will ask for a master. He does not want to be like them in this respect any more than he wants in any way to make capital of the war or of human misery—this is why he refuses to try to become an officer. His ethical niceties he manages to preserve, but his will to remain separate and clearly identifiable as an individual is overborne on all sides; in the end he asks to be inducted into the army. What is relevant and worthy of remark here is not Joseph's defeat, but the terms of reluctant capitulation. For Bellow succeeds in affirming the worth of those planes of experience where imagination and reason are dominant.

The possibilities of willed action to resolve moral problems and assert individuality is the real subject of *Interval in Carolina*, by William Abrahams. Where Bellow feels the bitterness of Joseph's defeat, Abrahams can manage only an equivocal resolution of Sergeant Wallace Young's problems. Wallace is in camp for what he thinks is a six-week training period. He nevertheless allows himself to become involved with a girl: he sleeps with her and he tells her he loves her. When his outfit is shipped out he

leaves her. Now Wallace is a sensitive and decent young man. He acts in this heedless manner because, as Abrahams emphasizes, men in the army become ciphers, anonymous GI Joes. And they tend to lose the power of decision. Wallace does not, therefore, take an activist course in his relations with the girl; the army sweeps him away and he willingly goes without facing what he recognizes as moral obligations to the girl. Here the army as a corporate force overwhelms the will of the individual. Yet Abrahams insists elsewhere in the novel that the individual personality must not be smothered by the army. The soldier asserts the value of personality, if only through listening to music he loves or through a renewed emphasis on the individual man as the primary reason for fighting the war: the war may be fought for the People or for Power, but really it must be fought for oneself. The confusion in the book is evident. There is a tacit acquiescence in the use of the army to escape the responsibility of moral action on the one hand, and on the other an assertion of individual identity in the face of the army as a mass social force.

The concern with ethical modes of action in secular and naturalistic terms is best demonstrated in two distinguished war novels, *The Gesture*, by John Cobb (a pseudonym for John C. Cooper III) and *Guard of Honor*, by James Gould Cozzens. Both novels deal with the problem

of race relations, but like the other books considered here, the point of attack is moral and philosophical, not social. Cobb's book is organized around an examination of the varieties of moral experience; each of the principal characters takes his own particular view of responsibility and brings to bear his own kind and degree of moral courage. Major Harris, the commanding officer, is a stiff-necked, unlovable man of principle. His principles are related to social action with respect to questions of leadership and responsibility, especially in a democracy. Harris believes that because he has the advantages of education and social position he is qualified to lead, that, in fact, these advantages impose the burden of leadership upon him. Accordingly, he thinks that some men are better fitted to lead than others; these are the officers and gentlemen. This is a denial of democratic equalitarianism and of the spirit of barrack-room camaraderie. Yet Harris is really fighting to serve and save democracy, not only from the external enemy, but from the proto-fascists within. Having lost his faith in God, he expresses his morality in this social gospel. Since man must believe in something, Harris believes in the welfare of mankind, and to this end he devotes himself. In the novel, therefore, he tries to integrate white and Negro troops in order to end segregation, but he fails. In the end, he undertakes a dangerous secret mission that another flier

should have carried out, and he is killed. This is the gesture that gives the story its title.

Cobb treats Harris with an illuminating irony. The good man is accounted a prig and a snob, and with some justice, because Harris, clinging to his principles, never seems quite human and inspires uneasy feelings even in those who want to like him. What is said of Ferrovius in *Androcles and the Lion* is true of Harris: "There are men in whose presence it is impossible to have any fun: men who are a sort of walking conscience." An even more devastating irony is that the good man fails in social action. He does not succeed in ending segregation or on his secret flight. For the selfless and dedicated man, the best intentions produce disastrous results, evil comes out of good; it is the inverse of the irony in *All the King's Men* where, for Willie Stark, good came out of evil. Yet the irony is not pervasive, for Harris reveals in a conversation with Whipple that he is in search of self-knowledge. A man must know himself and fight himself. Harris succeeds in achieving knowledge and mastery of himself, as his final self-immolating gesture indicates. As Susanne Langer reminds us, Freud teaches that human behavior is a language and every movement a gesture. Symbolization, she says, is both an end and an instrument. Harris's gesture is the symbol of his principles, which are his instruments, and of his attained self-knowledge, which is his end.

Apotheosis of mankind, however, is far from Cobb's aim. He is obviously of the opinion that man is a flawed creature, and if the portrait of Harris does not make this sufficiently clear, then the treatment of the other characters does. Harris functions in the novel as the point of reference from which the other characters fix their moral attitudes. Whipple, the bombardier, is like Harris in that he comes from an established family and a good college. But he hides or minimizes his background because aristocratic differentiation, like extraordinary achievement, represents, in the eyes of his fellow officers, a violation of the democratic code. Moral superiority is suspect and its consequence is alienation from the group, the fate Harris suffers. Whipple chooses the warm glow of comradely acceptance and approval and refuses to defend the moral austerity of Harris. His choice is symptomatic of his general moral failure, but actually he recognizes Harris's superiority. Whipple's place in the moral scheme of things is amply demonstrated in the way he takes refuge in the army's structure: he does only what he is ordered to do. In this way he is absolved of personal responsibility. Most significant of Whipple's failure to assume obligations is his position as ground officer. He had been wounded in action and badly frightened. He is never forced to return to combat and he can never bring himself to do so, although he knows he is physically capable. All this

explains what Whipple says in summing up his experience: War does not cleanse men or make any fundamental changes in them. His own difficulty lay in what he had never found, not in what he had abandoned. He means, I believe, that he had never found the courage to live the life of principle.

Mulrooney, the navigator, is also an educated man of good family. He has, he says, standards of behavior. This background enables him to understand Harris's moral qualities, but it is not sufficient to make him support Harris actively. Spiritually lost, Mulrooney suffers from a moral blackout, and while he is still able to perceive the difference between good and bad, his moral will is paralyzed and he cannot act. Yet he does his own job, unlike Whipple, although he is really afraid to make a searching inquiry into why he bothers to do even that. Nor does he capitulate to the mass judgment of Harris, as Whipple pretends to do.

The operations officer, Crutchfield, reveals still another variety of moral experience. A completely ordinary person, he is insecure in a position of authority. He does not know how to cope with the dilemma of leadership when he has to make a choice between duty and friendship. The war has awakened Crutchfield to a sense of human responsibility, but nothing in his life prior to it has prepared him to understand the war or meet his problems. He is a man of good will who is frustrated be-

cause American life had offered no clear-cut moral standard for him to refer to in crisis.

When Whipple tells us at the close of the book that psychiatric treatment had rid him of his sense of guilt but that the psychiatrists had not exorcised his moral flaws, we can understand the farthest reaches of the problem Cobb is trying to deal with. He is not interested simply in opposing common sense and expediency to principle. This book has a moral life of its own because Cobb poses his problem against the frank recognition of human imperfection and limitation. He senses the full difficulty of the moral life lived on a naturalistic plane, where motive and reward must be spun out of a man's inner being. The quintessence of humanness is in man standing alone, making the decision he must make to affirm his respect for himself and others as men. Cobb is asserting the nobility of moral aspiration in the face of obstacles inherent in the character of man.

If Cobb writes the romance of ethics, then James Gould Cozzens, in *Guard of Honor*, is the somewhat world-weary chronicler of an ethical realism thoroughly pragmatic in character. Both men would agree with John Dewey that, "The moral and social quality of conduct are, in the last analysis, identical with each other"; they would agree that human experience is complex and dense and that man is an imperfect creature. But here the resemblance

ends, for Cobb's characters find fixed positions in a moral hierarchy, whereas the essence of Cozzens' book is the adjustment of man to his situation, the denial of aspiration, and an assertion of a morality of the possible. For Cozzens is clearly a follower of Dewey's pragmatism, and as such he reveals what Marjorie Grene calls the "innate conservatism of the orthodox pragmatist." Dewey, of course, did not himself bring his philosophy to the aid of conservatism. But once it was released to the world, the whole history of ideas demonstrates he could not control what would happen to it. Cozzens appears to take the substance of Dewey's ideas on conduct, but he rejects the spirit in which they were offered. He agrees with Dewey that conduct is molded by environment; that intelligent conduct takes into consideration the possibilities and necessities of the social situation; that human behavior must be discussed with reference to its social context, not with reference to abstract principles, because men do not act on principle; that "if ideas, . . . conceptions, notions . . . are instrumental to an active reorganization of the given environment, to a removal of some specific trouble and perplexity, then the test of their validity and value lies in accomplishing this work"; that rigid moral codes do not work because they do not cover many exigencies. Out of these materials, it seems to me, Cozzens forges a realism that recognizes the dynamism

of society but perversely defends the status quo.

Around the problems of Negro-white relations and of leadership responsibility, Cozzens expertly arranges a series of events in the novel to bring home the particular view of experience here outlined. The festering question of segregated treatment for Negro personnel at General Beal's Air Force training base in the South is raised at once when Benny Carricker, a superb but ruffianly pilot, slugs a Negro flier hard enough to hospitalize him. Shortly thereafter a Negro journalist, accredited by Washington, comes to the post; he is ejected and protests to Washington. This incident is given an additionally explosive quality by an impulsive defender of Negro rights, Lieutenant Edsell. Furthermore, General Nichols appears on the scene from the Pentagon to award a medal to the very flier whom Carricker has hospitalized, because Washington has decided to publicize its antisegregation policy in the Air Force. Actually, that policy has not been honored under Beal, and the disaffected Negro officers on the post are on the verge of mutiny when Nichols comes.

Beal's conduct with regard to the Negro problem and that of his Air Inspector, Colonel Ross, are clearly molded by the Southern town adjacent to the camp. Ross, a mature, wise man and Cozzens' chief spokesman for the pragmatic view, understands the necessity of maintaining

smooth relations with the civilian world and respecting the beliefs and customs of that part of it so immediately susceptible to the influence of army policy and behavior. He understands also that sentiment or ideals merely becloud issues. He knows that in principle the fact that a man is a Negro should not influence a case in court, but that in fact a white man, imperfect as he is, is better than a black man in the social context in which we move. Things are as they are, and this is what men must face, not things as we would have them. In his calculations, therefore, Ross always assumes the presence of obstacles, and simply gives himself over to working for what is attainable despite them. Caught between the town and the prejudice of the white officers on the one hand and Nichols' mission and the Air Force policy on the other, Ross counsels and executes a skillful series of compromises. Carricker is placed in arrest and later agrees to apologize. A semiprivate presentation of the medal by Nichols is arranged. The dissident Negroes are outmaneuvered. The virtue of Ross's means is that they work, i.e., they keep things going and they protect Beal.

The same pragmatic adjustment to situations is made with respect to problems of command responsibility. Carricker makes the first problem. He is Beal's friend and he saves the general's life. When he assaults the Negro, he forces Beal to weigh loyalty to a friend against

duty as a commander. Nichols is a problem. While his ostensible errand is to award a medal, his real purpose is to discover the quality of Beal's leadership ability in order to advise the Pentagon about future, more important, assignments for Beal. Colonel Mowbray is a problem. One of Beal's aides, Mowbray has been responsible for a birthday celebration for his general in which several participating paratroopers are killed. This incident takes place while Nichols is on the post.

Ross recognizes that Beal is not competent to face and master these problems. Beal is a simple man whose forte is active participation in events, not leadership on the highest level; for this latter role he lacks the complexities of nature. Yet he has a capacity for unconscious adjustment plus sufficient flexibility to accept Ross's manipulation where he knows it will aid him. When he can neither solve nor articulate his difficulties, he escapes them by merely flying off. Nevertheless he remains supremely confident that the Air Force exists in order to give people like him an opportunity to fly and fight and lead fighters. His wisdom lies in his realization that his virtues count for more than his limited administrative ability or meager intellectual resources. At the close of the novel he is assured and calm, aware of his limitations and of his merits. But this is not to say that Cozzens approves of muddling through or of limitations. It is to say that he is

keenly sensitive to human fallibility and imperfections and aware of the refractory nature of things. The realistic view of experience, then, is to accept it, since there is nothing else to do, and to work within the frame of reference it establishes. It doesn't pay to buck the system—the Army's or Nature's.

As an apostle of prudence and the sagacious long-term view, Ross does not make impossible demands upon men or circumstances. Twenty years ago, he thinks, he would have wanted the inefficient Mowbray fired. Now he knows the complicated effects that rise from simple causes. "Experience had been busy . . . rooting out the vestiges of youth's dear and heady hope that thistles can somehow be made to bear figs and that the end will at last justify any means. . . ." He remembers an old friend, a judge who taught him that if we expect too much of man and do not work within the realm of the possible, then we work in vain. To rid ourselves of all fable, all myth, all illusion about men and circumstances and ourselves is to prepare finally to meet our problems in life. And meet them in an active way, Cozzens emphasizes: "A man must stand up and do the best he can with what there is. If the thing he labored to uncover now seemed in danger of stultifying him, could a rational being find nothing to do? If mind failed you, seeing no pattern; and heart failed you, seeing no point, the stout stubborn will must be up and doing. A

pattern should be found; a point should be imposed."

It is General Nichols, the most formidable figure in the novel, who follows the activist course with most clarity of purpose and greatest awareness of possibilities, imposing his point where he must. His mind and heart are free; he is thoroughly objective and committed to nothing. He has an air of perfect detachment. He never expects too much. Armed thus with godlike equipment, Nichols influences events at the post and makes a fair assessment of Beal. It is known in the Pentagon that Beal is not an administrative type, but he has been given his post in order to harden him in the game of handling responsibilities, in order, that is, to sharpen the instrument that will be used when occasion arises where it is most suitable. Nichols knows that he cannot find the perfect man, but he hopes at least for the best possible. He knows that Washington has the same limited view, for Nichols lives in a world where total success is never anticipated. It is the world of the Quebec Conference where, in Nichols' account, the course finally chosen was the third or fourth best because it was the one the conferees could agree upon. Politics, like other forms of social action, is the art of the possible.

Nichols and Ross possess the ability to circumvent circumstances and improvise adjustments without sacrificing the goal; Beal has an instinct for self-preservation and a guard of honor to guide and protect

him. In some of the minor characters, Cozzens shows how difficult it is to accommodate oneself to circumstances or to impose one's will upon them. Carricker, for example, the roughneck, is helpless in the face of all problems he cannot solve with fist or gun. Representative of excessive individualism channeled into thoroughly antisocial forms of expression, he is dangerous, and his skill as a pilot cannot compensate for his miserably narrow conception of experience. Edsell, the champion of Negro rights, is likewise a failure because he does not take into account the consequences of his acts and cannot understand the complexity of social change in institutional life. He fails to fit means to end. Lieutenant Andrews, a mathematical genius, tries to meet life with the inadequate and unsophisticated view that people get only what is coming to them. Andrews' approach to life is therefore logical and straightforward and he gets nothing but misery. Experience is too distractingly complex and life too much directed by chance to permit of successful interpretation on the one-dimensional level of logic alone. Dewey himself is suspicious of reason because its product so often cannot be checked in experience.

Finally, Captain Nathaniel Hicks, a primary figure on the lower echelons, is both proponent and victim of the proposition that conduct is molded by environment. His allegiance to a decent moral code of

sexual behavior is made clear, he believes that love and devotion in marriage are important and necessary, yet he commits adultery with Lieutenant Turck, the sensitive WAC. It is almost against their mutual wills that they thus act, as if the circumstances of their particular time and place had simply taken charge. If Hicks feels he has violated moral principle here, he finds, in thinking about the war and his role in the army, no reason to fall back upon principle. He is not interested in "any feelings about the merits of the contest," for these did not matter once the war had started. The only important question now was to beat or be beaten. And here, in truth, is Cozzens' total view. Despite the senselessness of life and the weakness of man, let us move forward with the pursuit of the war, with the immediate business.

While the interpretation of morality in the war novel is of a predominantly secular character, here and there a specifically religious tone appears. A few books turn on the problem of guilt and expiation.² Martyrdom is the theme of *Valley of the Sky*, by Hobert Skidmore, in which a bomber crew chooses a collective immolation out of love for their countrymen. But the only powerful and thoroughgoing reli-

gious novel to come out of the war, as far as I have been able to discover, is *The Weight of the Cross*, by Robert Bowen.

This is a Catholic novel that considers the question, so well phrased by Father Mapple in *Moby Dick*, of rebellion and obedience: "And if we obey God, we must disobey ourselves; and it is in this disobeying, wherein the hardness of obeying God consists." For Tom Daly has rebelled against his father, the captain of his ship, and the Church. He has spurned every form of earthly authority. He is a murderer. He is, in short, the degraded, sinning Catholic of the type who breathes so painfully in the pages of Graham Greene. Like Greene's characters, he can never finally break with his religion, and he suffers from a terrible sense of guilt. He endures the dark night of the soul and comes in the end to live by the dogma as the inescapable way of life.

The dreadful struggle to find himself and return to his faith begins for Tom when he admits that it was no more than a desire to kill that led him to murder two Japanese soldiers. This is confession, and it is the beginning of something better, of redemption. Then Tom and his companion are captured by the Japanese and tortured—strung up by their thumbs. A Japanese sergeant asks Tom if he is a Christian. It is a test, for if Tom answers yes, the Japanese may kill him, and if no, he will appear to have denied his faith to save his life. He has been

² For example, *World Without Heroes*, by Arthur C. Fields, and *Night Journey*, by Albert Guerard. It should be mentioned that antagonism to religious sentiments is to be found in *The Brick Foxhole*, by Richard Brooks, and *The Victory*, by Vincent McHugh.

saying that he hates Catholics and, by extension, all Christians. Yet, for reasons he cannot understand, he answers yes, and then he says he felt absolutely safe for the first time in his life. He now knows that he believes in God. The next step in his absolution is the knowledge of love, for man and for God. Because men are brothers he loves his friend Gaddy, and in a self-sacrificial act in which both men are crippled, he saves Gaddy's life. He loves Pete, the Filipino in the prison camp. Love is necessary because "life begins with a pang and ends with an agony . . . and no man is strong enough to live it alone."

For Hemingway, in *To Have and Have Not* where Harry speaks very similar words and in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, this doctrine meant the acceptance of the brotherhood of man and the possibility of concerted social action. In the context of Bowen's novel it reveals man's interdependence as a facet of his total dependence on God. But Tom has not loved Pete wholeheartedly. When Pete dies, his name remains on the roll, and he must be accounted for. Each morning it is necessary to dig up his grave to expose his face. Tom does this task: it is his penance for a want of trust in man. Through it he loses his sense of guilt. He puts on the crucifix Pete had given him, for he has earned it, and the "weight of the cross was very light on his chest." Near the end of the novel, when Tom has conquered his paranoia

and when he feels cleansed of sin and guilt, he thinks that the events that brought him back to faith could not have occurred by chance. "There was a plan in all of it that was greater than he could make out, a force that seemed to guide his every move. . . . He grasped no more of its scope or purpose than the simple fact that it controlled him. . . ." And so finally it is a cosmic teleology that dictates Tom's fate.

Of course the inevitability of the end that is characteristic of this kind of religious novel argues against its efficacy, but Bowen succeeds in driving his character so far into the depths of degradation that the release, known and anticipated before we come to it, is nevertheless welcomed. While the order of events leading to absolution appears contrived, the thrill of redemption, especially of a character so close to damnation, persuades us to overlook much of the artificiality. Bowen makes his strongest appeal, however, with his very tough-minded view of life as pain endured, believing that men must subject themselves, as Hawthorne put it, "to earth's doom of care and sorrow, and troubled joy." Whether this be a religious view or a Catholic view is of no moment; it is the sobering truth generalized enough for our time. When, after an incredibly difficult struggle with himself, Tom walks out of the Japanese prison at the end of the novel, he is absolved of guilt but he is not triumphant. He walks under the grim knowledge

that all human beings carry a heavy burden of sin, and he knows what it is to have been in deadly conflict with oneself.

What Tom gives up, as a result of this conflict, is the individual self in the recognition of God, and we return to the theme of rebellion and obedience. As rebellion against authority in the interest of idiosyncratic, and criminal, action gives way to the acceptance of authority, Tom comes to feel that people have to be told what to do. Command doesn't include explanation. "The one in charge is above right and wrong anyway because he makes them." And he is apart from men. The passage suggests that submission of the individual will to God ought to be symbolized in the submission of the will to those in authority here on earth. Tom comes, in fact, to this view, and even accepts willingly the authority of his Japanese captors.

In the end we can return with profit, I think, to the circumferential logic of Kenneth Burke. It helps to explain those novels in which so-

cial problems appeared to be the primary substance, but where in reality the conflicts and choices involved moral issues and questions about the nature of man. While indeed there are novelists who chose the public and immediate aspects of the war as a matter of first importance, there are others who, as I hope I have shown, chose a far different circumference. What is so suggestive about these circumferences is that they should be numerous and varied, characteristics appropriate to a period of transition and to a democratic literature at any time. No particular value system—pragmatic, humanistic, Christian—has been agreed upon. But there has been limited agreement to go in quest of value rather than to deny its existence or validity. The heightened moral consciousness in these novels, even where there is no well-defined moral referent, and the temperate optimism about man reveal a way of apprehending experience that is soberly hopeful in contrast to the negativism of the 'twenties and man-centered in contrast to the social determinism of the 'thirties.

A Woman's Memory

JOHN T. OGILVIE

I never knew my first and strongest lover;
For years entreaties and surrenders stirred
These meadows, yet so furtively no bird
Ever was startled out from thicket cover;
Deep ravishings, which no one saw or heard—

But darkest and most urgent in the wood
Blotched with orange fungus, where the musk
Of swollen noontimes clouding into dusk
While still the sun was full brought on a mood
Which entered long and gleaming like a tusk

And gored me as I watched the dimming trees—
Shapes louring overhead and vaguely tossed.
The crisis held, until bright movements crossed
And broke it. Earth went cold beneath my knees.
I could not tell what I had gained or lost,

And cannot tell. Those tender years are dead,
Withered into shadow. But the grooved bark
Of trees I held in anguish left its mark
Livid inside my palms; and still a dread
Revives, of assignations in the dark.

THE UNFAIRNESS OF EASTER

by David Cornel DeJong

WILLARD'S wife's name was Doris. It was her house they were gathering in for the crisis. She was standing at the window, apart from the others, looking out. A saffron flood of sunlight had unexpectedly blanketed the window panes and rendered them opaque. So that there was nothing to see, actually.

Then the sun was as suddenly gone, and a few snowflakes scudded into its untoward memory to remind the four couples in the room pointedly that this was indeed a New England Easter which as usual was making a joke of their splendid new clothes. More certainly, it was trying to make a mockery of this crisis they were trying to face.

Because it was a crisis and it seemed so unfair to have it happen on Easter.

Ineptly, as if she were trying to give voice to a phenomenon rather than a protest—I suppose it's because they came so pointedly to our house, she thought—Doris said: "And why did it have to happen on Easter?" She was immediately incredulous that she had heard herself say it, and pouted her expertly painted lips in chagrin. It seemed almost as if she'd said unpleasantly: "You are here, of course, because Willard and I have no children."

With redundant, raw-weather logic, Andrew the oldest brother-in-law answered: "Well, of course, if it hadn't been for Easter poor old Gertie wouldn't have gotten herself run over on her way to church to show off her Easter finery. That's the long and short of it."

His statement threw the whole issue in a confused heap into their midst again. It drew the four women closer together in unwitting antagonism against the four brothers they had married. Yet they the four wives of Mama's four sons couldn't quite regard one another except as Andrew's wife, Jerry's wife, Willard's wife, and Kenneth's wife, as if Mama's wits and whims were already confusing them. They had been impelled to look upon their husbands as

Mama's four sons, and for this drastic occasion, as Mama's helpless and impervious sons.

The four men, sensing their wives' withdrawal, were uncomfortable. Already they obviously felt fusty in their new Easter suits, with which they had seemed to assume a behavior beyond their control. "Well, there it is," Willard said in an unfamiliar sounding voice, pulling hostilely at his lapels. "There it is, old Gertie in the hospital, with no chance of pulling through, and Mom so far knowing nothing about it."

"We hope," Kenneth added, with a facile despair which all four women despised. They were anxious for Willard to continue, because the real solution would have to come from him.

"Yes, we hope," Willard seconded Kenneth hurriedly. "All the times we tried to reach her, no one answered. So there's no one with her to answer the phone. So let's get going."

They all realized that he was not going to yield; that the burden would still be left with Mama. Andrew said placatingly: "But we can't go yet. Not until the church services are properly over, or she'd smell a rat. Besides, we've got to make sense. We can't just arrive there in one large group, like a bunch of kids." But he spoke with more unction than authority, and as if he hoped that someone would contradict him.

When no one did, the women fell to studying each other's new Easter outfits with dourness, each trying to fathom the other's disappointment at not having displayed herself properly in church. They reminded themselves fleetingly, too, of their children, hurried off willy-nilly with friends and uncles and aunts. For them this tragedy and crisis should be kept properly at bay, especially on Easter, that day of finesse, hopes, and of course, new life.

After disposing of the children they had as a matter of logic converged on Willard's house, because Willard was the childless one. Andrew, the oldest, had gotten the news direct from the hospital. And since their arrival here, they had put into motion a complicated shifting of responsibilities, but no one dared to ask the crucial question, in so many hard pellets of words: "What are we going to do with Mother now?"

The very fact that they had congregated at Willard's house implied that the responsibility was Willard's. They would simply have to blend Doris's acceptance with Mama's idiosyncrasies and whims. Of course, Mama with her centrifugal invalidism and her dependence on Gertie couldn't be accepted or dismissed in a few bland statements.

"Anyway, it's time to go now. Time to face it," Willard said at last, studying his wristwatch as if it were the start of a ceremony. "We've got to break the news to her first. First things first," he concluded bustling.

There was no more room or time for further preparation. Everything was going to be translated into action now. It was obvious to the wives that the brothers didn't quite dare to size up each other's intentions. They themselves shrugged elaborately in their new clothes, with a temporary dismissal of everything, especially the four brothers they had married. No matter how they glittered for Easter, it seemed that they were no more than cumbersome adjuncts to Mama's sons.

Yes, they were on their way now. The four men each with a potted plant—a gloxinia, a madonna lily, a clump of hyacinths, and a calceolaria, each of them hating to leave the others and go to his own car at the curb. Momentarily the women dallied silently over daintily wrapped parcels, containing Easter gifts chosen very carefully for one so fragile physically and mentally as their mother-in-law.

Doris left the house last, closing the door behind her as with desperate finality.

They did achieve their entrance into Mama's house with considerable aplomb. With careful casuistry they arrived a few minutes apart, so that there was no space for anyone to unburden himself. They met their mother with all the nearly nerve-shattering pretenses they had always been able to muster up for such meetings. This time, however, those pretenses seemed to have been protracted beyond artifice into burlesque.

Mama was sitting in her proper chair, at the proper window,

looking like a dubious Whistler's Mother. Her crimped eyes and crimped smiles told them nothing. In fact, they were so negative that her four sons realized in unison and by way of unconscious renunciation that the task of preparing her for the news should be left up to their wives. It was a feminine duty. Because Mama, honestly speaking among themselves, was always quite a character, and today the proper Easter sentiments would be of little help.

With her tenderly flawed cornflower eyes Mama had already ferreted out that something extraneous impinged on this formal Easter visit of her four sons and their wives. In the first place, they had left all the grandchildren behind. But for the time being she herself had to be content with bobbing like a helpless little cork upon the sea of their uneasiness. In preparation, she covered her face with remotely cozying smiles, and said, as if the burden of plain thinking was too much for her: "There's no getting around it, Easter comes only once a year, and here in New England it's so long between, what with all its raw weather. Easter is really unfair, you know."

They listened to her raptly. They even retreated a step or two, as if they wanted to appreciate what she had said with the proper perspective. Unfortunately, the four wives seemed to have propelled themselves in front of their husbands: Mama could see her sons retreat from the scene, and she didn't like it. For patience's sake she allowed herself to concentrate on the generously lipsticked mouths and Easter-tailored smiles of her daughters-in-law. Their gestures were extravagantly unwarranted considering the silly remark she had made. "Well, anyway, that's Easter, and what we have made of it," she added austerely, to see how they would further react to her comments.

But with little more than rhetorical comments and private mumblings, they started to arrange the plants on the windowsill, and took their little presents out of their wrappings, while her sons retreated still further. Carefully Mama didn't cast her tender smiles quite as far as the boys, as if their wives had put an opaque screen between her and them.

It was one of Mama's tricks, the sons recognized, never quite

willing to interpret that trick. They started assuaging her with wide, comforting masculine smiles, smiles with so much discomfiture in them that Mama shook her head over them fondly, in spite of their encumbering wives. One of whom was now actually placing a complicated little china music box with a Danish figurine on it in her lap and from her very lap there started tinkling "In Your Easter Bonnet" so glassily and irrelevantly that Mama looked away from her lap with distaste and stared through the window. There behind the panes that Gertie had polished only yesterday the New England weather now agitated with specks of soot, and starlings sat clumped in bare trees like lumps of dirty tallow. She smiled a long-suffering and long-understanding smile at the weather.

When the music box had been removed from her lap, she looked across the room at her sons: Andrew, Jerry, Willard, and Kenneth, lined up against the opposite wall, with an air of flexing their wits uneasily beneath their brand new suits. Men always remained boys. Mama felt like editorializing, if this had been a better occasion. What were they trying to keep from her? To coax them into revealing it, she beamed at them proudly and watched their faces transform and relax. Her accomplishment didn't satisfy her; their relief was too easy.

To counteract the unsatisfactory result, she started fussing. She drew a dust rag from beneath the cushion of her chair and made a sally for the windowsill with all the new little gifties on it, saying: "Ten times at least, ten times, that telephone rang this morning, and kept ringing, and ten times I said to myself, no Hazel, you are not going to answer it, because it'll be just the boys calling, telling me that they can't come, and I won't have it. And I do see that you brought none of the children. Not even one." She started rubbing the old, silk jersey cloth dangerously close to two small gentian-colored rabbits with tangerine eyes, and continued: "Even if I could have gotten up and answered it, what with Gertie going off so early with a pink sort of pudding on her head for a new hat to show off to all and sundry at church." At that point she desisted from threatening the two rabbit figurines, but pushed a dazzling smile across the room at her sons.

A moment later she said generously: "Now why don't you boys go and play your usual game of blackjack in the kitchen? Like Sundays? There's beer in the refrigerator. I had Gertie put it in. You would like to, wouldn't you, Andrew, Jerry, Willy, and Ken?" Teasingly she named their names with coy authority, but her shaking hand had also reached the nearest little rabbit; it was so fragile, it simply came to pieces in her fingers. "There now," she said to her sons who came rushing forward, "there now, it's nothing. Don't make a fuss now," and allowed their wives to fuss over her instead. And then wept a little over her clumsiness. It took a nice glass of sherry to make her slightly affable again, and to put her more definitely to wondering whether she should tackle the women now to find out what they were all trying to keep from her.

A cold sun came tumbling out of the clouds for a nervous instant and painted the young women's smiles even more artificially, so that their teeth in the midst of their smiles looked like the ivories of toy pianos. It amused her to see it; those teeth were really a lot like piano keys, ready to tinkle falsely that she was the finest little mother-in-law they had ever hoped to find on Easter. Why, for instance, hadn't they said one word about the Easter services which they were supposed to have attended separately, each at his church?

Also, she was well aware, they had gradually moved all those dainty new gadgets on the windowsill out of her reach. Nodding at their self-conscious chatter, she lifted her dust cloth reluctantly from her lap, as if it were a dead kitten, and dropped it beside her chair. When they swooped on it like large, scented birds, she bestowed a devotional smile on the retrievers, and said soothingly: "Oh, but the weather is so nasty, I can't blame you for not bringing the children, and not even talking about the church services. And I do hope your new get-ups don't get soiled, all because of a little visit to me."

She cast her smile beyond their chorus of protests in the direction of the kitchen, where the boys had settled down to a card game and beer. Then with blinding clairvoyance she thought: Why it's Gertie. Because it's Gertie they're not talking about. It's poor Gertie, of course.

She could now patiently turn over that probability. Gertie would have gone to them with a tale, hence her haste to get away this morning, a tale about her orneriness. Gertie would have said that with herself being sixty-odd, taking care of one so selfish, spoiled, and irascible as their mother was getting to be beyond her patience, even at forty dollars a week, meals included and Sunday afternoons and half holidays like Easter off. She sat back thinking about other probabilities, so much so that she forgot to turn off her smile in the direction of the kitchen, where her sons were making their customary noises of consternation or glee over their cards. Ha, and so Gertie had been up to some chicanery and on Easter at that!

Unexpectedly she asked: "Let me hear that there Easter Bonnet thing played again on that box? But not on my lap and not so irreligious as before." It might straighten out her puzzlings. Of course, it turned out that for all its Dresden or Copenhagen delicacy the silly box could play just so loud and the girls were unwarrantably mortified. "Darling," one of them kept exclaiming, so it must be the one whose present it was, and little she cared, "darling, you must tell that hairdresser not to put so much tinting in your hair. We don't want you to look like a figure on a greeting card, do we?"

She commented in a spun-out voice: "And I should have my drops every hour, and the seven pills at regular intervals, but does Gertie remember? I'll say she doesn't. She'd as soon feed me buttons, too. And when she does, I can hardly swallow her generosity, for the favor she's doing me at forty dollars a week. I tell you, it's come to the point where there have to be some changes made." She sent a smile of outraged patience undulating among them like a snake.

They cried out as if their civilized voices had gotten out of control because they had been better prepared to be stunned than to be articulate. So she had touched something. The wives' voices rose up in such dismayed innuendoes that Andrew and Jerry, the two oldest, came running from the kitchen. They came to a dead stop just inside the room, holding their cigarettes behind them. "Mum,"

Andrew cried gruffly, and with a humbled voice Jerry echoed, "Mum, now don't you get yourself in a state about Gertie. Everything will turn out all right . . .," until he intercepted his wife's warning glance and stopped suddenly.

Mama had not missed anything. But now, too, she didn't want either of those two boys, nor the other two, to express anything that seemed so definitely beyond their comfort. If a battle had to be fought—one that seemed to pivot on Gertie's perfidy—it was up to their wives to fight it. "Oh, don't worry about me, boys. Don't break up your nice game," she cried extravagantly, and waved them away, and then watched them retreat reluctantly toward the kitchen once again, their backs straight with embarrassment.

"Let the poor dears be," she said severely, and for an instant closed her eyes, her eyelids like worn sepals of dead flowers over the algid irises. When she opened them again, she saw the elongated glances of the women trying to communicate with each other mutely. Ken's wife said hurriedly: "Now look, dear, what a nice day this could be if we just composed ourselves. After all it is Easter and still so much to be thankful for."

"Now you're talking about Thanksgiving Day," she said crossly, and then thrust out: "And I bet you've got something on your minds about Gertie. And you'd better come out with it, here and now, instead of prattling about Thanksgiving on Easter."

She saw that her lightning had struck. She studied their stunned faces, their smiles stretched beyond endurance to become grimaces, their eyes searching and beseeching. Then all four turned in odd union and focused their appeal on the kitchen, where the silence was freighted.

They came out of the kitchen then, their faces solemn, all four sons. Their wives parted before them, sinking back into the chairs from which they had jumped up in their dismay. They stared up at their husbands with an inexorability that could not be denied.

The moment was there, the crisis, Mama realized. And all their defenses were down. Her sons were little tykes again, and their wives, who should have been their guardian angels, sat there looking accusingly at their own crumpled tissue-paper wings. It might

be funny, if she hadn't started anticipating so furiously and had to temper her wits and put them back in tune to the impending triumph.

The four boys stood there in their expensive new suits and looked inadequate and bereft. One by one they tried looking for help at their wives. All except Willard, and Mama reminded herself that he was the childless one. Her glance stole to Willard's wife, and unfailingly she recognized that she was standing apart from the others, staring out of the window, against which sleet had started pelting. The others were arranged against her, that was sure.

It was pure ritual, the next scene, and she allowed them plenty of time to indulge in it. Gravely the four men started lifting chairs from corners and placing them in a semicircle before her. Then they seated themselves on the chairs with the ceremony and solemnity they obviously hadn't been able to expend in church. Their performance was grossly male-like and formal, and she kept wanting to easy them out of it, or at least cajole them into more spontaneity. Whatever it was Gertie had done, she felt for a generous moment that she could dismiss it.

"You mustn't sit there looking like guilty spaniels," she scolded, to counteract her good intention. "Or like you expected me to tell you a bedtime story." When they looked even more pained, she waved her hand at all the plants and new gimcracks on the windowsill and twittered: "Oh, just look at all those fragile little darling things, and Gertie so clumsy. She'll just complain and use her new grievance for all it's worth, and the poor thing already so pathetically agog over her new Easter hat, as if anybody would notice it except for its foolishness." In the process of talking she had once more metamorphosed herself into a confused little lady, who was making incoherent and spiteful remarks because she was so puzzled and beholden.

As if their chairs had become instruments of torture, Jerry and Kenneth rose first to stand rocking on the balls of their feet, looming over her. Willard and Andrew followed suit. She couldn't see their faces now, she couldn't crane that high, but she had seen their

miens before they got to their feet, and she wasn't going to let them put anything over on her, just by towering over.

All the time they were talking, but actually they weren't saying anything. They were doing little more than hemming and hawing. There was something like cajolery in their voices, too, as if they were treading over thin ice through which she herself had broken. She had no intention of being a victim, or of being rescued. "Sit down," she commanded. "I'm not going to sit here in a hole of your making looking at a circle of your new pants and wondering what it's all about."

They sat down as by reflex action, and she felt appeased to see all their wives at the windows now looking at the pelting sleet. "New England Easter, of course," she stated casually, and recognizing that it was Kenneth who was going to be the spokesman. He had always had the glibbest tongue and the most devious ways of getting around her emotions. But after a while she only half-listened to him, because she realized that his tidings weren't what she quite wanted to hear, not until she could digest them more fairly.

"Mama," he kept refraining, with expressions like "hard to say," "hard to tell," "hard to break the news," and warnings that she should be calm now and not go to pieces. He said it all with a voice that came dribbling like sand from a shovel, but a shovel that just the same was trying to dig her grave. It was all about Gertie, but so different from what she had expected. "But for the grace of God," he used that three times.

She closed her eyes in impatient listening.

Poor old bothersome Gertie, what a lot of platitudes it took to tell about her death. As if death was ever such a stranger when you were old . . . and now it turned out that she wasn't even dead yet . . .

Then putting all defenses, all sentiments, all chagrin and fear aside, she started rolling everything that Kenneth was saying on a skein of factualities. Going to church that morning Gertie had been run over, in the dead center of the street, jaywalking her way to church, and her new hat had rolled away, and she had never even uttered a final word, and was in a hospital, possibly dying, brought

there by a cousin and some fellow worshipers. And never again would Gertie enter this house to be a solace, a misery, a plague, a foil. It was enough to make her feel bereft, if for the time being just bereft of her resilience because they had not told her sooner. They had not provided her with any weapons to fend things off. . . .

She waited until Kenneth was finished, and the others had made their superfluous little echoes and contradictions. Their wives hadn't spoken at all. Since the sleet had stopped, it must be the houses across the street they were looking at so sternly. She drew herself up and looked severely at each of her sons in turn. "Well, I told her. I expected it. Wearing that Easter bonnet that she said she would wear with her glasses off. Even to Gertie, that was all there was left of Easter—vanity. A hat you wear in vanity with your eyes blind as a bat's, so you go tumbling to your doom on resurrection day. Naturally you do."

They took flight in consternation. They tried to stroke her hands, but she withdrew them. "Mum, Mama, Mother," they shouted. "See how it hasn't really sunk in; she doesn't understand; you should have prepared her better," they cried to their wives. "Mother, dear," babbled three female voices. But Willard's wife was silent. "Mother, Gertie is very serious. She's not expected to live," Andrew pronounced in a sermonizing way.

"Yes, yes, yes," she answered loftily. "Poor thing, and she didn't expect to end that way. None of us do. And now, of course, you yourselves are all in a dither as to what to do with me. It stands to reason something's got to be done. You can't leave me here alone. Poor Gertie, she no longer has to forget to give me my pills in time."

Then their babble started again. She stared at Andrew, who had an unlighted cigarette between his lips, and the cigarette was quivering in a most unmanly fashion. She smiled at her oldest till the cigarette grew firm. "That's better," she said.

The way she said it, with such dudgeon, it silenced them all. Even the women, whose voices had risen in an untidy chorus of female sounds. All except Willard's wife, and now all their eyes were fixed on her with dread, but she was still staring out of the window at the irascible weather. Her name was Doris. For the first

time all that day Mama allowed herself to be reminded of the name of one of her sons' wives. But only one and with a purpose.

"Yes, dear?" she now asked the three other women. Her voice had assumed a delicate ring of triumph, the tenor of a doxology. "I suppose you would rather have me choose right here who it is I want to live with? Because it isn't possible to break in another Gertie. Certainly you should allow me to do my own choosing on Easter Day."

The women stared at her with congealed horror. She looked at them past the stunned bearings of her sons. Then she said in casual dismissal: "And it won't be Doris, poor thing. She doesn't want me. She wouldn't be able to put up with me, and she's honest enough to know it." When Willard started protesting, she silenced him. "Idiot," she barked, and faced the three women once more and taunted, "because actually I am pretty much like a child again, and you three have children, and ought to know how to handle them. Come now, which of you three is it going to be?"

While she waited, she shut her eyes and folded her hands. She was allowing them to make a choice without interfering. They seemed to start searching for their choice amid the rustle of their new clothes, the faint tinkling of their jewelry, the delicate insinuations of their perfumes, and then amid the retreat of their footsteps from the room, their murmurs and the one sob from the staircase, and water running into a glass in the kitchen. Then Andrew's hand which had been lying pontifically on her shoulder all this time was being lifted off.

She waited. She did not want to open her eyes to see if Doris was still in the room, still at the window.

RANGAPPA'S MARRIAGE

by Masti Venkatesa Iyengar

READING this title you may say: "What a commonplace title for a story! Could you not call it Prothalamium or Epithalamium of Raganatha, or give it some other dignified title?" Well, I admit I could have called it by some mouth-filling name; with some effort I could have found even dignified and high-sounding titles. But, you know, the thing is in fact no such grand affair as any "thalamium." It is only about the marriage of Rangappa of our village that I wish to tell you. The matter is commonplace: naturally, the title is a common one.

By our village I mean Hosahalli. Have you heard the name? No! Poor people! How could you help it? Our wonderful books of geography do not mention our village at all. I can understand how English people writing books from their country might be unaware of Hosahalli and not mention it. But even our people writing a book on geography omit Hosahalli. What is to be done with this type of person who repeats everything of his master's including his errors? When the geography people have omitted the

place, where is the chance for it in our maps? There is no trace of our Hosahalli in the maps that I have seen.

Forgive this digression. It is my conviction that of the whole of India, Mysore is best, and that of this Hosahalli is the very best. These two statements admit to my mind of no question or cavil. You are of course at liberty to believe them or not, but I must say that it is not only I who praise my village. There is a physician in our village. His name is Gunda Bhatta. He also says that our village is the best in all Mysore. And, mind you, he is not a homestaying person. By this I do not mean to say that he has traveled to England. If you talk of travel to England he replies: "Travel to England and suchlike hoax, I leave entirely to you. I have seen merely our own country and I can tell you there is enough in it to see." This man, as I said, states that our village is the best in all our country.

There is a beautiful grove of trees in front of our village. There are some mango trees in it. Come to my village one day and I shall

give you a mango. Eat it; no, just bite it; and see how the acid touches the depth of your being. There is nothing like these mangoes for pickles. Tasting them you realize how powerful is any little article grown in our village. If you are not careful this mango will give you a cough. It was when I was talking of this mango to our physician once that he expressed his great opinion of our village.

Even like this mango, almost everything we have in our village is great in its class. The water in our pond for instance. How beautiful it is! And the pond itself; how beautiful with its growth of lotus! The flowers are a delight to see. Supposing that about midday you find you have no leaves for eating from, you go to the pond to bathe and walk in the water and bring two lotus leaves; and there is no need to bother about stitching little leaves for making a plate for dinner. Please do not weary of my enthusiasms. The fact is I am very proud of our village. You have merely to come and see to agree that my pride is justified. Come and see our village, only give me notice of coming, so that I may look after you when you come.

What I am now telling you is a story of some ten years ago. There were then not many men in our village who knew English. Our karnik had taken his courage in both hands and for the first time sent his son to Bangalore to learn English. It is

of course a different matter now, and there are ever so many of our boys, in the holidays particularly, going down the streets, speaking to each other in English. We did not have this hissing language amidst us in those days. Nor did we in speaking Kannada mix English words with our own. This has now grown to ridiculous lengths. A few days ago they bought a bundle of fuel in Sri Rama Rao's house. The boy came out to give the price to the women who had brought the firewood and asked her how much was due to her. She said: "Six pice." The boy said: "We have no change now. Come and take it tomorrow," using the word "change" as if it were Kannada, much as if an Englishman in England knowing Indian languages should say to a countrywoman of his: "I have no chillar; come tomorrow." Change to the Kannada woman means neither more nor less than chillar to an English woman. This fuel woman did not understand what the boy said and went away muttering to herself. I was there too and did not know the meaning of this blessed word. I came to Rangappa's house later and asked him and he told me the meaning.

English had not, as I say, become common in our village in those days. So when Rangappa, after some stay in Bangalore, came back to our village, the place was all agog. "It seems the karnik's son has come back"—"Do you know, the boy who had gone to Bangalore to study has

come back?"—"I say, it seems Rangappa has come. Come along, let us see him!" cried old and young, and proceeded forthwith to the karnik's house. If a whole village is interested, how can one man be indifferent? So I too went. What a crowd there was! I wondered at so many people coming and said: "What do all these people mean by running here like this? Is anyone exhibiting monkeys?" One of the boys turned around and said to me: "Why did you come?" What do you think of it, the little fellow putting me this question in the presence of all that population? Utterly disrespectful and boyish it was. But then, times have changed and elderly people are not shown the respect that was usual in the past. So I said nothing.

Seeing all this crowd Rangappa came out of the house smiling. It was a good thing he did, for supposing we had gone in, there should have been a calamity as in the story of the black-hole given in history books. When Rangappa came to us outside, the whole crowd was astonished to see him. He seemed to be the same person that had gone to Bangalore six months previously. An old lady who was standing somewhat close to him walked up to him and put her hand on his chest to feel the sacred thread. It was still there! "Oh, he has got the sacred thread still! They have not yet ruined his caste," she said, and went away, hugely delighted. Rangappa laughed outright.

Seeing that Rangappa had his

hands and feet, eyes and nose, all as before, that crowd dissolved like a piece of sugar in a child's mouth. I stayed on and when all had left spoke to Rangappa: "Well, Rangappa, how do you do?" Rangappa had not seen me earlier on account of the crowd. Now he came up to me and made his obeisance and said: "By your blessings, sir, I am well."

Rangappa had this fine quality. He knew how he should behave with everyone. In fact, he knew with whom it was worth while to talk. And then that salutation itself! It was not in the manner which has become common nowadays: the head in the sky and eyes looking at the sun as though there was no possibility of bending at the waist, and putting the hands together at the most. It was in the good old style, bending low and touching the elder's feet and rising with the hands folded. I was very pleased with his ways and said "May you marry soon!" and spoke another word or two and came home.

It was afternoon, and I was in bed after food. Rangappa came to my house with two oranges. He was a very good fellow, always thinking of little things which would please people. The kind of person, I said to myself, who, married properly, would be a fine householder and be of help to numbers of people.

When we had spoken of his life in Bangalore for some time I said: "Rangappa, when are you going to marry?"

"Not so soon."

"And why is that?"

"Well, I should like to have a suitable girl. You see, there is a principal of ours. You know he is a much older man than I, nearly thirty years, and married only six months ago. And what do you think his wife's age is? Twenty-five years. Now, persons of that age can speak to each other with affection. Supposing I marry, I should marry a very little girl; and supposing by any chance I said some word of affection to her, she would be so innocent—she might think I was abusing her. I saw *Shakuntala* played in Bangalore. Imagine *Shakuntala* as one of these girls who are married among us in these days. How can Dushyanta love her, and where would be the beauty of Kalidasa's play? If I marry at all, I should marry rather a grown-up girl. Else I shall be a bachelor."

"Have you any other reason?"

"Well, we ought to marry after meeting and loving each other. That is impossible among our people. Even supposing that we could meet the girls we might marry, what are we to love in those babes that are brought before us with their mother's milk not yet dry on their lips. The girls that are married among us now do not know how to say boo to a goose."

"But why should they say boo? They do not marry geese."

Ranga laughed. I was puzzled what to do with this young fellow. I was thinking of getting him a wife

early and making him a householder; and this boy had strange notions in his head about girls, all derived no doubt from talk with those foreigners who taught him in his English school. But I must save him, I said to myself, and made up my mind how.

Rama Rao's sister had left a daughter who was then in our village. She was about eleven years old and very handsome. Brought up in a town, she could play a little upon the veena and the harmonium, but her singing was even better, with a voice that was really sweet. She had lost her parents some time previously and her uncle had brought her to his house for a short stay. She would be a very suitable bride for Ranga and Ranga himself would be a very suitable bridegroom for her.

I was very familiar with Rama Rao's household and this child treated me as a grandfather. Her name was Ratna, which means "jewel." The next morning, I went to Rama Rao's house and told his wife to send Ratnamma to my house. "We have some good curds," I said, "and it might be useful to you."

Ratnamma came. It was Friday and she was wearing a good sari. I asked her to sit in my room and begged her to sing a song, and then sent word to Ranga. Ratnamma sang the song in which Purandara Dasa describes Krishna of Udupi. It is a song I love greatly and Ratnamma was singing it in her beautiful voice very gracefully. As she was singing

it, Rangappa arrived. I was in the room. He came near the door but did not walk in. It was clear that he was afraid that, if he came in, the singing might stop. But he could not completely deny himself the pleasure of seeing who was singing: his curiosity was too great. So he looked in a little and withdrew. Ratnamma looked at the door when the light was obstructed, and, seeing that there was some stranger, stopped singing.

Rangappa was very disappointed. Have you ever eaten a large graft mango fruit? One has to pay a good price to get the fruit at all and then one wishes to get from it all that one can. So one eats it part by part, deliberately: the rind first, and then the substance of it tract by tract. Supposing you are negotiating a large fruit in this way with care, and it slips from your hand and falls into the dust? How greatly disappointed you would be! Something like it was the disappointment on Ranga's face. Seeing, however, that he had stopped the music by incautious peeping, Ranga decided at least to see the girl better. So he walked in, pretending to be unconcerned and saying "It seems you wanted me." I asked him to be seated.

Ratnamma stood up with her head bent with a girl's usual shyness. Ranga looked at her several times. On one of these occasions, as he looked at her and withdrew his eyes, he met my eyes and seemed a little abashed. For quite a few

minutes no one of us talked. Then Ranga said: "The singing stopped because I came. I shall go." But he did not go. He stuck to his chair as if he had no such intention either. Where are we to get speech to accord with conduct, and conduct to accord with speech in these days which our elders have, no doubt properly, described as a degenerate age?

Even the indirect reference to her by the young man made Ratnamma bashful. She ran out of the room. Rangappa sat mute for a little while and then asked: "Who is this girl, sir?"

Do you know the story of the goat which had concealed itself in a temple and when a lion asked from outside "Who is it inside?" said: "How does it matter who? I am a poor creature who has eaten nine male lions. I have a vow to eat a tenth. You seem to be a lion. Are you male or female?" In the story, the lion took fright and fled. Much like that goat in the temple I parleyed with Rangappa: "How does it matter who? It concerns neither of us. I have married and you are not marrying."

Ranga said: "Is that girl not married yet?" This young man, who had no idea of marrying our simple girls, put the question in a tone which betrayed desire. Not that he wished to betray it, but I could notice it. "She was married a year ago."

Rangappa's face lost its light like a brinjal which has fallen on live

coals. A few minutes later Rangappa said "I have some little business; I shall come again," and went home.

The next morning I went to our Sastry, the astrologer. "Keep everything ready for predicting, I shall come in the afternoon," I said to him and told him a few other things that were necessary and came home.

Meeting Rangappa in the afternoon I said to him: "Well, Rangappa, you seem to be very thoughtful. What is troubling you?" The young man did look somewhat dejected.

"Nothing," said Ranga.

"Have you a headache? I can take you to our physician."

"No," said Ranga.

"This is how I looked a little before my marriage when they were trying to settle a girl for me. I wanted the girl whom I afterwards married and was not sure whether the stars would agree. That made me look exactly like this. But, of course, there can be no such reason in your case." Ranga looked hard at me.

"Come, let us go to the astrologer. We shall ask him to see how the stars and planets stand in your case."

Ranga seemed to agree to go to the astrologer, though saying nothing. So we went together to our Sastry. On seeing us the Sastry said: "Well, Shama, I have not seen you this many a day." My readers guess of course that Shama is their humble servant who is telling this story.

I was angry. "What do you mean, Sastry? This morning . . ." I should have proceeded, but the Sastry stopped me, saying: "Just this morning you should have finished some work on which you were engaged. So, it is only now that you could come to me." Finishing the sentence in this way, the Sastry saved me from divulging that I had met him in the morning. If he had not, our little plot would have burst to pieces like a castor fruit exposed to the sun. This was also a warning to me to be careful thereafter.

"When did our karnik's son return from Bangalore?" said the Sastry. "Can I do anything for him? It is so rarely that he comes to my house." And so courtesies were exchanged.

When this was over, I said: "Now take out your bundle. Our Rangappa is thinking hard about something. Can you tell us what it is? You astrologists make such boast about your powers. Let us have some proof of them." The Sastry brought out his bundle and untied it. The papers and the books, the cowries and the palm-leaf manuscripts, all came out. Spreading his properties to impress our client, the Sastry said, "You call it boasting, Shama, but really it is speaking the truth," and began a story of some important prediction by some person in some forgotten age having impossibly come true. I could repeat his story to you, but then what is to become of my story? So, I shall tell it to you on some other occasion, if your inclination holds and I find the time.

Getting everything ready in the meanwhile, the Sastry proceeded to play at prediction.

Having looked at his books a little, seemed to think a little, and counted the number of knuckles on his fingers a little, the Sastry asked Rangappa in what asterism he was born. Ranga said he did not know. The Sastry said that it did not matter, and again looked into his books a little, moved his lips a little, and counted the joints on his fingers a little, and said: "It seems to me that our karnik's son is turning over in his mind some question regarding a bride." I must say that I do not believe any astrologer predicting anything. But astrology is extraordinarily useful as strategy in affairs. If you can get a man like our Sastry to join in a plot, and you can always get one to do it either from friendship or for consideration, you can get invaluable assistance from the things you can put in his mouth. He will say them in a serious manner as based on his science and this brings people to believe much more easily than argument. I really felt like laughing at the Sastry's airs as he announced his discovery.

Making my laugh at the Sastry look as if I were laughing at Rangappa, I said: "What is this, Rangappa? He seems to agree with me." Rangappa said nothing.

"Well, Sastry," I said, "supposing you are right, what would the bride be like?"

The Sastry pretended to think for some time, and after again looking into his book said: "The text indi-

cates a person whose name is related to the sea. Something born in the sea."

"Can it be Kamala?" Kamala is lotus.

"It is possible."

"What else might it be? Mutthu?" Mutthu is pearl.

"That is possible too; or jewel."

"That is curious—the very name of the girl in our Rama Rao's house. That apart, how are the stars? Are they propitious? And is this bride whose name is the name of a thing related to the sea likely to be won?"

The Sastry looked into his books again and after further thought said: "The stars and planets are very propitious. I should say that the marriage is a certainty."

Ranga's face was overflowing with wonder. Mingled with the wonder was pleasure. Seeing this I said: "But the girl is married, you know." Ranga apparently had forgotten, for his face lost its brightness.

The Sastry said: "Well, with that I am not concerned. It may be the Ratna in some other house. My book says that she has some name of this kind. I have not had time to make enough calculations to say if it is the girl come to Rama Rao's house."

Rangappa and I came away. We had to walk past Rama Rao's house, and as we came there Ratna was standing near the door. I told Rangappa that I would walk in for a minute and come back. He stood outside. I went in and said a word or two with Rama Rao's wife and Ratna and came out and joined

Ranga. I then told him what, as you know, I had known all the time. "What a wonderful thing this is! It seems this girl is not married. Somebody told me some time ago that she was. It looks now as if our Sastry's prediction has some sense after all." Then I said: "Rangappa, I cannot believe that you could have been thinking about this girl, she is so young and so simple. Now, will you tell me in the name of our Acharya, and not conceal anything from me? Is what the Sastry said true?"

I do not know if any other person would have admitted the truth. But Rangappa was a simple soul and said: "The Sastry, sir, knows a good deal more than we think. What the astrologer said is true."

That evening I met our astrologer near the well and said jocularly: "Well, my great Sastry, you repeated the lesson fairly well. Only you overdid the pretense of thinking. But yours is a wonderful science, you know. There is no fear of your losing any of your knuckles and remaining unaware of it for more than a day."

The Sastry said: "You fancy, Shama, that if you had not put me up, I could not have known the facts. That is your folly. It is true you told me, but you told me nothing that I could not have found out by proper calculation. It would have taken me more time, but every bit of what you told me could have been ascertained. Our science tells

us all the truth and more. After all, what you told me was very little. I really told you, if you remember, such a lot more."

Are you astonished at such conduct? You do not know astrology.

Three days ago Rangappa came to invite me to dinner in his house. I asked him what the dinner was about.

"It is Shama's birthday," he said. "He has now completed three years."

"Has he really?" I said. "I could not have imagined it. Now, see what you have gone and done, calling him Shama. I am black like a log of blackwood and it is a good enough name for me. This child is like a measure of gold and you go and call him by this name. You are strange people, both you and Ratna, irresponsible and thoughtless. What else are we to expect from these English customs like having a godfather and all the rest of it? I suppose you have invited a number of people. Ratna must be expecting confinement shortly. Who is to help your mother in this dinner?"

"Did you not know? My sister came with my mother."

I went to the dinner. Shama ran up to me and clasped me and put his head against my knees. I took him up and kissed him and put a small gold ring on his little finger.

And now, I have finished my story and hope you like it. If you care, I can tell you more, but I am afraid you might think them boring.

WHAT ABOUT THE VILLAGER?

by Russell F. Wulff

THIS IS about the commonplace in India—villages and villagers. In India the commonplace is important: it is a factor, perhaps the deciding factor, in the political future. Specifically, this is about the village area of Pulicherla, an ordinary scene in the Chittoor District of Andhra State, in South India.

Many decades ago, this region was a scrub forest filled with wild animals, where an occasional hunting party would come for game. After a successful hunt, the forest people would name the place for the exciting event. This was how Pulicherla (meaning the caged tiger) was named: it was here that a large tiger was once captured and caged. Years later, in the course of constructing a narrow-gauge railroad over this rolling plateau, the British built a small railway station and siding here and officially called it Pulicherla.

With the railroad came gradual development to the area. The low-lying dales of the forests were cleared by villagers who came from the crowded northeast and south, and crops were planted. While the soil was not the best, groundnuts grew plentifully and became the predominant crop. A small groundnut mill and a handful of shops and houses crowded near the railway center of Pulicherla. Small villages began to appear nearby where the scrub forest had once grown: separate villages near the better lands for caste people of the Reddi community and less desirable locations for the harijans.¹

Soon after Independence in 1947, the new Government legislated the abolition of zamindaris,² who had been the forest custodians up to that point, and proposed State control of all forest lands. During a legal battle over the Government's action, both the zamindaris and the villagers seized the opportunity to deforest

¹ Name given to untouchables by Gandhi, meaning "children of God."

² Landowner granted special rights by British for services rendered.

much of the remaining lands and manufactured the trees into charcoal for sale. Everything that grew was indiscriminately cut, leaving little foliage to guard the moisture in the soil. Nature then played her hand: for several years, the monsoon rains failed and the area became drought-ridden. Crops became light and food scarce. For the poor there was starvation.

These were the conditions in Pulicherla and nearby villages when I arrived late last year. My task, which had taken me into villages of north and south India, was to understand the villager and his problems: what would each of these persons—landless laborer, tenant, small landowner, and landlord—do with himself politically, and what reasons would he give for his sentiments? The Government of India had given the franchise to its people: how would they use it? Or would the villager turn to other methods?

It was an enjoyable experience learning about the villagers: to work with them, cleaning up their wells or building a road, or to take the sick in my jeep to the nearest dispensary. We would sit sometimes in the shade of a village tree or in their plain home and talk about their family and caste, their livelihood and cost of living, their health. This would naturally lead to politics. The villagers seemed to enjoy these interludes as much as I did.

Just off the dirt road, the only one through this area, is the harijan village of Mullangnaripatti. This community of twenty families lives in mud huts clustered under several large pepal trees at the base of a bare, rolling hillock and by the side of a small stone well. These round mud houses, with their peaked roofs of overhanging thatch, are neatly kept by women in red and yellow saris who smear cow dung and mud on the walls and floor. A securely padlocked door is the only opening to these huts, where the family supply of grains is kept. When I arrived, the large earthen bowls for holding the family's grain were empty and the harijans were living from hand to mouth.

"One who must beg is inferior: and we must beg!" was the way one harijan described their position, as we talked under the large tree that is the community gathering point.

"Such is our caste!" exclaimed another, although he couldn't

describe his caste or lack of it, other than to say that it has been custom from ancient times. Because of a religious belief, a social practice, or an economic condition, these harijans must live as inferior humans.

One of the younger men explained with a note of bitterness that harijans are not treated like "children of God." He referred to the prohibition against their taking water from nearby wells when their own well goes dry in the dry season.

I asked if they could escape this role of inferiority, and they replied that it is impossible to grow out of one's caste.

I inquired whether they had heard of the things their Government was doing for harijans. They had heard nothing. Constitutional safeguards for the harijan have been enacted by the Government and plans made for his welfare, but they are not felt at Mullangnaripatti.

Some of these harijans have small parcels of land. There is a limited amount of good land at the foot of the village, watered from a small well, but for the most part their holdings are marginal lands, rock-laden and filled with tree trunks. If there is rain, the inferior lands produce the poor man's millet, called *cumbo*; but in these last few years of drought, there has been little production of this crop, not enough to maintain a family for more than a few months. Another problem is the lack of animals and implements to clear and cultivate the land: harijans can't afford to buy these things.

If these harijan villagers are fortunate, they will find work in the fields of others, although the large landowners are having drought difficulties, too: smaller crop yields mean less field labor. In normal times, agricultural laborers' total work for a year amounts to about five or six months. Now, in drought, there is even less. Some of the harijans work for as little as five cents a day or for a bowl of rice porridge, called *conjee*. The normal wage is three and four times that. Only a short time before my arrival, these harijan laborers were having only one bowl of conjee a day, while others took food only every other day. Still others ate what food they could beg from the landowners.

When the drought reached the disaster stage in 1953, the Communist party started gruel centers and fed the starving masses for more than three months, the only food that many of the harijans received. There were others who started food centers for the poor, but the Communists seemed to get credit for the idea since they were first.

Like most Indian villagers, these harijans placed the responsibility for everything—even the weather—on the Government.

"If there is justice," they explained, "there would be rain: no justice, no rain!" They feel that God would provide rain, if the Government would provide justice. Fortunately, some "justice" has been falling from the heavens in this last monsoon.

These poor villagers know little about the Government. "It's a great thing!" said one villager, although he wasn't sure what he was talking about, except that he knew the Government was headed by Jawaharlal Nehru, whom he identified as "king of the country"!

A mention of the Congress party, however, would bring a more vocal response. These poor peasants will not forget the many promises of Congress party politicians. "They came to us," the harijans said, recalling various elections since 1951, "and promised us money for bullocks and wells." In fact, the politicians have been too free with promises: promises of land, loans for bullocks, new and deeper wells, seed and fertilizer, even permits to cut the remaining forest lands.

The Communists came also with promises of lands and loans, but they had the confidence of the poor because of the food centers they ran during the drought. Along with their food centers, the Communists conducted night classes for the people. As a result, Communist roots are deep in this harijan village!

Across the road from the harijan village and half a mile down a dry creek that is barely jeepable, is Reddinariipatti, a village of fifteen families: lower middle class and of the Reddi caste. Reddinariipatti, like the nearby harijan village, is among a group of large trees, but here the similarity ends. The few mud houses are much more substantial than the harijan mud huts, and the other houses

are of brick construction, of several rooms with doors and windows. Each house is part of a small compound where milk buffaloes, bullocks, and goats are kept.

These are villagers of some property. Besides their house, compound, and animals, they may have as much as twenty or thirty acres of land. During normal times, these lands produce more than enough rice, sugar cane, groundnuts, and cumbo to provide for the essential needs of the joint-family; the surplus, in the form of cash hidden somewhere in the house, is eventually used to buy a more expensive sari or kerosene lamp. Their children have at least a grammar-school education, which is more than most harijan children have, and some of them attend a high school some distance away.

When Nature is harsh, however, as in the last few years, production is not enough for the family, and they must borrow money for food, clothing, medicines, and other necessities. Since the drought, debt has engulfed them, to the extent that some of the smaller land-owners have mortgaged and sold part of their lands—just to survive!

Although some caste villagers have been forced by the drought to an economic status no better than their harijan neighbors, there is little break in the caste barriers between them. Those of caste are proud people who still feel their superiority to the harijan.

"They are unclean," a caste villager would explain, "because they eat meat!" Eating the flesh of animals is against Hindu practices. That is why the caste villager doesn't want the harijan using their well: the harijan drops his contaminated vessels into the caste well to get water and therefore contaminates the well. The more enlightened members of the community admit that eventually these barriers will be modified, but they are emphatic that they will never allow their children to marry outside their caste.

A few villagers in Reddinariipatti talked to me of outright equality. After some probing, I discovered that these were ideas acquired at the Communist-conducted night classes. In fact, these villagers are sympathetic to the Communist party and express their willingness to support it. They are from families that suffered severely

during the drought, and they think they may get some land from the Communists. They feel, also, that the Congress party has failed to keep its promises, so they will give the Communists a chance to fulfill their promises. What have they to lose, they say.

The other villagers of Reddinaripatti also express dissatisfaction with the Congress party, whose politicians apparently promised them a road, a school, and a dispensary for their village and never made good on their promises. Naturally, there is a loss of confidence in the Congress party. Despite the fact that the Government suspended land taxes during the drought and provided other relief, its performance has fallen so short of the politicians' promises that it has won little favor from what it has done. Most of the villagers in Reddinaripatti oppose the Communists because they know the Communists stand for land reform, which could mean confiscation of their lands. So they support an independent candidate in whom they have personal trust. This weakens the strength of the Congress party and indirectly aids the Communists.

The Communists, then, have a stronghold in the harijan ranks and a foothold in the lower middle class. What of the upper middle class, the large landholders? Landowners owning over one hundred acres are relatively few in this district, but even in their ranks there is considerable political dissatisfaction. While most of these landholders of the Reddi community support independent candidates, more or less as a warning to the Congress party, there are a few who are the intellectual leadership of the local Communist organization.

Ramaswamy Reddi is a modern farmer and landowner, whom I visited several times because of his reputation: a young man sincerely dedicated to the well-being of the villagers. He is a handsome Telegu, refined and well educated. His village is Sodam (about ten miles west of Pulicherla), a sizable trading community where shops selling cloth, brassware, grains, and other merchandise crowd dirty streets congested with bullocks and carts. Ramaswamy's two-story brick house and compound is in the midst of this confusion: a typical landowner's house, large and square with a cement roof where grains are dried and stored. He owns an auto-

mobile, an expensive radio, and camera and hunting equipment, but the family luxuries—including a refrigerator—are few.

Ramaswamy's father and grandfather were the first agriculturists here, progressive farmers devoted to the soil. Their paddy crop, sugar cane, and oranges were the district's finest. The small earthen dams and canals constructed by them provided water for all the farmers in the immediate area. These pioneers won renown also as just headmen, and villagers came to them from many miles distant to have their problems and squabbles settled.

A few years ago, not long after Ramaswamy finished at the University of Madras, his father died and he was faced with his inheritance: his lands and the responsibilities of a village headman. There was some doubt among the villagers whether Ramaswamy would return to the village after his modern education. He did return, however, and he continues in the steps of his father, improving his several hundred acres of paddy lands, sugar cane fields, and citrus groves. He would like to do more, but he is hesitant to invest too heavily in the improvement of his fields because of the national insecurity and the possibility of land reform. When the Government declares its intentions toward land, then he will know what to do. If the Government is going to take much of his land in a reform movement, he will try to liquidate as much as possible to provide for the future of his children. His present cash position, like that of most landlords, is extremely low. His crops have suffered in the drought, and he has provided loans and food to the starving people, as well as seed and fertilizer to small farmers impoverished by the disaster.

As headman, Ramaswamy knows that he must be strong: if a man has earned lashes, he must be given his punishment. "The villager appreciates only a firm hand," he explained. "Softness is a weakness!"

While the Government pays him about three dollars a month for his services as a headman, much of his time is consumed with the people's problems: one man runs off with the wife of another, or two men fight over a question of boundaries or water.

Ramaswamy knows that there is much to be done for the people.

"The starting point," he says "is to increase the income of the poor. When income increases, the standard of living increases, and a man's respect for himself increases!

"Then the educational process must take over and develop character in our young—integrity, honesty, and industry. Before we can start this reform, we must make the teaching profession more desirable and respected in the community, which means paying them more than thirteen dollars a month."

Turning to the subject of politicians, Ramaswamy had this to say: "Politicians have no concern for the poor, only in the prestige of office and opportunity for self-enrichment. Promises to the people are made without any sense of conscience whatsoever!"

In his opinion, the Government was not doing enough in the Chittoor District, not because of Jawaharlal Nehru or government planners, but because of the ineffectiveness of lesser officials! "Money is appropriated to do a job," he explained, "but as it filters down through officialdom, it becomes dissipated by the time it reaches the people!"

These landowners, of whom Ramaswamy is representative, believe in the principles of the Congress party but feel that reform is necessary before these principles can be properly put into effect. They are fearful of the Communist party and the growing dissatisfaction of the people.

A few of these landowners talk in terms of revolution, rather than reform, and Kondia Reddi is one. Middle-aged, small, and stooped, he is a bookish-looking person, primarily because of his heavy reading glasses. The day of our meeting, Kondia was wearing a khaki shirt in the typical fashion, with shirt-tails hanging over the top of his plain dhoti.

We met in his large house in Pieler, a sizable trading community on the narrow-gauge railroad, twelve miles beyond Pulicherla. We talked in a small room over the second floor of his brick house: an ill-kept room with an untidy bed, clothes strewn about, a rusty typewriter, and stacks of newspapers, books, and pamphlets. On the walls were propaganda pictures of Russia and portraits of Lenin and Stalin.

Kondia is an idealist. He has never quite succeeded in business ventures or as an agriculturalist, although he still has his inheritance of several hundred acres of land. The man is a paradox: he talks idealistically of the people's welfare, but he is reputed to be miserly and selfish in dealing with his agricultural laborers.

His analysis of conditions in the Chittoor District was enlightening. "Nature has been generous to this plateau," he explained. "It is our own misdoings that are bringing us such suffering. The destruction of our forest under the Government's permit is largely the cause of our drought." He explained how the destruction of the forest has exposed the soil to erosion and the sun's heat, how the surface waters have vanished, how the lands have become barren for want of water, and how the people now wish to leave. Kondia recalls how in 1946 there was a surplus rice crop here, where today the people barely live on milo gruel.

"Health of the people and cattle is another problem," Kondia explained. "After three years of a conjee diet, the people suffer from malnutrition. Land isn't our problem: there is enough marginal land for all, but the energy to cultivate it is lacking. Our cattle don't have the strength. Only two years ago, we had a sudden cold snap and hundreds of cattle died because they were too weak from lack of feed to endure the temperatures."

Like other villagers, Kondia put the entire responsibility on the Government: on the Government's policy of devaluing the rupee and freezing financial aid to the district, prohibition, the sales tax on the poor, the shortage of railway wagons on the narrow-gauge railway, the lack of medical aid, and the lack of trained administrators in the Government.

"The solution," he said, "is a Communist Government! A Government that will nationalize banks—income must be placed in the hands of the State to finance a people's program. A Government that will nationalize all capital goods and start new industries; develop factories for the manufacture of consumer goods and socialize the entire process; develop State farms and soil centers; train seed and crop specialists and pest-control experts; construct small dams on rivers and streams, and undertake large reclamation and irriga-

tion projects—and a Government that will supervise the entire educational process!”

He admitted that the mass of people don't understand Communist philosophy, that there is a need to spread ideas. There are Communist workers, he said, but more are needed. He added smugly: “There is no difficulty now—in the face of the economic crisis—in getting more workers.”

As to how the Communists would get political control, Kondia was not very communicative, although he said it would not be through democratic channels, but by a revolution—“whether of a violent or non-violent variety, the Party is not sure.” The Party was apparently split on the means of gaining control, with the advocates of violence temporarily taking a back seat. When would this revolution be? “The time isn't now,” said Kondia, “but it is coming.”

Such is the type of Communist penetration at the village intellectual level. There are other village intellectuals—frustrated and unemployed university graduates, for example—who are actively working for the Communist cause in the village areas.

Although the Communist party has gained its converts at all levels of village society here and in other areas of India, it should not be forgotten that the Congress party Government is still in power. Whether it will succeed in its enlightened program of national development is more dependent than its leaders may realize on the spirit of effort and dedication of its rank and file. Not only must it fulfill the wants of its people, but it must have the people receptive to what it is trying to do.

That is why I believe the ultimate decision on the political destiny of this new, democratic country is in the hands of villagers like those in the vicinity of Pulicherla.

THE BIRCHES

by Vi Gale

LINNEA sat tensely in her ring of trees watching a late summer darkness work down. As the eastbound freight shrilled for the crossing, jarring foliage overhead, she glanced toward a lighted window of the darkly shingled house. Smugly bonded by white trim, it was still a house divided—as clearly and surely divided as all Gaul.

There, in a parlor cluttered with the trappings of another continent, that whistle told her mother to roll her knitting, her father to mark his place in the book. They would sit then, in hushed expectancy, until a belated cuckoo popped from the carvings of the wall clock. When the tenth chirp had waned and the little door had slammed, Edvard Hedstrom would rise in ritual; with precision he would pull the weights up short to give the idiot bird voice and strength for another day.

A puff of wind swept the birches; as the leaves tittered finely in turn, the single window went dark. A moment later there was a light in the kitchen. Here, Christina Hedstrom, moving briskly, would pour shiny beans into the glass cylinder of the coffee mill while her husband made kindling curls—always an even six—at the woodbox. He should be on the last one now, Linnea thought, almost ready to snap his jackknife against his faded overalls and put his shavings in the warming oven for morning.

The door opened and a match flared briefly under the wall thermometer on the porch. She knew that he was checking the temperature; also that it was an excuse to search the dusk for her.

“Linnea? We’re going up now.”

“Yes, Father.” She braced herself for the next line.

“Better come in now. We all need our rest.”

“Yes, Father. Later.” She thought of the waiting suitcase deep in the mothballed winter wraps of her closet. “I’ll be in all right.”

The light went out then, and she knew that they moved impersonally up the narrow stairway. Long before the signal of the west-bound passenger they would be asleep. Hard work and righteousness must be strong sedatives, she thought.

Should she go in now? Invade the parlor domain so strictly her mother's, that dusty place where dust was the last thing on earth to be tolerated? Did she want to lean for one last time against the ornate organ with its wire-repaired pedal, its music-rack cupids that cuddled a stiff-backed hymnal? Or give back the stare of the old men on the wall—all her mother's parish parsons—come over miles of ocean to keep their baleful watch?

"*Nejtack*. No thanks," she whispered. "Tonight the air is more necessary."

This night, as it slid heavily down branch and trunk, had the very color and texture of home-worsted wool. Suddenly, as with the shawl of childhood, she longed to pull the darkness close; catch it in her hands; wrap its thick concealment all around her; nestle forever in a gray comfort demanding nothing of her.

But it was too late for that; she was caught in the tide of old-enough: old enough to vote, marry, escape, decide, act. It was high time, the same high time it had been for years, and the years, whispering through the susurrant leaves of the ring that closed her in, shut her away with memories like vacant eyes looking in on her sifting days, stirred insistently.

It had begun the year these birches came. Old Man Cowley and his grandson had driven up one morning with the whole load in their hay wagon.

"Here you are, Hedstrom," Cowley had said. "What are you going to do with seventeen birches anyway?"

"I'm planting a *lövsal*," her father said. "A leaf hall like in the old country. A shady place to have coffee in the summer, a place to sit and think—"

"Yes," her mother broke in, hands on her hips and fresh braids stern as chains, "you have the time for that. Just ask a farmer's wife how much sitting and thinking she can do. And don't tramp in my herb beds!"

Linnea had skipped to the other side of the wagon and pretended to take count. What if these trees were girls? With their thin grace and slender branch arms they could be sisters and companions. That burlap around their feet—they were all done up for the sack races at the Grange picnic.

"Linnea," roared her father. "Get you back. Out of the way."

He had no time for her now. She ran quickly toward the newly dug trench, a giant horseshoe, gouged deep in the earth with precise spade patterns like the waves on clotted cream pans, only bigger. She began to fit it into a saga like the ones he told. Then, the trees placed, and already richly, gloriously in leaf, it would be night and their pale bark would gleam with the shimmer of ice crystals under a Nordic moon. A chain of long-haired trolls dancing into the ring, around and around to the strains of weird music; around a woodland throne covered in softest moss. At the notes of a bark flute they would sweep in to close the circle and bow low, so low that their peaked caps would touch the ground. And no one telling her to get out of the way, for she was the queen on the throne!

The men were coming with the trees in a wheelbarrow now. Slowly they trundled to one end of the trench where the first was meant to go. Linnea wanted to stand alone, but Cowley's grandson, who was older than she and bored with the planting, came to stand beside her.

He was ill at ease with people, being both bold and shy at the same time; she hated his full cheeks that burned like giant radishes where the gray stocking cap left off, the twin shadows of his dark eyes that followed her, yet were inevitably somewhere else when she turned to stare him down.

"What do you think, Hedstrom," said Old Man Cowley as he eased one of the trees into the trench, "prune them back a little?"

"Prune! Not these birches. Not a single twig. They are just right this way. Not a single twig I tell you!"

Her mother rustled up in her crisp apron in time to hear it. "Prune them back to a nub. Don't we have enough brush on this farm already?" Even now, Linnea remembered the creaking slowness of the seconds as they watched her stalk to the milkhouse.

When they had all turned back to the trees, as they were tamping the first one into place, she felt a ripping jerk. Her sash, undone, hung loose about her ankles.

"Monkey's got a tail, monkey's got a tail to help her climb the silly trees," the Cowley boy hooted, running off.

Her hands becoming small resolute fists, she whirled to give chase. He was slow on his feet and she caught him easily on the walk between the pump and the milkhouse.

She clutched his arms and wrenched his shoulders, the sobs choking in her throat. He had weight in his favor and they went down in a scramble. Even then in her anger she didn't realize that she was going to get the worst of it until she felt the cross-bars of the walk pressing into her back.

"Got you now."

She opened her eyes and saw that the red cheeks were suffocatingly close; that his one free hand, scooping mud, was moving for the neck of her dress. She could not cry out.

"Linnea! For everlasting shame. Come this instant and dry the separator."

From the milkhouse, her mother's voice brought release—and somehow that was worse. She hung her head as they passed on the steps, as her mother swished off again on one of her sudden errands.

That Cowley kid. She dabbed her towel at the cones and discs of the separator. Why hadn't she ignored the whole thing instead of being so foolish?

Their angry voices almost made her drop the big steel bowl.

"But Christina. They are only children. Far too young to know about anything. And my beautiful birches—how can you do this to them?"

"Yes, Edvard, how can I? The apple falls not far from the tree. That I am finding out."

"Christina! It is unfair—"

"Don't I know there is always a first step? I will show you how to deal with what runs in the blood. Heedless father and shameless child!"

Linnea never knew which caused her first cry, the sight of the

jagged, torn birch switches in her mother's hand or their flashing sting raising the initial welts.

Later, sitting on the floor of the milkhouse, she had tried to understand the fury of the assault. Her mother had screamed that her actions were unspeakable; yet she could only feel that the punishment was not for her, that for her father's sake it would be best not to say anything.

And what of the birches? She had looked at the long switches on the floor with their tattered tags of bark—from the very trees that her father had said were just right; trees that he wouldn't even have pruned. They would shrivel and die; the beautiful *lövsal* would be only a dream lost in dark earth. She recalled the words of a familiar child's game:

And this ring shall wander
From the one and to the other;
Never let it stand just so
But let it go, let it go. . . .

For the life of her now, even as then, she made nothing of it. Where was the solution, the finger-flashing inspiration that would make her one of the players in the circle instead of the harassed guesser wavering in the middle? As with a skein of freshly dyed yarn, there seemed no end from which to wind; search had only further tangled the strands.

She remembered that to her young amazement, the birches, all seventeen of them, *had* grown, lengthening and filling with years into this sturdy arbor that surrounded her. Each long-awaited spring had suddenly shattered the winter's glassy insulation; had burst the tight buds into sharp-toed marionettes whirling this way and that, dark green and light, on slender thread stems. As they twirled and chattered toward their September finale, she had watched and listened, puzzling their message.

"They talk nothing," her father said. "Woman-gossip, like the Lutheran Ladies when Pastor Anderson gets a new coat, or who will he pick to live in the parsonage when he marries again." He would smile at his *lövsal* then and move to inspect the young bark that was beginning to turn to rolled paper white.

If her mother had joined them for a hasty cup of coffee, she could be counted on to break in. "Don't be too sure about that leaf-talk. Closer to home they have plenty to laugh about. Plows standing in mid-furrow because a useless starling has flopped its nest. Or fox-meat horses walking good pasture because they are old and snow white." The last of the liquid in the cup would get a quick swish then, as if one must never overlook the dregs, and with a hasty swallow she would be off to her chores.

Nor, as this summer night settled relentlessly, could Linnea deny that there had been good days, days when the three of them had seemed close in understanding. Memories of name days, birthdays, confirmations, came in a happy troop.

For grammar-school graduation her mother had sewn late into the night on the important dress—long-sleeved with ruching when the rest had them plain, but still a good dress—and her father had placed her just so, with the ribboned diploma, in front of the *lövsal* and clicked the Brownie camera excitedly.

Sometimes there had been company, and (if her mother gave permission) dancing to gay accordion music, dancing that turned with a stamp in the middle to go in the other direction. Even, on rare occasions, a mug of juniper *dricka* that her father kept in a thick crock deep in the root cellar.

But always there were undertones; senselessly disturbing hints like the one strong rutabaga that her mother always put in the mashed potatoes, or the green freckles of chopped chive that tainted the butter. Brownie snapshots were all right, film projected in a theater was sinful; tossing a girl in the air to a hambo was acceptable, but cabaret dancing—that was unfamiliar and suspect. When you were Linnea Hedstrom you waited until you were eighteen to go out with a man; then because you were Linnea Hedstrom, the men weren't interested.

School hadn't helped. She had gone and come on the yellow bus without creating a ripple at either destination, although there had been the day she told the sixth grade that she was really the daughter of a Swedish prince who would send for her when she became of age. That had brought a note from the teacher, a lecture from

her mother with the text that she would anger a stone, and a sulky estrangement from her father who was hurt over the prince part.

The books, too, with their patter about the easy assimilation of Northern European immigrants—they never mentioned the exceptions.

And so the years had gone, the inexorable turn of the seasons heavy on her mother, a source of wonder to her father, and for Linnea herself, the ever-growing urgency of a stream fleeing its origin to be taken into the river.

There had been an evening when they were sitting in the parlor and she had burst out: "Why don't we ever go anywhere, do anything? Why can't we take a long trip somewhere?"

Her mother's thin brows converged. "Farmers don't leave their land to go running all over," she said sharply.

"But why do we have to be tied down here?"

"Because once you find a place to stop you have a duty to it. A duty to what shelters you and will one day be passed on."

For the first time, then, Linnea saw that her mother was not knitting as usual. While her father was smiling dreamily over Karlfeldt's bucolic *Poesi*, his wife was jotting figures on the margin of an agricultural bulletin, long, involved computations with four-figure totals arrived at in several different ways.

Her father looked up, keeping his place with one forefinger. "Maybe she could take a trip. She is growing up. I noticed when you were working in the berries, tall and straight like you she is."

"I notice," said her mother, "how she mirrors herself lately. Goes even sideways by the china cupboard glass."

"So maybe there is a young man—"

"Edvard! Do not put ideas. If she has to travel I will talk with the church members who go to synod. She could go in Pastor's party, and if you think it is time for men—the Pastor has been a widower for years now. A trip like that might come to some good."

Linnea was suddenly furious. "I want to get away," she cried, "not take it with me. I don't want to drag these things with me all my life!" Then hardly knowing what she meant or what it was she wanted, she fled to her room.

As she ran her mother called after her: "Run, run if you want. Run to world's end. It all follows you. It will always follow you."

She had of course gone nowhere. School over, she settled into farm routine like a pebble sinking into a pond. She was almost glad when her mother mentioned an errand one night—until she heard what it was.

"Pastor Anderson has company from Washington. Friends called Neumann from seminary days. We can spare milk. Linnea will be glad to go with it."

It was made so meaningful that she decided to walk, slowly, instead of taking the Model A. Swinging the can she scrunched the graveled road thinking of eligible Pastor Anderson: a middle-aged widower who brandished a psalm book and stuffed himself florid at church suppers. He even ate the anchovies with his fingers—took them by the tail and downed them in a gulp.

She found herself conscious of the day's heat, that it lingered hot and stifling over the long fields, and she quickened her pace to outwalk the heaviness. By the time she twisted the iron butterfly on the parsonage door she was flushed and out of breath.

"Well," a stranger said, and his face was squarely pleasant, if lightly pocked under its tan, "I *like* the way they deliver milk out here." As he took the can Linnea stared at the livid crease the handle had left in her palm, at her broad hands with their sensible nails.

"I'm Bill Neumann. Pastor Anderson will be right back. They're all over at the church. Won't you wait?"

"No. Tell him it was from the Hedstroms."

"All right. I'll tell him." Then, as she turned to go, "You aren't walking alone?"

She nodded.

"Wait a moment," and he was back almost immediately, hooking a light windbreaker over his lean shoulder. "Father is an old friend of Pastor's. I was only cramming for exams anyway."

"You're a student?" she managed almost casually.

"That's a matter of opinion." As they walked, Bill Neumann went on to tell her of his work, his graduate studies in physics, of

everything and nothing. She listened raptly, feeling very much of this world and her century.

In some way they got around to indigenous vegetation and had to make a long detour to the banks of Collin's Creek to establish that mint really had square stems. As they laughed and sampled the pungent plants she thought she heard the whistle of a night train; whether it was the ten o'clock freight or the midnight passenger she did not even stop to consider.

They were taking the creek road back when he said: "What's that place with the neon down the line?"

"Collin's Creek Inn."

"Amount to anything?"

She hesitated a moment. "Oh, yes. Yes, it's where everyone goes. Delicious food, imported wine, a Bavarian who plays the violin and strolls from table to table—" She broke off hastily when she realized that he was staring.

"Girl, you should have a julep. If a couple of mint leaves do that to your tongue, you'd get talkative after a drink. Let's go in."

"Oh, no," she cried shakily.

He looked at her even more oddly. "I only meant that it doesn't look *that* good from outside. It's all right if you don't drink. Really."

It was several minutes before she breathed normally again, before she could convince herself that he had no way of knowing that the closest she'd been was on the day she took some chickens around to the cook in the back.

As they wandered the sandy road she looked up from time to time, making sure it was true. He was unconcerned that she was "the Hedstrom girl" who didn't go on dates. She rehearsed to herself for some unknown confidante: "When Bill Neumann was here from Washington he asked me to the Inn for drinks, but we didn't get around to it."

The air along the creek was cool and she felt wonderfully alive with the rightness of it all, especially, and never more so, than during the moment before she went in. They stood close, not touching, and he said lightly: "We'll see each other again."

Simple words, but so rich in casual acceptance that she scarcely remembered climbing the cramped stairway to her room. That such an evening had come to her was incredible; the pondering of it all-absorbing. Everything, everything savored of mint, moonlight, and clean sweet clover.

She was still awake when her door opened stealthily. The dim light from the hall formed a seeping column that revealed a hand, then an arm, slowly removing her clothes from their hook near the jamb.

Minutes later, she saw the hand, the arm again, and the noiseless return of the garments. For one long second, before the door closed, as soundlessly as it had opened, the light fell full on her mother's face.

At first she was able to believe that it hadn't happened, but the crowding dismay, the chilling blight that was twisting Bill Neumann's pleasant grin into a puff-cheeked Cowley boy to bring her shame, made it all too real. By morning it would be dead for her, blotted by an issue that lay like a stone between two other people, a page from a book of which she had no knowledge.

Thus it was that she had stalked the days in silent planning, waiting for this night to free her for action. Her mother had made no mention of the evening at all, and this made it worse. She had fled Bill Neumann's phone calls; had avoided her father. It was all beyond her and she no longer intended to endure it.

Now in this ring of trees it was truly time. Her bag stood ready and waiting; she would snatch it up and run for the midnight passenger that stopped at the crossing. There would be no farewells, except for a deep curtsy to the parsons on the parlor wall. "Gentlemen, it's all yours. I am getting out. You may take it from here."

Their angry voices traveling a timeworn pattern broke over her before she could rise. Jerking up, she saw the house ablaze with light, her parents moving agitatedly into the *lövsal* with her.

"Ask her, Edvard. Ask your daughter why she runs." Her mother shook the suitcase, recognizable in the half-light as the one she had packed that morning; shook it as if it alone contained the

answer to the whole riddle. "Go ahead, ask. Not that she will say, but ask, ask—"

"Linnea," he began hoarsely, "what is it you plan?"

Slowly, for him, she found the words. "I'm leaving."

"Leaving," he echoed, "for where?"

"I—I don't know exactly. To get work somewhere."

"But work we have here," he said, reaching gently for the inflection of humor.

"It isn't only the work. I want a beginning somewhere else. It will be best for all of us—as good for you as for me."

"For us is it? Why don't you get the truth Edvard? Get her to out with it. Ask her!"

Linnea stiffened, feeling numbly the fury of another assault that she could only partially understand. Somehow in a way she had never known, she was ready to resist.

"Mother, what is it with you? Isn't it normal that I have my life?"

"You have a life all right. Where were you the night you delivered milk to Pastor's? How is it that you avoid everyone, that you are afraid to look people in the eye?"

Linnea felt a wild desire to laugh. "Now I know why you held your tongue. You are even twisted enough to think that I might have been with your precious Pastor. I was with Bill Neumann. We walked and talked and it was very nice," she said, knowing suddenly how much she was going to need that uncomplicated episode.

"Out half the night, clothes reek of mint grows only on Collin's Creek, ashamed to answer the phone, ready to run now like a crook in the dark—some nice that must be!"

"Wrong, Mother, so wrong," she whispered.

"Oh? And now the tune is that I am too old to understand? That all I have ever known is work and Commandments?"

"Christina," her father tried weakly, putting his hand on his wife's arm in a gesture that was denied before it began, "Christina, do not be so harsh on yourself."

"So you would defend her? Let her go. I have done what I could."

Linnea looked silently at them, slight and short-shadowed in a wash of moonlight: one spare and straight, the other bent as if by years of search. She began to feel the completion of a cycle; they were becoming as children to her and her resentful bewilderment was being replaced by a stirring of understanding. She saw now the refuge in beauty, and yes, something else as well. Her mother's strength had sustained them all on this farm while her father planted birches and she escaped in fanciful sagas.

"Linnea-daughter," he said, lapsing almost into old usage, "I did not believe—not for one minute—"

"I know, Father," she answered, annoyed for a moment at his meekness. "I know you didn't."

"Always your father's daughter—"

"And yours also, Mother. That is why I am sorry for your hurts and disappointments. For whatever you atone for with all your righteousness."

The long moment was completely still, unbroken by breath or movement on the part of any of them. Then her mother choked, reeling as if from a blow. Her father moved, at length, with urgent swiftness. Awkwardly, he managed a shielding embrace. "Stina, do not think of it. Do not go back to Rättvik and all that is old. It is gone I say. Stina, Stina," he soothed as Linnea realized that her mother was weeping uncontrollably; that it was something she had never seen in all her life.

Still, in a way that made her uneasy, the change in her parents concerned her less than her own sense of discovery. Here, she thought, at long last it all concentrates. We are back at the beginning; the serpent's tail is in his mouth, and soon I will know, though it is my mother and not my father who is pursued.

They still made no move, continuing to stand in their fumbling embrace as she looked on. What had her mother run from, that it should come to this? And wouldn't flight do as much for her? She knew now what she must do and felt a sense of power as she spoke.

"You must go in. Go in and we will talk in the morning. It will be right with all of us."

Her father turned eagerly to lead his wife toward the lighted

house. It was her mother who hesitated, half-turning, and said: "It will be right." And her father bobbed his head in agreement.

Alone again, Linnea looked once more into the darkly sifting leaves, the gleaming trunks and branches; thought of the roots themselves deep in the soil. Gradually out of the isolation that was neither outset nor end, cause nor effect, clarity nor doubt, there began to emerge a pattern; a ring from which there was no flight, and yet offering its own promise of realization, fulfillment, life, and growth. Within her thought there formed a new sense of freedom: a future opening out before her from the love and security her eyes could now envision.

*When the gods wish to punish us they
answer our prayers.*

—OSCAR WILDE

An Ideal Husband, Act II

THE ETHOS OF SOVIET SCIENCE

by Alexander Vucinich

THE ETHOS of science consists of the moral imperatives which guide the man of knowledge in his daily round of professional duty. In the Western intellectual tradition, these imperatives are neither codified nor reinforced by explicitly stated sanctions, yet their existence and effectiveness are unmistakable. According to Robert K. Merton, "they can be inferred from the moral consensus of scientists as expressed in use and wont, in countless writings on 'the scientific spirit' and in moral indignation directed toward contraventions of the ethos." "In varying degrees internalized by the scientist," these imperatives make up his scientific conscience.

The ethos of Soviet science differs considerably from that of Western science. In the USSR scholarly activities are conducted in an atmosphere fraught with officially promulgated precepts, buttressed by tangible sanctions.

In the following pages we shall examine the systematic efforts of the top officials of the Soviet Communist Party to define and enforce the maxims of scientific morality—in short, to codify the ethos of Soviet science. These efforts, aimed at assuring full Party control over every aspect of scientific endeavor and academic behavior, reached their climax during the period 1946–53. During that period occurred a major crisis in Soviet scientific thought.

Since 1953 the Party leaders, sensing the damaging effects of their efforts, have embarked on a new and comparatively moderate course. Our concern here, however, is chiefly with the ethos of science as defined during the critical years preceding Stalin's death.

I

The crusade to put the house of science in order opened in 1946 with A. A. Zhdanov's attack on a group of leading philosophers for

their alleged subservience to various bourgeois ideas and for their failure to recognize and extol the self-generating existence of Russian scientific thought. In 1948 the biologists came under fire for denying absolute scientific validity to the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. In 1949 the geographers were required to purify themselves of various "unhealthy" ideas about the interrelationship of geographical and social environments. In 1950 a number of leading physiologists were warned against "idealistic" propensities in their efforts to interpret the scientific legacy of I. P. Pavlov.

In the same year Stalin published his essay on the relationship of language to society and culture; there followed a reorientation of the entire field of linguistics and wide areas of ethnography, archaeology, and early history. Next Stalin came forth with a statement on the economic foundations of Soviet socialism and sent a number of leading political economists and jurists scurrying for ideological cover.

In the meantime Communist authorities drew the attention of the physicists and chemists to varied deviate tendencies in their midst. Nuclear physics, in particular, was subjected to a thorough ideological purification. Special attacks were leveled against scientists who proclaimed the basic acausality of single atomic events (and thus countenanced so-called statistical determinancy); recognized the complementary properties of atomic systems; or offered "subjectivistic," "formalistic," or "operationalist" interpretations of the theory of relativity.

These events, some widely heralded and some carefully hidden in the dimmed chambers of the Academy of Sciences, were integral parts of a unified ideological crusade. Accompanying this crusade was another crusade, less spectacular but equally significant. During the same period, but particularly from 1949 to 1953, a strong official movement was afoot to accent the social virtues of applied science by condemning the sterility and parasitic nature of pure science. Theoretical research with clearly defined practical orientation became the order of the day. According to Stalin, science was not worthy of its name if it could not supply practical needs with

"perspective and orientation" and guarantee "the achievement of practical aims."

Both crusades clearly called for an intensification of centralized planning in scientific work: the tighter the planning, the fewer the loopholes for overly theoretical or ideologically impure deviations. At present no work carried out under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences, "the General Staff" of Soviet scientific thought, has legal status unless it is called for by a government-approved plan. Since 1949 the Academy also prepares an annual "plan of application of scientific results," which itemizes the completed research projects and arranges a schedule for giving them practical effect.

In brief, since 1946 Soviet science has been ideologically purified, reoriented toward more practical types of research, and subordinated to more rigid governmental and Party control. The Soviet scholar is guided not by a "scientific conscience" based on internalized values developed by himself, his compeers, and his predecessors, but by what we may call "enacted values," explicit Communist dicta imposed upon rather than evolved by the world of scholarship.

II

The ethos of Soviet science has another, and equally peculiar, characteristic: it is stated in terms of negative maxims. It consists almost entirely of taboos.

It is through an analysis of these taboos that we can best understand the moral climate of the intellectual pursuits in Soviet society. Each principal taboo has an official label and covers a significant area of scientific activity. The collective aim of these taboos is to impose a triple conformity upon the scientist: conformity to Communist ideology, conformity to the practical tasks officially assigned to science, and conformity to the prescribed procedures of research planning.

The first taboo is labeled objectivism, and is normally used in reference to the social sciences. A scholar is accused of objectivism if he violates the ideological dictum that a fact inimical to the existing regime must be ignored, even though it passes the test of scientific verification. In his selection of data, then, the scholar must be

careful to bypass all documentary sources which shed unfavorable light on the existing scheme of things. Many a book has been withdrawn from circulation as a result of "objectivist" charges leveled by Party quarters. For example, a symposium of documents on the history of land nationalization in the RSFSR was recently withdrawn from the market following an attack on it by the chief secretary of the Academy of Sciences. This official charged the author with committing an unpardonable indiscretion by including in the symposium—for the sake of "academic fulness"—"a number of documents inimical to us."

The second taboo is cosmopolitanism. To avoid it, the scientist must always be guided by the principle of "the priority of Soviet scientific thought." Before attributing a discovery or hypothesis to a Western scientist, he must carefully study the Russian intellectual heritage to determine whether the same discovery or hypothesis was made previously by a Russian sage. It is this principle that has led to the avalanche of Russia's "firsts" in the various fields of scientific endeavor. The Party line is that science has definite "national boundaries," is primarily an indigenous development, and expresses the cumulative thought of a single society: it replaces scientific universalism by scientific ethnocentrism. It compels the scholar to play down scientific thought which has not emerged on Russian soil and to transform casual hunches of early Russian intellectuals into revolutionary contributions to science.

To avoid the pitfalls of cosmopolitanism the scholar must use every available opportunity to minimize the intellectual contributions of the West. During recent years the Academy of Sciences has sponsored the publication of studies bearing such titles as *Bourgeois Law in the Service of Imperialism*, *Against the Philosophical Henchmen of Anglo-American Imperialism*, *Bourgeois Morality*, and *Anglo-American Ethnography in the Service of Imperialism*. In 1951, the Academy published a general condemnation under the title *Bourgeois Science and Technology in the Service of American Imperialism*. At the same time, individual scholars were prodded to express specific antic cosmopolitan charges in their writings. A scholar who chose to stay aloof from these imperatives

was automatically accused of harboring a secret cosmopolitan bias.

Early in 1949, the General Assembly of the Academy of Sciences devoted its annual meeting "to questions of the history of fatherland science," at which were read forty-eight papers tracing the national-historical development of various scientific disciplines, and at which a great number of Russian scientific "firsts" were "established" by the country's leading scholars.

III

The third and perhaps most important taboo is idealism. It has two different meanings: one for the social sciences and one for the natural sciences. Idealism in the social sciences usually means either scholasticism or voluntarism, both terms in turn having specific and distinct meanings. A scholar is accused of scholasticism if he shows tendencies toward highly involved speculations in social theory and thus toward obscuring the ties between the social sciences and social reality. The aim of this taboo is to keep the social scientist close to official Marxist theory by discouraging him from elaborating upon it: in several social sciences the work consists entirely of low-level empirical research and gathering data illustrating the existing theories. In essence, scholasticism stands for theoretical speculation which obscures the officially stated ideological maxims.

Voluntarism, the other possible meaning of idealism in the social sciences, is any deviation from economic determinism—the theory that the "economic base" of Soviet society determines the political, legal, and cultural superstructure. Until the publication of Stalin's essays on language and the economic foundations of Soviet socialism, many scholars in political science, political economy, and jurisprudence were guilty of voluntaristic tendencies. Seeking perhaps to flatter Stalin, they had given priority to political forces—to "the will of the law-giver"—in the shaping of the Soviet system. Stalin's essays made it clear that the economic forces of socialism had "an objective existence, independent of the human mind," and that therefore Soviet society was not the product of

Soviet leaders but a historically inevitable phenomenon. "The socialist state," according to a Soviet writer in *Kommunist*, "does not derive its power from an imaginary disregard of the objectively functioning economic laws of socialism but from the comprehension of these laws and their utilization in favor of society and communist construction."

According to Merton, "organized scepticism" is a vital part of the Western ethos of science. It accents the right of the scholar to study critically the sacred areas of social life and to subject to minute scrutiny the cherished dogmas of various institutions. The Soviet attack on voluntarism is, implicitly, also an attack on "organized scepticism." The Soviet scholar must accept the sacred values of his society as scientific facts rather than as social myths; his job is to reflect them and not to scrutinize them. Moreover, certain areas of social behavior are decidedly not open to scientific scrutiny—among them (to the best knowledge of this writer) public opinion, crime distribution and frequency, and psychopathic behavior.

Soviet scientists are totally dependent on government and Party handouts for all large-scale statistical data; and these handouts are always carefully selected and pre-edited. It is interesting, for example, that all the discussions of Soviet demographers on the size and distribution of the intelligentsia are based *in toto* on a single excerpt from a speech delivered by Molotov in the late 'thirties.

Idealism in the natural sciences has still a third meaning: deviation from the basic postulate of dialectical materialism that matter, subject to natural causality, is the primary ontological force. Particularly exposed to idealistic deviations are the scientists whose theoretical work takes them close to epistemological problems. During recent years the sin of idealism has been attributed to several leading experts in nuclear physics who have probed into the philosophical problems of the theory of relativity and quantum mechanics.

The slightest deviation from such materialistic axioms as the material origin of life, strict and thorough determinism, the pri-

macy of matter, and the material unity of cosmos is labeled idealistic. In 1952 the Institute of Philosophy of the Academy of Sciences published a symposium, *The Philosophical Questions of Contemporary Physics*, which represented the first extensive effort to classify all possible idealistic deviations in the physical sciences. Idealism is a trap into which a scientist may fall unintentionally, since its outlines are vague and flexible.

A fourth taboo, philosophical aloofness, has been prominent in recent years. The Soviet scientist is constantly reminded that any effort to steer away from philosophical problems is tantamount to a delinquent attitude toward his vocation. In 1952 S. I. Vavilov, the late president of the Academy of Sciences, stated with alarm that "we do not have as yet a single book on the philosophical problems of physics written by a physicist for physicists." He admonished "most of the physicists" for their reluctance to enter the arena of philosophical problems and singled out for special attack the prominent nuclear physicists Y. I. Frenkel, L. D. Landau, and E. M. Lifshits.

In mid-1953 the Presidium of the Academy issued a sharply worded critique of the editorial policies of the *Journal of Physical Chemistry* and the *Journal of Soil Science*, accusing the editors of deliberately neglecting the philosophical problems of their specific disciplines and failing to popularize materialistic precepts. It was made clear to scholars that papers failing to treat relevant philosophical problems would not be accepted for publication in the country's leading professional journals. Thus the scholar is compelled to enter the field of philosophy, where he must either repeat the accepted *clichés* or risk his career by indulging in independent philosophizing which may sooner or later lead him into idealism.

A fifth taboo is the vulgarization of Marxism. This label is placed on scholars who are not sufficiently versed in the more intricate concepts of dialectical materialism, but who, for opportunistic reasons, parade as Marxist theoreticians. They are usually guilty of "naïve" philosophical statements, anti-idealist but essentially non-Marxian. The most common violators of this taboo are prominent elder scholars, men who received their formal education in

pre-Soviet days when the fundamentals of dialectical materialism were not part of the school curriculum. These scholars are occasionally accused of practicing the witchcraft of "mechanical materialism," "metaphysical materialism," or "whimsical materialism." They are told to catch up with the intricacies of dialectical materialism before they venture into philosophy.

IV

There is another taboo which has received much publicity during recent years; its official label is dogmatism. Dialectical materialism, Communist spokesmen reiterate, is not a petrified and self-contained philosophy. On the contrary, it is assertedly fluid and dynamic: it is flexible enough to absorb new scientific outlooks and to chart new lines of theoretical investigation. According to one of Stalin's last statements:

Marxism as a science cannot stay in one place—it constantly develops and improves. In its development Marxism cannot but be enriched by new experience and new knowledge. Consequently, some of its formulas and conclusions change in the course of time and are replaced by new formulas and conclusions which correspond to new historical tasks. Marxism does not recognize immutable conclusions and formulas which are binding for all epochs and periods. Marxism is the enemy of every dogmatism.

It is true that dialectical materialism is subject to frequent mutations, but the question is who is vested with power to make these changes? The answer is obvious: the Party high command. Scholars may be encouraged to indulge in criticism and debate, but all questions are settled when the Party moves in and sides with the viewpoint of its own choice. The emphasis on dogmatism as a taboo is designed to leave the door wide open for switches in the Party line. Far from making the scientist more critical and discriminatory, it accustoms him to the fact that the "validity" of his theories depends upon the changing temper of the Communist elite.

The social sciences, according to official Communist interpretations, are class sciences; therefore, they are purely ideological. The natural sciences are not class sciences inasmuch as they deal with mathematically expressed general laws; however, the philosophical

interpretations of their basic principles are class-oriented and therefore ideological. Ideology, in turn, is a general concept denoting the sum total of the myths of Soviet society, myths which have been transformed into indisputable scientific facts by the Communist elite. The scientist, then, must channel his thinking along the narrow avenues charted by official myths. The myths are not static, but changes in them can be made only by the Party. The taboo of dogmatism stands as a constant warning to scholars to keep pace with the official changes in existing myths.

Two final taboos: isolation and casualness. Isolation, as a taboo, stands for a specific type of escapism—the tendency on the part of certain scholars to run away from the research problems which are regarded by the ruling elite as socially significant. Broadly speaking, isolation stands for evasion of “practical problems,” the problems upon which “socialist construction” is contingent. Hiding behind so-called pure science is considered outright sabotage. Theoretical investigation is not necessarily itself taboo; but with the overwhelming emphasis on short-term research, the scholar in his theoretical work must see to it that he is guided less by his own inclinations and hunches than by officially recognized practical problems.

Charges of casualness are usually brought against institutes rather than individual scientists. Institutes so charged are accused of pursuing scientific work in a planless fashion, that is, by disregarding the research assignments formulated in the government-approved annual plans. The plan subjects the scholar to much-extolled “socialist discipline.” It keeps him in the clutches of a continuous professional mobilization. It subjects him to vigilant surveillance and defines his assignments in terms of strict work responsibility.

v

The ethos of Soviet science, then, is based on the assumption that the world of scholarship can be used to build and preserve Communist society if the aims, organization, and ideological foundations of science are settled not by the scholar but by the ruling

political group. It recognizes that only fully harnessed and politically controlled scholarship can serve as a source of Communist strength.

This Party-sponsored scientific morality has deprived the scholar of many of his traditionally cherished prerogatives. Party leaders have usurped the right to appraise scientific contributions on the basis of irrelevant criteria from outside the world of scholarship, to draw the line between fact and fancy, and to elevate any fiction they choose to the status of scientific fact. The new scientific morality has silenced many outstanding men of knowledge. A. L. Landau, the country's top expert in nuclear physics, is no longer heard from. Neither are I. F. Grigorev, the country's leading surveyor of poly-metallic and rare minerals; A. A. Balandin, an expert in hydrogenation and dehydrogenation; Lena Shtern, a top physiologist; and several other members of the Academy of Sciences.

VI

The codified ethos of science has left such crippling effects on academic pursuits that the Party itself has found it imperative to take remedial action. The death of Stalin, the most bellicose foe of any autonomy in the world of scholarship, facilitated the inauguration of the New Course. How far the New Course will go is difficult to predict, but the following developments indicate that at least some of the more glaring abuses of 1946-53 have come to an end:

(1) Acrimonious public attacks on individual academicians, a common practice prior to Stalin's death, have ceased. The progress report on the Academy's annual achievements, read in February 1954 before an assemblage of the country's top scholars, was the first such report since 1946 that did not criticize individual academicians.

(2) The cry of cosmopolitanism has died down. In fact, the emphasis here has been almost reversed: in a speech delivered before the Vienna session of the World Peace Council in November 1953, President Nesmeianov of the Academy of Sciences stated explicitly that "internationalism is a specific characteristic of science," that "science has a duty to unite the world," and that "organized inter-

national scientific life is also indispensable for a healthy growth of science itself." One month earlier A. I. Mikoian, a member of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, had come forth with the warning that "it is necessary to censure the comrades who, under the pretense of waging a struggle against subservience to alien ideas, have ignored foreign achievements and have ceased to study them and to find use for the results beneficial to us."

(3) Attacks on "pure science" and theoretical investigation not connected with the practical needs of the plan have been significantly curtailed. In May 1954, Nesmeianov wrote in *Kommunist*: "By no means does Soviet science ignore the investigation of such theoretical questions as are remotely connected with current practical needs and do not find an immediate and direct application in production."

(4) Philosophical dogmatism has suffered a serious setback as the result of a new, more positive appraisal of Einstein's theory of relativity. How many nuclear physicists will emerge from oblivion as a result of this mutation remains to be seen. The monopoly of Lysenko's ideas in genetics has been attacked as a sterilizing force hampering the normal development of biological theory. The attack on Lysenko was included in a general attack on "monopolistic views" which have checked the expression of heterodox ideas.

(5) The myth of Stalin's omniscience, perhaps the most disruptive force in the normal development of Soviet science, has been quietly scrapped. It is common knowledge that Stalin, prior to his death, was subject to limitless hero worship in which the applauding chorus of Soviet scientists was most vociferous. They made him the chief champion of scientific thinking and the chief guardian of the omnipotent dialectical method. They competed with each other in extolling his gigantic contributions to the various branches of knowledge. He was proclaimed the founder of jurisprudence, constitutional law, political economy, statistics, and linguistics. We were told that he was the ablest of all scientists and that without him science would have been lost in the primeval dark-

ness. He was the hero of heroes—simultaneously a versatile genius and an infallible saint. The scholar deified him.

With Stalin's death a basic reorientation was demanded from the scholarly world. Hero worship had to be debunked and replaced by a new myth. The change did not originate with the scholar; he merely followed the official lead. The new myth is revealed in the following statement made by an official Communist philosopher in October 1953, before the high-titled elite of the Soviet corps of scientists, the members of the Academy of Sciences:

During recent years our propagandistic and pedagogical, as well as scientific, work has been dominated by hero worship, which is alien and inimical to Marxism. This cult represents the most dangerous survival of the old views on the motive forces in history, and on the interrelationship of leaders, heroes, and masses. Hero worship leads to an attenuated appreciation of the functions performed by the Party and collective leadership and to anti-Marxist views on the role of the masses as the main and decisive force in the building of socialism and communism. It is the task of philosophers and economists, historians and literati, jurists and art experts to fully overcome the survivals of the idealistic theory of hero worship.

The speaker did not mention Stalin by name, but every listener knew that during "recent years" only one hero had been worshiped.

The new developments do not mean that Soviet science has entered an era of free growth. They do not point at any basic changes; they are only mitigating factors within an otherwise disadvantageous intellectual atmosphere. The scholar will still have to abide by the sacred rules of Communist ideology, to travel the road of centralized planning, and to condemn whatever the Party wants condemned.

VII

The reader should be reminded that this discussion has been concerned not with the achievements of Soviet science, but with the officially defined moral precepts which create the Soviet intellectual climate. These precepts, while they have crippled the social sciences, have left a comparatively wide area for politically and ideologically untutored research in the natural sciences, both before and, particularly, after Stalin's death.

Why is this so? In the first place, the emphasis on applied science does not, and cannot, fully exclude pure theoretical investigation for the simple reason that no clear-cut demarcation line separating the two can be drawn. Every complex practical program requires theoretical work and may provide the stimulus for new abstract thinking. In the second place, as pointed out earlier, ideological dicta influence primarily the philosophical superstructure of the natural sciences and do not affect a comparatively wide area of research.

Finally, the damaging effects of the officially defined and policed scientific morality are considerably mitigated by the government's positive attitude toward science. Scientific optimism is a paramount cultural value in the Soviet Union, where science is held to be limitless in its compass and power. For this reason great emphasis is placed on developing research facilities and training new ranks of scientists; and for this reason also scientists whose ideological and scientific performances find favor in the Party's eyes are magnificently rewarded in both income and prestige.

Forecast

RICHARD ARMOUR

The streets are empty, not a voice is heard,
No, not a word
Of greeting
On meeting.
Neither near nor far
Is there the sound of any car—
Of motor or of brake or horn.
All is forlorn.
Nor is there sight of man or beast,
Not in the least. . . .
No face
Any place.

Then what is wrong? Where are the people whom
We knew to go about here once? What doom
Has come upon the city? Where
Is everyone? Why, they are there, right there,
All sitting in their houses by the little screen
Of murky green,
Or in the building where it all begins,
Where the camera spins
From face to face, from face to label.
This is no fable,
Do not laugh.
Where are the people? Half
Are looking, half are making what the others look upon.
Is this where we are going, going? Are we gone?

(Continued from page 243)

JOHN T. OGILVIE

("A Woman's Memory") is spending this year in London, with a Fulbright grant, collecting materials for a study in modern poetry. On his return he will continue his work for a Ph.D. at Indiana University.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

("The Unfairness of Easter") was born in the Netherlands and now lives and writes in Rhode Island. He was lecturer in Creative Writing at the University of North Carolina in 1953, and is the author and translator of several novels and books of poetry.

MASTI VENKATESA IYENGAR

("Rangappa's Marriage") is one of India's most outstanding writers. He began doing creative work on modern lines in Kannada, his native language, in 1910; since then, in addition to his work as a member of the Civil Service of the State of Mysore, he has written extensively in both Kannada and English. "Rangappa's Marriage," which, in the original, was his first published story, is taken from a four-volume edition of Mr. Masti's stories published in English in 1943.

RUSSELL F. WULFF

("What About the Villager?") graduated from Stanford University (A.B. '40, LL.B. '43) and, until 1950, was a tax expert in San Francisco. Believing, he writes, "in the need for American enlightenment on Asian matters," he left his post and privately undertook a fact-finding

tour of South Asia in 1950-51, afterward describing his findings to California audiences. In 1953, he returned to India for a year of village study: he lived for a month in each of ten villages throughout India, visited various projects of India's Five-Year Plan, and covered, in all, 16,000 miles of India in a jeep. He plans to return to village India within the year.

VI GALE

("The Birches") was born in Sweden, and has lived there as well as in various parts of the United States. She has had poetry, fiction, and photography accepted for publication by various magazines, and in 1954 received a first-place award in Oregon's Poetry Day competition.

ALEXANDER VUCINICH

("The Ethos of Soviet Science") is an associate professor of sociology at San Jose State College. Besides a monograph on Soviet economic institutions and several articles, he has written a book on the Soviet Academy of Sciences which is shortly to be published by the Stanford University Press.

RICHARD ARMOUR

("Forecast") is well known to *Spectator* readers, and also to readers of more than a hundred magazines which have welcomed his contributions. He is professor of English at Scripps College and the Claremont Graduate School in Claremont, California, and is also a member of the *Spectator's* Advisory Board.

other Asians did too. Expectantly, the two thousand delegates at Bandung turned their attention toward the United States.

Washington's initial response was curt: If Communist China were sincere, it could "place in effect in the [Formosa] area an immediate cease-fire; immediately release the Americans and others whom it unjustly holds; accept the outstanding invitation of the [UN Security] Council to end hostilities in the Formosa area." The United States would not sit down without Nationalist China, and, in any case, it was up to Mr. Chou "to formalize his proposal."

These were, of course, vitally pertinent issues, but was this the time to raise them? Two days later the President of the United States was himself somewhat doubtful. He believed it was perfectly legitimate to talk to the Chinese Communists about stopping firing, and "if we overstated the case Saturday, that was to that extent an error in terminology . . ."

By then, unfortunately, the dramatic moment was lost. Chou En-lai had told the Bandung conference "You now have another demonstration of the fact that the United States has no intention of settling this issue peacefully," and the two thousand delegates had set out for home.

In future negotiations with communist leaders the United States, while maintaining its guard, will best serve its own interests and those of the free world by keeping always in mind that the fundamental issue is not anticommunism for its own sake, but the preservation of man in an atomic age and the persistent enhancement of his freedom, welfare, and dignity.

Robert C. North

NOTE.—Dr. Ellen J. Hammer's book *The Struggle for Indochina*, published on the eve of the 1954 Geneva conference, is to appear within a few months in a revised edition. *The Pacific Spectator*, in a Special Supplement to its Summer 1955 issue, presents a new chapter dealing with Indochinese affairs in the period from Geneva to the recent Bandung conference. Dr. Hammer, who lives in Paris, received the doctoral degree in public law and government at Columbia University.

